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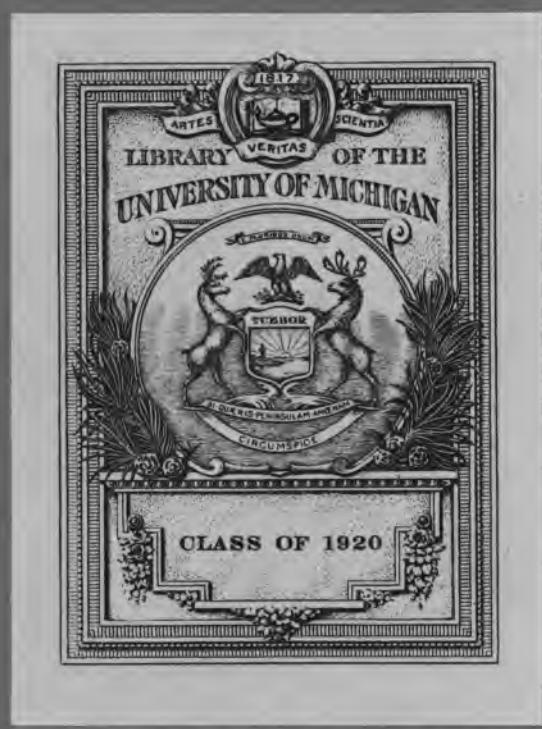
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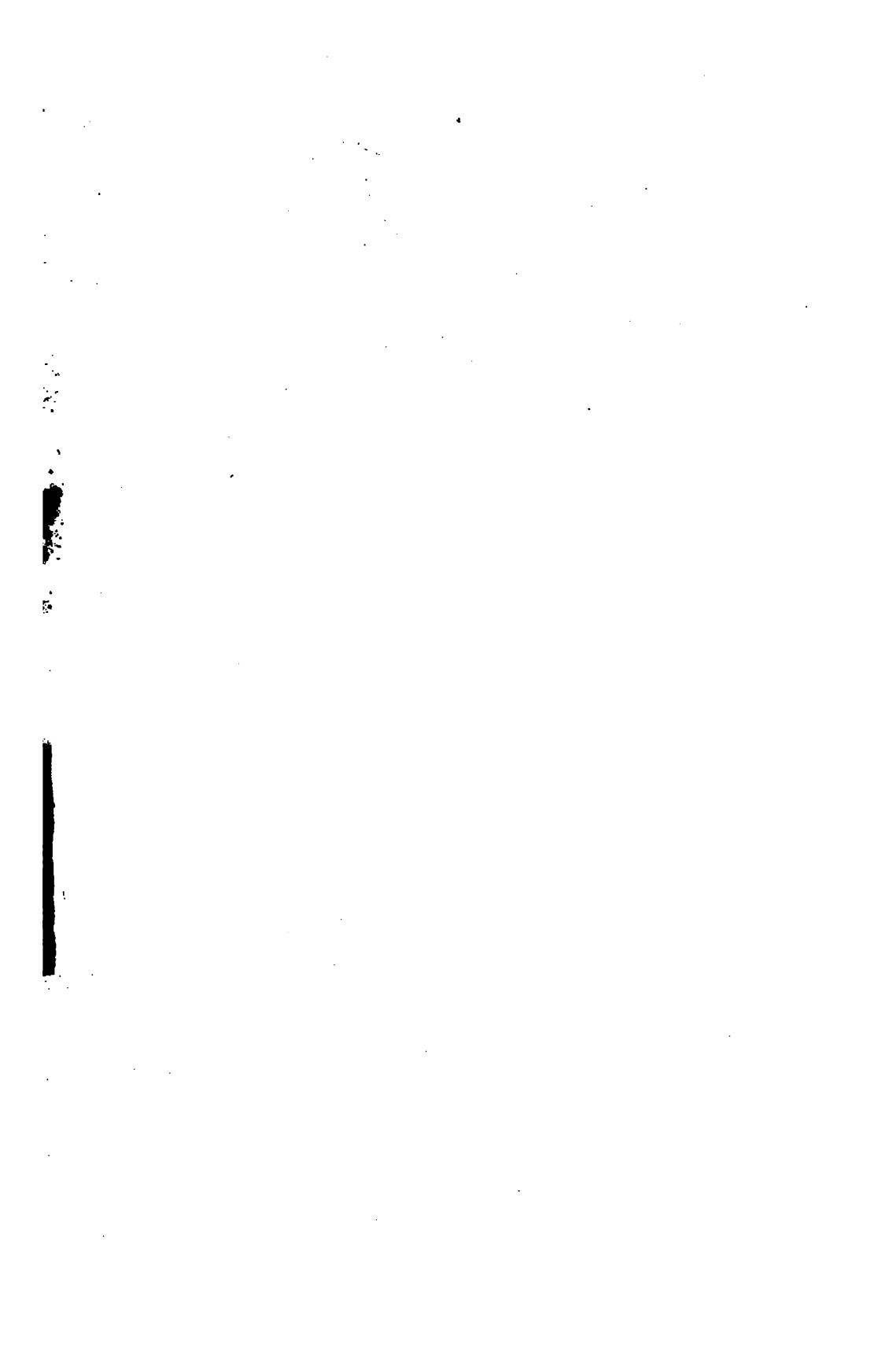
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AND THEN THE ARMISTICE

Story
OF THE
Forty-Seventh

Being the History of a Regiment of Heavy Artillery made
up of men from every state in the Union, from
its formation to demobilization, written
by members of the regiment.

G. W. SMALL, Director

GEORGE W. KING PRINTING COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MD.

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GEORGE W. SMALL.

LAUREL & C. C.

Dedicated
To The Memory of Those
Who Gave Their Lives
in this
Great Adventure,
1914-1918.

In Memoriam



A sigh of grief is all we mourn for them;
Too happy they who, in ambrosial sleep,
Live midst their dreams in true reality.

A sigh of grief for their life's cord is cut,
While we in lonelier exile now must tread,
Filled with inspirations of our most sacred dead.

A sigh of grief and then a heartfelt pride
To know the honor and the grace with which
they died:

Their spoken words, their smile, a quickening
glance of bright,

Well-meaning eyes. How full is memory's light!

A guide to cheer us in life's future dread.

A sigh of grief, a burst of tears perchance,
Let that be all, for God will guard their graves
in France.

—S. A. S.

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Story of The Forty-Seventh

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Foreword.



O organization was more representative of the United States as a whole than the one which this book commemorates; and, consequently, no regiment was ever more completely scattered upon demobilization than is ours at the present time. Yet, a regiment is a large family and it was to perpetuate the associations and impressions there created that this volume came into existence.

Here you have the clear reflection of the individual who did whatever work the army is credited with; I mean the soldier with grade just below first-class private, "*simple soldat.*" He it is who experienced the real pleasures and the real horrors of war: it is his personality that fills these pages.

You may here taste again the dust of the parade ground; again hear the calls and orders, then so unpleasant; once more see the regiment in formation; and again breathe the welcome odor from the busy company kitchen. The bustle of embarkation, the scenes of parting, the Zealandia, the mud at Brest, the "vin blanc," the French madmoiselles,—all are here ready for your perusal.

As the years go by our minds will have turned to other thoughts; no more will the Forty-seventh form in marching order: but doubtless in the quiet of many a home throughout this land the spirit that hovers over these pages will arouse once more the tense enthusiasm of a regiment moving forward in the Great Adventure and the Forty-seventh will live again.

THE DIRECTOR.

Mt. Washington, Md., September, 1919.

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General History

LIFE IN THE STATES

HE Forty-seventh Coast Artillery Corps was organized in August, 1918, at Camp Eustis, near Norfolk, Virginia. To this camp were sent men from nearly all the coast defenses of the United States, but mainly from Fort McKinley, Maine; Fort Totten, New York; Fort Hancock, New Jersey, and the coast defenses of California and Texas. They assembled gradually, group by group, until there were sufficient men and officers to fill the quota for our regiment. We found that every State in the Union was represented, but the majority of our men were sons of Illinois, New York and Texas.

The first step toward shaping us for a victorious encounter with the disciples of the Beast of Berlin was the issuing of a program that regulated our action for each hour of the day. At once we began the intensive training that lasted throughout the seven weeks of our regimental life in the States.

Just before leaving Camp Eustis two of our men passed the competitive examination for the Officers' Training School and won admittance. About sixty were sent to the Motor Transport School and, with a few exceptions, got through successfully and returned certified chauffeurs.

Fully equipped for the European tour, at last the final order came to move to the embarkation point—

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Camp Stuart. Here for thirty-six hours the principal event was a physical examination. Thus began our ever-memorable march through Newport News to the transport *Zeelandia*, a Dutch vessel in the service of the United States.

T H E V O Y A G E

We steamed out of the harbor of Newport News about nine o'clock on the morning of October 14, 1918. The water was calm, the weather clear, the air refreshing, and the men inspired to thoughts of the sacred principles to uphold which would bring them face to face with the Great Beyond.

Our mid-ocean life was not all consumed by the thrice daily raft drills. With sparring bouts, wrestling matches, movies, entertainments, good books, occasional attacks of seasickness and frequent sighting for land, the proverbial ennui of a sea voyage was well broken. But it was broken, indeed, when on October 25 at ten o'clock the Port of Brest was seen. The harbor being crowded, we were not landed till the next day, when the lighters took us ashore. I have seen banks of rivers with long sloping terraces, fringed with beautiful dwellings, but never in my life have I been so impressed by a harbor as I was by the Port of Brest. As we lay in port before landing, we witnessed a gorgeous sunset, for the day had been clear, bright and warm. In the distance we saw the City of Brest, with the spires of its cathedrals towering to the skies and everywhere glittering lights.

CITY OF BREST

In the morning we neared the shore, and could distinctly see the old citadel which had been built by Cæsar, famous for its vaulted archways. Everywhere the earth was covered with fresh green grass, and the trees laden with myriads of blossoms—all nature seemed at the height of its perfection.

On the hills above we beheld many ancient buildings, among them famous cathedrals, dating back to the eighth, tenth and twelfth centuries—wonderful structures and the best examples of French architecture. Much of the foliage was peculiar to France. There were trees with closely cropped branches, which, if beheld in America, would be considered rare specimens or freaks of nature. Everywhere we saw gardens, vineyards and flower beds which the French, by their indefatigable labor, have made the best in Europe.

We landed, "fell in," hiked heavily packed, uphill. The people (mostly women and children, in mourning) greeted us kindly and showed their heartfelt thanks that American troops were continuing to arrive. Ponternezen Barracks, four miles from the harbor, being full, our regiment was quartered in tents. Here we spent a week, rising before dawn, plodding through mud up to our knees and suffering from incessant rains. As the boys said, "This is a battle in itself," and we called it "The Battle of Brest."

At the time we arrived the engineers were busy constructing barracks, and our regiment furnished a daily fatigue detail of nine hundred men. In addition

to this, we had special details for obtaining water, provisions, some quartermaster wood and other necessities. As a general thing, we had reveille at 4.30, in order to get out the fatigue details, but there was one memorable night when we were *awakened at two o'clock (?) to take a bath at that early hour.* With soap, towel and clean underclothing in hand, we marched through the thick, yellow mud two miles, until we arrived at the barracks built by Napoleon I. Here we bathed, the fortunate first arrivals receiving hot water, the others being obliged to take an early morning or "rather late" night cold shower. Such was our week at Brest, rising before dawn, plowing through yellow mud up to our knees, suffering from dampness and rain and daily going on fatigue duty of an unpleasant nature.

ANGOULEME

Finally, the long-looked-for and very welcome order came to move, and on November 2 we were bound for Angouleme, which was about three hundred miles south of Brest. We marched from Pontanezen Barracks to the railroad depot, which march gave us an opportunity to see the City of Brest. Like most cities of France, the buildings were low and of ancient style. The merchants both in their places of business and in the squares were displaying their wares. Everywhere we received a kind word and a smile from the French people, and the children ran after us and, seizing us by the hand, would look into our faces and say "souvenir?" At the station we found cattle cars waiting for us. Each car holds forty men, or eight horses, "quarante hommes ou huit

chevaux." The men boarded the cars and we began our journey to Angouleme, which occupied a day and a half. It was exceedingly tiresome. We passed through many of the chief cities of France, among others Nantes and Rochefort, and finally arrived at Angouleme about 12.30 P. M. on November 4. From the Angouleme station to our barracks was a distance of about one mile. The barracks in which we were quartered had formerly been a military institution conducted by Napoleon II. The old-style buildings were fine structures, large and airy. The parade ground, which was in excellent condition, afforded ample room for three full regiments to drill. Everything was pleasant and the men were more than satisfied with their new home. It was here that we spent the next four weeks.

The City of Angouleme was, indeed, beautiful, with its large park well provided with benches and statuary. On one side of the park was a long, ancient stone wall that divided the city into one of its four sections. Adjoining the park was the ancient Cathedral of St. Peter, built in the twelfth century. It is one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in France. The outside of the church is adorned with images of the saints, which, though worn by centuries of rain and wind, are still discernible and attractive to the most casual observer. Besides the cathedral, Angouleme boasts of several other churches, a fine city hall, a large postoffice, many massive buildings and a great number of large hotels, banks, schools and business places.

During our stay at Angouleme the soldiers made nightly visits to the city, dining in French hotels and

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restaurants, where they became acquainted with "vin rouge" or "vin blanc." We visited the "cinema" (movies) and made general tours of the city. One could see on every hand groups of soldiers here and there gathered about the souvenir stands selecting remembrances for their family and friends at home. Immediately after pay-day it was not uncommon for the dealer in such wares to run completely out of stock before he could replenish it from Paris.

At the end of our first week in Angouleme, conversation and the press breathed news of an armistice. Finally, in the late evening of November 11, 1918, we heard great shouts and noise that were positive and voluminous and which we could not interpret, outside the caserne. Upon investigating we learned that the armistice had, indeed, been signed. The celebration lasted for days. Every evening the people of Angouleme paraded, and their numbers swelled to a mighty throng when the soldiers from the caserne fell in line. The victory which they knew would ultimately come was a reality. Thanksgiving masses were celebrated in all the churches, feasts were held and Frenchman and American joined hands and rejoiced that the dove of peace had once again flown over the land and that no longer would suffering France be swept by the broom of death.

How were we to be disposed of? Our first thought was that we would be used to release men at the front and comprise part of the army of occupation. But an official telegram settled our doubts, which read as follows: "The Forty-seventh Coast Artillery Corps will

not be used in the army of occupation, but will return immediately to the United States."

So daily our desire to return to those we love grew greater, and it seemed that we were unable to think or talk of anything else. At last, after having spent four weeks at Angouleme, the order came that we were to move to Bourg. Every one made ready. Packs were rolled and, after a 3-o'clock reveille and a 3.30 breakfast, we started on our hike to the station, where our friends, the "cattle cars," were waiting for us. We climbed in, and in a few minutes were en route to the new home. The day was bright and warm, and even though we could not see as much of the country as we desired, nevertheless we enjoyed the balmy air and warm sunshine and fully appreciated the beauty of what we could see of the surrounding country. Like most of the soldiers in France, we were unfavorably impressed by the muddy, rough roads that had caused us so much discomfort, forgetful of the fact that it was the American trucks that had made them such. In peace times these roads were the best in the world. We realized now, too, as we gazed out upon the fields, that for four years this land had been cultivated by the willing but weak arms of women, children and aged men. As we journeyed on to Bourg, we were amazed by the acres and acres of grape vines. Now we could easily understand why France is said to produce many of the best-known wines in the world. On every side were extensive vineyards, fruit groves and gardens. We were just beginning to see the beauty of France. The houses among the vineyards were quaint and attractive. Most

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of them were farm houses which were well cared for, and, even though very old, were in fine condition. Gradually, our impression of the country and its people changed, and before leaving the town of Bourg, we made numerous friends, toward whom we have entertained a lasting good-will.

BOURG

Arriving at Bourg, we detrained and each organization began hiking to its respective billet. There were no barracks in Bourg, so the soldiers were quartered with many of the inhabitants as well as in schools, bakeries and "movie" halls.

At Bourg there is a building known as the "Ancienne Citadel," and because it was used as a stronghold in the war against England, it became famous. The most illustrious kings and potentates of France had dwelt within its walls. Just previous to the war it had been the residence of a wealthy wine merchant, and his handsome furnishings still remained. Here it was that our regiment's headquarters were located and the clerical force was quartered.

The village of Bourg is located on a hill and near the junction of the Gironde and Garonne rivers. The village is small and most of the people are farmers and manufacturers of wine. In fact, it is the greatest wine-producing village of France, and we had ample time and appetite to test its products.

There were no large cathedrals, theatres or business places such as we had seen in Angouleme, but this was more than offset by a different feeling toward the boys.

We had made our way into the hearts of the people of the village, and that we were the best disciplined and most gentlemanly regiment that had ever been billeted there. They invited us to their homes, and many of the boys ate Christmas dinner with French families. Everywhere we were shown hospitality, and the people openly declared their appreciation for what the American soldiers had done for France. But what pleased us most was the compliment that the town mayor paid us at our review.

Intensive drilling had now been dropped and more time was devoted to physical exercise. The men went on long hikes, had football games, wrestling matches, boxing and other sports. Each battery had a large company fund, so we were well fed. There was also a regimental canteen, where fruit, candy and tobaccos were obtainable. It was without doubt the best place we had visited. But we were "homeward bound," and nothing but an order to move on nearer could give us much delight. At the end of three weeks at Bourg we received orders to move to Ambares. We left Bourg at five o'clock in the evening and, with light marching order, hiked to Ambares, a distance of seventeen miles. The village of Ambares was small and scattered. There had been great numbers of troops here previous to our arrival, so we attracted little attention. We were billeted in various parts of the town, and it seemed impossible to get the entire organization together at any one time. There was nothing here which interested us. We were not allowed to leave the area which we occu-

pied, and the company kitchens were located quite some distance from the billets. It rained continually during our entire stay, and everything seemed unpleasant and unsatisfactory.

GENICART

The desire to move stirred us more and more, and we hourly wished for orders. They at last came and at five o'clock in the afternoon we marched to Genicart. It was at this camp that we were deloused. The regiment marched in one organization after another. We lined up according to the passenger list, prepared to be deloused. Nothing was to be retained. Hats, blouses, shirts, overcoats, raincoats and leggings were thrown into separate heaps as the men filed in one by one. Inside the barracks we discarded our trousers, underclothing, socks and shoes, and took a warm shower. We were then examined physically and passed out while receiving new clothes and ordnance equipment. It was about two o'clock in the evening when we began to pass through the delouser, and the last detachment finished about eleven at night. We then went to our barracks--comfortable ones, with wooden bunks and straw mattresses. The next day the Lieutenant-Colonel Inspector of the embarkation camp inspected our regiment and we were ready to sail for home.

Genicart was the first camp which afforded us any professional amusement. The Young Men's Christian Association had several fine performers and movies every afternoon and evening. We could have coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts and cookies daily from nine in

the morning until nine at night—so the one week's stay was rather pleasant.

PAUILLAC

Our next destination was Pauillac, and the journey to this place was very disagreeable. We were carried on small lighters, and throughout the entire trip the rain beat upon us, and when, at length, we landed, we were drenched to the skin. To add to our discomfort, we were quartered in a large building which had been used as a factory for the construction of hydro-aeroplanes. It was nearly a glass structure, and many of the panes were broken, allowing the wind and rain to come through, rendering it impossible to occupy certain parts of the building. Fires were of little use. In order to keep warm, extra blankets had to be supplied. We spent about two weeks at Pauillac, and were furnished with entertainment in the large theatre. There was also a Young Men's Christian Association, which had a canteen, and in addition a Knights of Columbus building. All these places were continually crowded, as the camp at this time contained approximately ten thousand men. Our stay at Pauillac soon came to an end. We were there exactly two weeks, when we found ourselves, at last, marching to the docks to embark. We were carried by lighters to the United States transport "Madawaska."

HOMEWARD BOUND

The journey was a long, rough and tedious one. After fifteen days on the briny deep, we arrived at Newport News. The day was clear and warm, and

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every aspect of nature seemed to add to our happiness. At last, we landed amidst the exultation and rejoicing of the people at the pier and, indeed, our own joy at having once again set foot in God's country, was not ordinary. As we marched to Camp Stuart the air resounded with song and cheer.

At Camp Stuart we were again deloused and were then ready to proceed to Camp Eustis, our old "hunting ground." Everything was now prepared for demobilization, and the men were told that they would be sent in small groups to the camp nearest their homes. Coincident with this announcement, an epidemic of mumps broke out, and we were quarantined for two weeks. Finally, through the efforts of Majors McDonald and Atkin, the quarantine was lifted and demobilization began.

The happy men left in small groups for the camps nearest their homes, and everywhere were heard the last "good byes." Addresses were rapidly copied in a last effort to keep in touch with friends, shouting, cheering and singing, added to the closing features of the one-time Forty-seventh Artillery. Thus there passed from the active service of Uncle Sam back to civil life a body of men improved in mind and health, better fitted than ever to take up their work of Americanization and taught by experience the most valuable treasure of all—the methods which may best be employed for the general uplift of their fellow-citizens and companion soldiers.



"I guess France ain't what she used to be."

"No, and, by——, she never was!"



SCENES IN FRANCE.

Poetry by the Regiment.

Our Experiences in France.....	Corp. Fred. S. Peabody
The Soldier.....	Ben Jackson
Autocracy Dethroned.....	Ancil Cyde Shofner
A Wagoner.....	R. L. E. Tognazzini
Official Dope.....	Ancil Clyde Shofner
The Rats.....	M. Crowley
Victory for Civilization.....	Ben Jackson
Some Phrases Heard in France.....	G. W. S.
The Three Mischief Makers.....	M. Crowley
The Naughty Motor Truck.....	Anonymous
Mack and Slemen.....	M. Crowley

“Our Experiences in France.”

Our country's call we've answered well,
And we're homeward bound our tale to tell.
Some are draftees, some volunteers,
And aged from teens to fifty years.
Most ev'ry state we represent;
From varied work to war we went.

We think the Kaiser was advised
That in France we had arrived.
Of course he knew it was no use
To buck us, so he called a truce.
(Leastways, that's how we feel—
Just 'mongst ourselves, as though 'twas real).

But, friends, all joking, laid aside,
We are entitled to some pride;
We're members of the A. E. F.,
And for the cause would fight to death.
But, though we ne'er faced gas or shell
Of rain and mud we sure can tell.

It was at Brest that first we stuck
Our feet in sticky slimy muck;
An awful place to have a camp,
So cold, sloppy and awful damp.
That half us did not get the “Flu”
Was a wonder ('tween me and you).

They said the camp was one for rest,
Which was camouflage at its best.
Always up long before 'twas light,
We worked like mules from morn 'til night.
Breakfast and supper in pitch dark.
Believe me, folks, that was no lark.

From Brest to Angouleme we rode
In cars where forty was the load,
Though there was only room for twenty.
Of canned “willie” we had plenty.
The motion of the ancient cars
Was slow and full of jerks and jars.

We had just started in to train,
When “Bill” from war thought he'd abstain
Against that mighty Khaki wave.
'Twas the only way that he could save
The “Fatherland” from rack and ruin,
And the Yanks his dupes from slewin'.

One day, we never will forget—
I can hear the cheers ringing yet.
'Twas when the "armistice" was signed,
When from war the Boche resigned.
The French were wild and so did we;
Our cheers were joined for Liberty.

Then captains said we're homeward bound.
Believe me, folks, some joyful sound
Burst from our throats upon that day;
But we didn't know we had to stay
Listening to rumors three months more,
Or p'raps instead we would have swore.

Every now and then we'd move,
And then our spirits would improve—
For old Dame Rumor always said
That to the boat we're being led,
And that her nose would soon make foam
As she carried us safely home.

But such was not our luck we'd find,
As to our billets we were assigned;
First at Bourg then old Ambares—
In unused homes and barns we'd stay.
At night on beds of hay we'd lay,
Tired from drill or hike each day.

One day we moved to Genicart,
From there for home we would depart
As soon as we went through the "mill"
And came out all dressed "fit to kill"
In new O. D.'s and hobnailed shoes.
I'll say that no one had the blues.

The "Y" at Genicart was grand;
There by the hour in line we'd stand
To get that coffee and cookies,
And a lot of other goodies.
A cheering word from Mrs. Sloan
Helped to make us feel at home.

One rainy morn at 2 a. m.
The bugle roused us sleepy men.
'Twas the day we were to leave old France—
No one dreamed there was any chance
That a rock lay in our homeward path,
Or surely there'd been signs of wrath.

The boys will say that was some walk
From Genicart down to the dock,
With heavy packs in pouring rain.
After all, we'd planned in vain,
We did not sail for home at all,
And it did make us sour as gall.

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Down the river we sailed on tugs,
With disappointment on our "mugs."
We left our boats at Pauillac
And found our bunks in a great big shack
With room for twice five thousand men.
We hope to see it ne'er again.

It was cold and many were sick,
About the food we had to kick.
The only warmth was at the "Y"
Or at the "K. C." right near by.
Most ev'ry night there was a show,
But anxious hearts made time go slow.

Well, time wore on and came the day
When we at last were on our way
To the homeland, far across
The sea where so much has been lost,
But now was free of submarine,
And free for all to plow its green.

The trip was rough, and mighty waves
Tossed us about on worst of days.
On the fifteenth day we spied some land—
Cape Henry with its welcome sand.
Our hearts were filled with joy and pride,
Glad to end the tedious ride.

A few days then at Stuart we stayed,
And had "boo koo" eats, long delayed.
Then back to Camp Eustis we moved,
A camp that we always have "loved,"
Yet a fit place for us to bury
Our mem'ries of Brest and be merry.

In closing, friends, just let me say
That we never knew a happier day
Than that when we our discharge took,
And headed for that sacred nook
Where royal welcome waited us,
And bugle calls no more we'd cuss.

Corporal Fred S. Peabody,
Hq. Co. 47 Arty. CAC.

The Soldier.

Stirred in a mighty conglomerate hoard,
Distinguished by naught but a name; ..
Cherished by none, but imbibited and bored,
By those who see all men the same.

Man among men who are pushing ahead
The grimness of war stamped on each
Soul among souls that are hardened and dead
They hear not though hard you beseech.

Thus runs the wail of the lonesome recruits
When first they encounter the hell
Soon to find out that our men are not brutes
And join in the fight with a yell.

There's demons of death! and evangels of peace!
They're saving the world from its blight,
Guarding a wonderful try-colored fleece
Astonishing the world with their might!

Ben Jackson,
Bat. "D."

Autocracy Dethroned.

'Tis done! The reign of kings is o'er.
We come to face a better world
Where haughty tyrants rule no more,
And despots from their thrones are hurled.

The servant, who, on bended knees,
Implored his king for daily bread
Nor dared his majesty displease
Demands his rights today instead.

Oh freedom! Thou art dearly bought,
When human lives must pay the price
Where all the privileges we sought
Were bought, by human sacrifice.

Well may we boast of liberty
And all the privilege it can give
But let us not ungrateful be
To those who died, that it might live.

One hundred thousand boys from home
Who dared to come and take the chance
Are buried here across the foam
In an unmarked grave, Somewhere in France.

Ten thousand mothers o'er the sea
Grieve now, for those they can't recall;
For those who died for liberty.
Their sons who came and gave their all.

Oh mothers! Grieve not for the lost.
 No nobler work was ever wrought.
 Be proud of him, forget the cost.
 He gained the ends for which he fought.

He helped dethrone the kings of earth,
 And set the nations free;
 And thus exemplified his worth,
 To human rights and liberty.

Our gratitude shall never die.
 And as the future years advance,
 We'll not forget the boys that lie
 Beneath the sod, Somewhere in France.

Ancil Clyde Shofner,
 Battery "E" 47th Art. C. A. C.

A Wagoner.

I never thought I'd join the army
 Till the day when I did see,
 Our leaders needed soldiers
 To fight for liberty.

So through McDowell where I enlisted
 From there to the Presedio,
 And there I stayed six weeks awaiting
 The time to come for me to go.

But at last we took a train
 The continent to cross,
 To say how long at this camp we'd be
 We all were at a loss.

And there was formed the 47th
 Of coast artillery,
 At last content that we'd see action
 Across the deep blue sea.

But in three days I got an order
 To leave for Fort Monroe,
 To study up on automobiles
 And how to make them go.

And there we had some trying times
 Fighting the Spanish Flu,
 But nothing short of death itself
 Would hold me there I knew.

I had my mind so thoroughly set
 That with Bat. F. I'd be,
 When those boys pulled up to the front
 To fight for victory.

Now back to Eustis I did go
 To join my pals again,
 And found them all prepared to leave
 So our hopes were not in vain.

The "top kick" said now shake it up
 And turn in all your clothes,
 And draw your "overseas" equipment
 Before this outfit goes.

Next morning we all rolled our packs
 Put on our hobnail shoes,
 We took a train about ten o'clock
 And left for Newport News.

Well, there we stayed just long enough
 For a few preparations
 And everybody had to pass
 A final examination.

In this whole big regiment
 I truthfully can say,
 You could not find a single man
 You could persuade to stay.

We got onto the Re d'Italia
 On the 13th of October,
 And on the voyage going across
 Were very few stayed sober.

For kegs of wine someone discovered
 Down in the old ship's hold,
 And better wine than this I'll say
 Has never as yet been sold.

Things all went so smoothly on
 Till our competent crew,
 Fired a shot at some hostile thing
 Out on the ocean blue.

Our chasers were right on the job
 And chased the thing away,
 But whether fish or submarine
 'Tis not known to this day.

I'll bring this poem to an end.
 When we landed there at Brest,
 For I dare not put the words in here
 That would explain the rest.

But confidently I'll say to you
 We did not get to fight,
 For the Kaiser had got wind of us
 And beat it out of sight.

If he had not been so speedy
 In pulling in his horns,
 Why, Bat. F. would get his goat
 As sure as he was born.

Composed by
 R. L. E. Tognazzini.

Official Dope.

We landed full of cheer and hope
 And tho't we'd get a rest
 Alas! Our hopes went glimmering
 As we hit the mud at Brest.

For sixteen hours every day
 We hoped and prayed in vain
 For a quick and sure deliverance
 From the mud and cold and rain.

At last that cherished hour came
 We received it with a yell
 But also the same old story
 We had made a step toward Hell.

We trust that though it happened
 We may never see again
 Full forty men packed in a space
 Just big enough for ten.

At last we cannot grumble
 For as Sergeant Cole has said
 They told us we were going
 And we want to go ahead.

We hear ten thousand rumors
 From sources all unseen
 From the highest source of knowledge
 To the rear of the latrine.

The transports are in waiting
 And the only thing that bars
 Is the lack of proper orders
 And the absence of the cars.

Now the cars have just been emptied
 And are standing on the track
 But the Colonel's gone to Paris
 And we'll go when he gets back.

Now I got this dope official
 And this is the explanation
 The only thing that's holding us
 Is lack of transportation.

Well now I heard a sergeant say
 That claimed to have it straight
 That we'd leave tomorrow morning
 Just as the clock struck eight.

So we listen to the rumors
From morning until night
Everyone a-guessing
And no one guessing right.

But let us all be patient
When the rumors cease to flow
I think we'll pack our outfit up
And hit it for Bordeaux.

Then another week of trouble
As we rough it on the deep
And a lot of darn disturbance
When the quiet ones want to sleep.

Then we'll greet our native homeland
Let us hope for no delays
When we'll get our final discharge
And go our separate ways.

And we'll feel that we can face
All our comrades on the level
Just because we all have gone
And been troubled like the devil.

And we'll meet the smooth hand slacker
But we will not stop to scorn
For we certainly do not envy
Him, the clothes that he has worn.

So we'll settle down to business
At the ending of the strife
As we go about our labor
In the different walks of life.

Ancil Clyde Shofner,
Battery "E" 4th Art. C. A. C.
A. E. F., France.

The Rats.

In an ancient barn at Ambares there were about 60 of the company billeted. Here it was that the rats began their activities every night about 9 o'clock and kept it up till the sun came out next morning.

You may talk about your pests
 That are found in woods back here;
 Or you may think that the hornets' nests
 Would make you shake with fear;
 But the worst of all our troubles
 In the land of many battles
 Was the dread of those awful rats
 The dirty, noisy, lousy, stingy brats.

They came at night when it was dark
 With many a squeak, a squeal and lark;
 They nibbled your toes in search of food
 Till they made you holler out aloud,
 They danced and scampered around the floor,
 And kept you awake till half-past four,
 Curse those bloomin' sons of guns,
 Wish we'd meet them with the huns.
 The war was over, but still they came,
 Our rest to break it was their game;
 The German fled before our fire,
 But those demon rats knew no retire.
 We threw our shoes around the room
 Towards every patter with some boom;
 But 'twas no use, they continued their play
 Till relief did come at dawn of day.

Pvt. M. Crowley,
 Supply Co.

Victory for Civilization.

For centuries these castle walls of France
 Have sent their various echoes rolling back.
 They've watched the march of age; the great advance
 Of man, from all but beast, (who, like the pack
 Would roam the hills, with food his only goal)
 To gentlemen, with intellect and will;
 More worthy, as a temple for the soul;
 More strength to crush the vice resisting still.
 Of late has vice encroached on man again,
 That vicious instinct gaining upper hold,
 A relic of the wild barbarian,
 The doom of peace, and countless soldiers bold.
 These mossy walls beheld the villians creep
 Upon a nobler race to scatter death.
 They did not win! And no, we did not sleep!
 The Yankees came and brought reviving breath!

Ben Jackson,
 Bat. "D."

Some Phrases Heard in France.

"You cannot stand there, soldier-boy,"
First greeted our ears at sea;
This saying was common and some kill-joy,
For it meant MOVE ON to me.

"Relieve the wheel and lookout," too,
Was a favorite stunt of the GOB,
And the peanut whistle pierced through and through
Just to tell they were on the job.

"Land Ho"—seemed good until we found
The climate tres movay;
But even Brest had a welcome sound.
How about it, F Batteray?

"Allay, Allay, Toot Sweet, Toot Sweet,"
The brave American shouts,
To drive off pestering Frogs whose feet
Move slow in big sabots.

Also at midnight hour we hear
These words in some cafe,
When a big M. P. looks in so near
To drive me and buddy away.

"Vin blanc, Vin rouge" we saw and heard
And few to drink did lack;
But you'll agree we all concurred
In toasting "Mamselle Cognac."

"La Guerre Fennie" means the war is o'er,
And we BELIEVED it; but say,
Before we reached our native shore
"Feenie" meant work hard and no pay.

"Feenie, Feenie" the froggies cried
When they heard the Boche had fled;
But we know somebody must have lied
When they kept us in France instead.

"Adieu" was a word we came to know
And were not sorry to hear;
After traveling Europe to and fro
Our own native soil grew most dear.

I said, "Adieu" stirred our hearts with emotion,
And in that last farewell
There mingled a feeling of deep devotion
To FRANCE, Land of Sorrow, where heroes dwell.

—G. W. S.

The Three Mischief Makers.

Says Doc and Stockie and Crowley one day
 'We mustn't allow them to fix our bunks that way
 So tonight we'll get them, whether they like it or not
 And we'll throw Hollis' bunk out into the lot.'

That night when King Hollis thought it time to retire
 He went to his bunk, but lo! It was not there.
 "The beggars, the brutes the crazy galoots
 I'll get them at reveille before the bugle toots."

Says Doc and Stockie and Crowley once more,
 "We'll get them again, this time while they snore;
 So let's go to the "Y" and see us a show
 And when we come back we won't be so slow."

They returned to their quarters at half past ten,
 And piled two ton of wood on brother Henschen's den;
 He got very mad and for the first time did he swear
 For he had to work getting the wood out of there.

Now Doc and Stockie and Crowley are very good friends
 And for practical jokes and tricks have no ends;
 So they tipped over the bunks of Schmeiter and Green
 Till Rinehart assured them they did the job clean.

Schmeiter was mad and raved like a boar,
 And swore before morn he'd make some one sore.
 Green said nothing but went to his cot,
 Seeming quite happy with his miserable lot.

Doc and Stockie and Crowley were not content
 At having the squad-room without an event;
 They opened the windows and doors, to be sure,
 That Kelley and Gus might feel insecure.

They threatened to make an excursion upstairs
 To start a panic and cause many fears;
 But Reek and his gang wouldn't take any chance,
 So to avert a catastrophe they prepared in advance.

At the head of the stairs they placed beaucoup pails
 Filled to the brim with water and nails,
 And a bum named McKay they placed as a sentry
 To sound the alarm when the trio made entry.

But Doc and Stockie and Crowley were wise,
 So went to the theatre and made goo goo eyes;
 For there at the show were many nice girls
 With faces very pretty and heads full of curls.

Doc and Stockie and Crowley you'll hear of again,
 They're demons you know, don't let them in;
 They'll throw down your bunks, and your blankets too
 Will be strewn on the floor for fear of the Flu.

M. Crowley.

The Naughty Motor Truck.

Larson had a motor truck
'Twas an English W. D.
And everywhere that Larson went
The gol darn truck was sure to be.

It followed him to Bourg one day
Which was quite the proper way
It made the detail laugh and play
To see him back through a French cafe.

Anonymous.

Mac and Slemen.

'Twas in a town called Ambares
Where we lived in old-time barns,
That Slemen and Mac were made K. P.'s
And told their funny yarns.

They drank vin-blanc and cognac,
Vin-rouge and port-Bordeaux
To digest their dinner of hard tack
While Miller searched them high and low.

Oft they returned with a funny jag,
To clean the pans and toe the mark;
While Slemen washed the coffee bag
Mac was there with his usual lark.

Mac and Slemen went out one day
To get a beer and quench a thirst;
Away they went through Ambares
Each telling the other he'd be first.

Back they came to the other K. Ps.,
With Crowley and Rigby to help them along;
For Doc and Crowley wouldn't let the M Ps
Put Slemen and Mac where they didn't belong.

Now Slemen is cook, God bless the mark
While Mac is unhappy K. P.,
They were left in France soon to embark
And Crowley and Rigby did the K. P.

Pvt. M. Crowley,
Poet Laureate of Supply Co.

Among the Officers.

The sale of band music in Paris and Bordeaux looked up immensely while the Forty-seventh was over.

- - -

The Colonel says that no cook is properly qualified who cannot talk intelligently to a rolling kitchen.

- - -

One job Slue-foot Bill did not complete, was that wild chase after old Ben Fisher out of Amgouleme. Ben had a five-mile start before anybody knew he was out joy riding after "baggage."

- - -

Introducing Bill Marct, of Plaisance, the famous Angouleme wine artist, friend of all thirsty souls.

- - -

Oh! Waters, Oh! Waters where were you that night.

- - -

Capt. Varela's dome took on a more dazzling brilliance as he sat there between Ayres and McCoy at old Bill's, and the later you came, the brighter it shined until the Rosee ceased to flow.

- - -

Capt. Ingersoll refused to drink any champagne in Angouleme. "It makes one talk so slushingly."

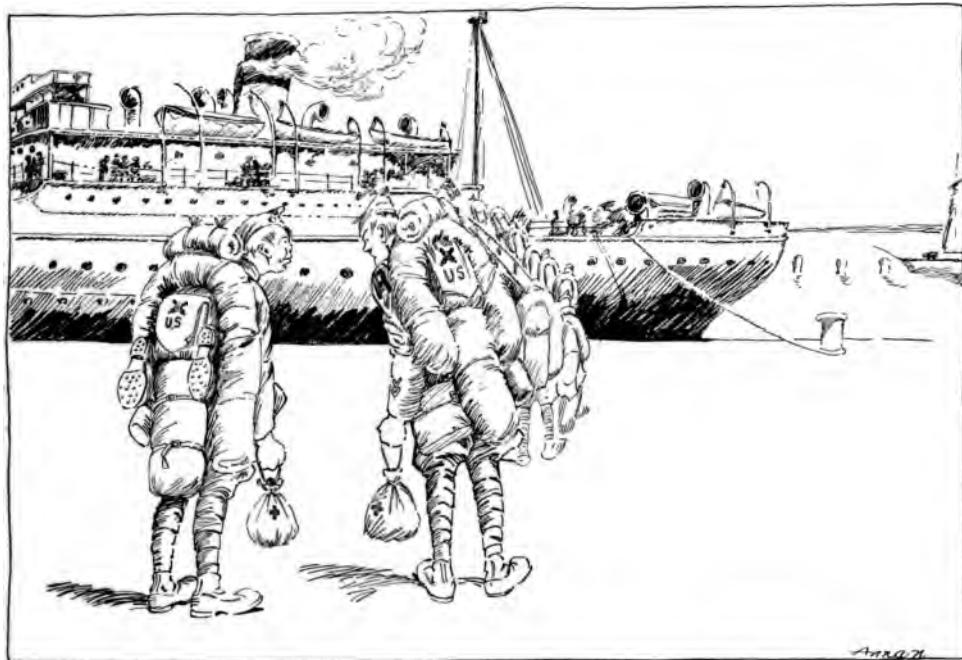
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Pers. Adj.—I wonder how Hanna and Moyer are progressing after that tilt with Spike Hennessy near Genicart.

Surgeon—Haven't heard, but that sure was a close shave.

GROUP OF OFFICERS





"She's a fine ship—after what we came over on, I can hardly believe it."

"What did you expect? A pair of WATER FINGS?"

“Mal a la gorge—toot sweet”—that is what delayed one of our brave companions in France.

* * *

The surgeon will miss those pleasant inspection trips and loving conversations with Battery Commanders.

* * *

The major has agreed to write up an interesting treatise on the cultivation of French lettuce as observed in Lieut. Heller's dining-room at Angouleme.

* * *

Colonel Gatchell, of Pauillac reports that a syndicate has bought up the “pride of Bath-house Charlie” and is distributing rare turkish baths @ uh ! franc. Such is fame in foreign countries.

* * *

Chaplain Burling got lost in France. We haven't heard from him yet, but hope he escapes from those mademoiselles over there.

* * *

We first discovered Harvey in an obscure little village beyond the suburbs of Angouleme. He was hobbling around on a cane,—Town Major and lord of all he surveyed.

Now look at him!

* * *

Maybe that's why Hanna remained a bachelor.

* * *

Weiser, we congratulate you on your decoration. Our hero!

* * *

Major Jemison wants to know who in Sam Hill put that regiment on the train in the cold, gray, dawn at Angouleme. Whoever it was, he got the “wish-bone where the back-bone ought to be.”

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Valera counted fifty-three gondolas, but the R. T. O. counted fifty. A slight discrepancy, but Oh! what a rumpus when Ingersoll was left out in the cold.

* * *

Did anyone ever see that R. T. O. count accurately anyway?

* * *

Conroy and Carl spent entirely too much time on the pier at Brest guarding baggage. The poor boys would stand out in the cold mist night after night faithfully guarding that baggage. Under no circumstances would they consider leaving their posts even for a little nip at the nearby cafe's, or a talk with the bar-maid.

* * *

Enroute to Angouleme. Everybody drunk on the train but the Chaplain; so he was of all men the most miserable. On comes a smart French general and sits down near Lieutenant Wilson. So far; so good. Then all of a sudden somebody had to go and spill the beans! ? ! * ! Result: Forty-seventh regiment disgraced—Chaplain mortified!

* * *

Major A—"Will you or will you not move that kitchen?"

Captain V—"Not until I get a written order from General Pershing, by gosh!

* * *

La Fitte had a perfectly good battalion parade started at Angouleme.

Pass in review: Squads Right; March.

Just then somebody had to butt in at the most critical moment and ruin the whole show. Such is life in the army.

Col. Moore wore out one pair of boots and one perfectly good baton, and chewed up an entire case of gum before we lost him near Lacorneau. After getting into that mess the lord only knows what he chewed on.

* * *

No, No, No, says Spear: That's not the way we do in our little armory in Manhattan.

* * *

McBride certainly put away those little "Eau de vies" and other trivial matters. But he always had to take his hat off to "Old Man" Bridger; at least, so Bridger says.

* * *

Scene: Main street of Ambares in front of Regimental Headquarters:

Time: Day of departure for Genicart.

Several trucks go by like bats out of Hades.

"Whose trucks are those?" quoth the Colonel.

"Ours," replied someone.

Several more trucks shoot by piled up high with equipment.

"What is that in those trucks, piled up so high?" quoth the Colonel.

"Looks like packs," someone replied.

"PACKS!" quoth the Colonel, "What is the meaning of this?"

Just at that moment Battery E swung gaily around a bend in the road, stepping along at a fine clip singing and whistling. Not a single man was carrying a pack.

Then OLD GERONIMO RAVED.

General Orders.

(To Be Taught All Discharged Soldiers.)

1. To accept my discharge and take all Government property in view and beat it home.
2. To accept my discharge in a military manner, keeping always on the alert and observing that it will not be revoked before I get out of sight and hearing.
3. To take the fastest train. Not to stop at any military post on my way home.
4. To repeat all rumors that are nearer Headquarters than my home.
5. Not to quit civil life after being properly discharged.
6. To receive, believe and pass on to my children all statements confirming General Sherman's idea of war.
7. To talk to no one about re-enlisting.
8. In case of the presence of the recruiting officer, to sound the alarm.
9. When I am at my girl's home, allow no soldiers or gobs on or about my post.
10. In all cases not covered by instructions, to claim exemption.
11. To salute all officers who aided in obtaining my discharge, and all Budweiser and Brandy in sight.
12. To be especially watchful at night and to allow no one to pass without buying a drink.



BA



BA



"A"



"B"



Janzen 19-

ANOTHER TRANS-ATLANTIC FLIGHT
"Hello, fellows, you guys going to FLY home?"



Battery "A"

N August 22, 1918, there came a call to the various camps of the country for a number of men to assemble at Camp Eustis, Va., to compose the Forty-seventh Regiment of the Coast Artillery Corps. In response to the call, men from these camps made hurried preparations to leave. Throughout the camp limits of Fort Hancock, New Jersey, Fort Terry, New York, and a few more, men could be seen throwing bundles of equipment together and making the pack for "heavy marching order."

It was a hot morning on August 23 when we were called for general inspection. This being ended early and a "double-time" dinner served, the train was filled with "Old Dominion" soldiers and was soon on its way to Virginia.

Two o'clock in the afternoon of August 24 troops began to arrive in the camp, and by August 26 the roster of Battery "A" was complete.

Upon our arrival in the new camp the first thing to be considered was organization. That this might be accomplished, we made ready to march to quarters. We "fell in and counted off" by the old rusty railroad track; then we were marched to our quarters, about a mile away. At this place our trouble began. We moved into all the wooden buildings on both sides of the street. But finally there came a roll-call, and we were assigned

to our different batteries. The assignment was completed on the evening of August 24. Our officers were Captain McBride, Lieutenant Lonsdale and Lieutenant Bridger. The non-commissioned staff was assigned and Sergeant Deegan became First Sergeant on August 24.

Being tired after our first day's work, we soon fell asleep. After what seemed to us a few minutes, we heard three blasts of the whistle. Sergeant Rebow's footsteps were heard and then came the call, "Everybody out!" We came out in an excited manner. It couldn't be morning; was it a fire? Buskell came running out without his leggings; all we could see of Drummond was the stump of a finger protruding through the window, the rest was soon to follow. We "fell in, right dressed, counted off," and then ran for mess. This interested us more than reveille. We had salmon that morning. Shannon helped matters some; he had a can of jam that had been opened two days. Stump, who can eat almost anything, gave it a trial. Hanley said: "I like jam, but"—Zing! the whistle!

Sunday! Three blasts of that whistle. This whistle was anything but a soldier's friend. "Fall in!" A little military instruction. Sergeant Scully had charge of one section and he asked for experiences. "Tell something that ever happened to any of you." Frees started. "I—I—was on, on." "Stand up like a soldier when you talk to a non-commissioned officer," commanded the Sergeant. Frees thought it easier to let the story go, so he never finished it. Thirteen men were put to grubbing stumps. Israel must have thought thirteen an unlucky number because he soon was over in the Young

Men's Christian Association building. The rest of Battery "A" carried iron beds.

Most of the time for the first two weeks in Camp Eustis we were put on stump details. Button distinguished himself as a master stump digger. He missed reveille every second morning. It may be said, however, that "first call" came very early, and it took a man with iron nerve to crawl from a soft bunk just to stand at attention for reveille. Button didn't have nerve; he had meat. Bramon came to the front with the pick and shovel. He broke a number of shovel handles—leaning on them. He said: "I can't soldier with a shovel and a hoe." Fatigue was followed by a bracer. It was a good one, too. It braced us up two hours and down four. That was guard. "Walk my post in a million different manner." Kalven trotted up and down the guard path; he saw something coming. It was the Officer of the Day. "Halt!" The officer stopped. Finally, the officer said: "Well, what do you say?" Kalven replied: "What do you say yourself?"

Aside from guard duty and fatigue, we had drills. Drills came between fatigue. We "fatigued" eight hours a day, but always had plenty of time for drills. We had calisthenics, too. This was a medical sort of affair. Because of its after effect, we called it "caliphysics." Sergeant Divone was "caliphysician." All this was "clown stunts." I don't know whether we were the clowns or Sergeant Divone. To tell the truth, he looked more like one. We got this all mixed up. Somehow in that mix-up our feet would get twisted and we would do more than was expected. After calisthenics

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came infantry drills. This was the limit. In fact, the drills were limited to two hours between rests. We had "squads east and squads west" until we were dizzy. We admit it was strenuous work, but we had to have a certain amount of it before we could sail. Together with this drill, a special schedule was issued. Certain sergeants instructed certain sections. It was specific instruction in hygiene and camp sanitation. These classes proved very helpful; everything was discussed from a cut finger to a black eye. Before many hours "Sister" Harrington ran his eye into Bugler Basse's fist and we made use of the instruction.

Although we, as recruits, found our drills rather tedious and difficult, each day's work together served to create a closer bond of friendship with one another. Each bit of work, every meeting in the street, each meeting in the wash-house, all contributed toward building friendship, creating respect, moulding a soldierly love until we were bound together in a bond of warm friendship and fellowship.

Having associated as soldiers for a few days, we conversed with one another freely, exchanged confidences and learned each other's ideas on various subjects. These days and evenings spent together constituted the beginning of fellowship and made camp life worth living.

About this time there came a change of officers. Our Captain was transferred, and later the other officers were also transferred. August 28 brought Captain Chappel; September 19, Lieutenant Curtin; October 1, Lieutenant Tarnerand; October 3, Lieutenant Facki-

ner. These were our permanent officers. The commands must come from a new staff.

Everything moved on as before. Friendship grew; all were friends. We were all soldiers together. Camp Eustis furnished a lot of material for conversation. Usually the mess line was a place to discuss our neighbor. That mess line was a complicated affair. Ting! the whistle. "Fall in for mess!" Everybody ran over everybody else. Soon the jam and jar was over and we had more jam in the mess line than in the mess hall. De Santis got loud and said: "When do we eat?" And by the time he had finished "Red" Downing sang, "And the meals I got away with back home!" "Get in line there, what the ——!" That was Nye. Then Lautz, poor Lautz, the educated faker, "back on the end of the line for you." And we were all friends. The mess-line gossip changed a little one day. Usually the Mess Sergeant was the topic. "Sergeant Steponaitisis is feeding us."

We had a little more detail—five men went on kitchen duty every day. Private Glaser liked the kitchen. Always about his work he could be heard singing "Beautiful K-K-K-P, wonderful K-P." "Wash these pans, Glaser," was added by Cook Schneider. We were not K. P.s all the time, however, for there were days of rest. These were termed "holidays." Most of these were "holi-evenings."

Supper being over, the evening recreation began. Up the broad, hard and partially dusted road, soldiers could be seen walking in groups. Occasionally they were mated off in pairs. There were Corporals Most and

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Lang, Sergeants McNamara and Kummer. It was a walk for pleasure. Every few steps brought men along from Battery "A." They were our boys and we were proud to walk and talk with them. Besides our evening walks, the squad rooms were often places of pleasant association. After retreat many of the boys gathered together and conversed on familiar topics. Often, after the local happenings had been discussed, we would slip back for a little while to the long ago. Some memory of a fellow's sweetheart who had so proudly given that boy to her country, would escape his lips, and, gazing about, he would break into an old-time melody and walk to his bunk. We were far from home and would go much farther. Home was much talked about; Muholland gave a story from the Central North; Blanton and Mack, from the Far West; Corporals Newport and Wagoner, with a real homelike story from the Sunny South, and Cataldo, with a last and forgotten sweetheart of the East. This made us realize who waited at home to welcome the victorious soldier. There is a tender chord of sympathy in the heart of every man, even though he is serving in the capacity of a soldier. It was those evenings spent together that aided all of us to respect and revere that high principle of humanity—our country first, last and always.

After such pleasant association we would slip off to bed, there to slumber and to dream of things in the long, long ago. Perhaps tomorrow was inspection or a hard day's work. We did not care; we were very happy.

The life was far from melancholy. We had several things to occupy our minds, even on holidays. Usually

Saturday and Sunday were holidays, save for inspection, which occurred at nine o'clock Saturday morning. Inspection included that of rifles, equipment, clothing and quarters. Immense enjoyment was found in the celebration of these days. Labor Day was one of the extraordinary holidays. We dug ditches all day. Young said: "This man's army gets me." That evening "Right Oblique" Moran applied to the First Sergeant, saying: "If the Government had a school to produce ninety-day farmers, he sure wanted to go."

When we weren't celebrating, we were being entertained. The Young Men's Christian Association furnished amusement. Battery "A" was fortunate to schedule a date for the quartette. That was enough. We had music ever after. The body of singers were entirely from Battery "A"—Snowfleit, Donihue, McLaud and Sergeant Johnston—Battery "A" was represented at practically all entertainments. Tat! Ta-ta-ta!! Boom!!! The Forty-seventh band played out in front. This was the beginning of the music that later followed us in our travels. Music puts life in every one, and it certainly did in us. Perkins would leave quarters every evening headed toward the band concert, and he wouldn't return until late. He always returned humming that old negro melody, "Mama's Child." Time passed fast, due to the activities of the various days. Excitement ran high; prize fights came off; women musicians entertained, and "Yah" was running everywhere with excitement. At these times cares and troubles were forgotten; we were in for pleasure, and we had it.

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Among the chorus of music, McLaud's voice brought back memories of the peace of long ago.

But McLaud was not to stay with us; he was soon afterwards transferred as a casual. Together with him, we left eleven others, men who gave all they could that Battery "A" might live and be a success. Although these men were forced to stay behind, we feel sure that their bit was a complete success in America.

The casuals left us. Hasty preparations were made to go "overseas." Sergeant Taylor soon got the equipment. Old Camp Eustis itself took life. All our guns were mounted, and how we practiced! Corporal Cohen went down the road saying to himself, "Look at me, a real gun-pointer." Gas drill followed, being the last of our training in America.

Already and "rarin'" to go! October 11, at 5.35 in the afternoon, the old barracks were empty, for we were then five minutes on the way to Camp Stuart. Adieu to Eustis! It was only a few hours until we landed at the embarkation camp—Camp Stuart. Many of us figured on several days' stay, but this was not the case; we marched to the dock the afternoon of October 13. Did the Red Cross bid us farewell? True enough, we were fed cakes and drank our fill of coffee. What transport was this? It was the "Zeelandia."

Up the gangplank and soon we were standing near our individual bunks. True, the spraying of throats was peculiar, but each one got his "shot."

Transport life couldn't go along without "details." It seemed as though sergeants and sailors ran every-

where. The sergeants asked everyone if he had a job. Nine o'clock found us all on detail. Mallick just jugged potatoes; Loew flooded the deck, and Greenstein scraped the floors.

Life on the water ended. October 26 Doland said: "Landsnakes, I see land." It was good to put those two eyes on something more solid than water.

About nine o'clock in the morning, October 26, the "Zeelandia" dropped anchor at Brest. A great change could be seen, and this was made manifest by the smile on the face of Sergeant Fullerton. We realized land was a very wonderful thing, and everyone was anxious to set his "hobnails" on French soil. Who was to be the first man off? We are not sure, but to judge by the appearance of the men in the mess line, Sergeant Plenge was first. Details! We almost forgot to mention that. Eight men were left with Corporal Reese to clean the troop's space. Corporal Reese let a man out of a detail once, and by that we surmise he is a good soldier.

By three o'clock in the afternoon most of us were loaded in a small tug and hurried to our space on land. While making this trip we heard the French language for the first time. "Red" Baily tried it out with a Frenchman by saying: "We, we." Many of the little "kids" came around our boat, that they might secure a few pennies. Petty John said he "generously gave a few pennies."

After the short trip the battery lined up in the main street and in the usual way marched off toward the much-longed-for "rest camp." Oh, that hike! Turner

covered off McCreary, and Turner was asking whether "the man was going with the pack, or the pack with the man!" Sergeant Cohen said the pack had the man. Our hike was up the hill, down, over, and then—the pedlars: their cries of "nuts," "candee," "cigarette," made us take notice. Vincent gave his full supply. Other Sammies had traveled that route before. That is evident, because as we passed through the outskirts of the city two little girls greeted us with the song: "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." Traveling overseas is very tiresome; it was necessary that we have a rest. Brest was the place; it took but a few minutes to get settled in the mud! Lieutenant Curtain soon had us rounded up, and as a result we were sent for bread. On returning we were sent for shelter half-beds. The sleep was good, and Captain Chappell let us sleep late the next morning. Thanks to our Captain. Dinner late, and details all the rest of the time. After a stay of eight days Herderick said: "If the Commander asks me if I need a rest I'll answer: "Sir, I don't believe I do."

November 3 marks our first experience with troop trains. We marched to Brest late at night. A train of box-cars and an engine stood ready. We were divided into sections and were put on separate cars. Up went every pack and we were soon loaded. Sergeant Scully looked around the car, then casually remarked: "They put eight horses in here, but just now we have forty men." Cantor was longing for good United States Pullmans, but he always takes the joy out of life. Acting Private Piper invited us all to "snap out of it," and at that the train pulled out. Sergeant Fitzgerald said

he "never found joy in being crowded in like sardines," but we wonder if Fitz ever complained of being crowded on a settee? Sleep was a thing to be desired, but not to be had. Under one condition we were able to obtain a little of it. Twelve would sleep for two hours, and then be relieved by twelve more.

We were up early the next morning and ready to eat. Briscoe began to speculate on the mess, but we have to hand it to Mack; he said "canned willie and vin." Mack was right. It made but little difference how unpleasant we spent the night, we gradually crowded into the doorway to see the country. Fuqua "allowed" the country was all right, but it was the people in it, and said he never could learn French. Corporal Duffy thought we were all right, and I suppose we were; but we discovered that the train had made some of our men *dizzy!* Perhaps we did not have enough room. Gluck thought so. The square-wheeled train rolled merrily on. At eleven bells on the afternoon of November 4 we arrived at Angouleme. We were glad that, at last, we were there.

Every one marched through the gate, then through several streets, and then into the best camp in France. After the life in the tents it was like a palace here. Gee, the packs! They were heavy, but we did not hesitate to go up the stairway to the fourth floor and into the four rooms. It was comfortable in every way, and soon the shelter halves and blankets were made into a bed. This wasn't a sleep in heavy marching order this time. Fetzer said the beds were better than the ones he had at home; he could not roll off these. Well, even

at that, it was a pretty good floor, and Blass said it was "goode," so we must conclude it was. We did not have any detail the next morning, that was unusual, too; we were permitted to sleep! We got up at noon. The afternoon was rainy and miserable, so we did not have any drills; most of us spent the day in the Knights of Columbus rooms. The second day brought forth new duty schedules. It rained almost all day, so we had some indoor instruction. Here Sergeant Bunner exemplified himself in an eloquent way. "Do what I say, and your kicking afterwards." Rhea never enjoyed instructions, and not many of us in Battery "A" did. We would much rather go where there was some excitement; it looked at that time as though we all wanted to go to the Western Front. We worked and toiled that we might do so; but it seems that the infantry we got was useless. Brady said: "This squad's east and west gets my goat." Erskine said that he hoped it would some time be over, and we sincerely hoped that wish would come true. We were told about the "big guns" and what they would do; but we learned that it took time to master all this, and we labored on, that our desires might be realized.

The squad room was a clubroom; every one gathered between drill periods and in the evenings to discuss the rumors that had been heard. Pleasure filled our hearts and wine our stomachs, or at least the canteens. Talk and argument was the bulk of entertainment. Mack and Button slept side by side, but Lawer kept them in a friendly mood. Many of the arguments were interesting, too; we are forced to say that Sergeant Scully was

never defeated in a discussion. Corporal Fleming said he almost lost on one of Scully's points.

A real prize fight took place at this little town of Angouleme. It wasn't with the French champion, either. It happened at mess. "Sister" Harrington tried to buck the bread line on Marchese, and as a result he hit a real fist. "Sister's" eye turned four colors. It was fighting Battery "A," sure enough. Sergeant Deegan said it was next in fame to the "Old Soldiers' Home." We had good eats in Angouleme—French fries, beefsteak and "vin blanc" could be had in any cafe in town, and they were plentiful. Adams came home one night all excited and spluttering: "Weell, byes, I've had twelve splates of spludes." Good conduct cards were given while the discipline was good; we could all be found dusting and brushing and discussing the right-hand salute, that we might still retain that little pleasure which was ours.

On the night of November 9 Corporal Most raised up in bed looking excited: "What the deuce is that noise?" "The eleventh hour and peace," someone said. "Say, boys, just when do we go home? War was over! Lieutenant Sifert, who was assigned to us in Angelene, told us to get ready to move homeward. "It's like this, men, we are just marking time." Now rumors of all kinds began to fly.

The move, supposedly toward home, came December 3. We pulled stakes and went into Cantor's Pullmans again. We went on to a "Bourg." Bourg was some place. There was some real sociable people in it, but far too many people for such a small town. The sol-

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diers took possession of the town. Conditions were crowded, so part of us moved to the country. "No vin blanc, no traivallet." Lieutenants Curtin and Tanner were in charge. For a while some of us had to do without a Curtin.

Football took up some of our time while we were here. Corporal Mura distinguished himself as an all-around athlete. One game scheduled with Headquarters was canceled because of the mud. It was so muddy that the band couldn't play. That hurt Horn's feelings, too.

We were to be home Christmas, but, instead, the holiday was spent on the farm in Bourg. The goose would pierce your stomach. We certainly had a great feed—goose stuck out of Sergeant Deegan's eyes. What would we sooner have had than goose? More goose. Yes, and our wine was the gander. Coburn used a lot of the gander, while Murray used the goose. It was all over. Now W. P. Snyder and Stapff wanted to play football, but Hogan made it a game of marbles.

January 1, New Year's Day, was likewise celebrated, yet dinner was not eaten on the farm. Bourg, by December 27, was without her soldiers, for we had packed our light marching packs and drifted away to HOME. But "home" proved to be Ambares. Thing's were different there. We lived in "chicken coops" and barn quarters; some of us here, some of us over there in the field, and some of us in other places. Sergeant Bunner had one part, Sergeant Markle another, and Sergeant Scully "right dressed" about sixty in another place. We graveled a few roads and had some

other fatigue. Drilling didn't amount to much. Lance Corporals Button and Cooper distinguished themselves with what little we had. Days came and went, and repeatedly Sergeant Deegan said: "We leave tomorrow." He finally was right, for on January 21, at 8.30 in the morning, we started for Genicarte. William Kelly said it was a shame to drown all the cooties.

Genicarte was the "delousing" camp. The hike there was about five miles, and it wasn't any fun carrying those heavy packs, but at last the weight was on the floor of the Y. M. C. A. building. Now we were ready for the mill.

It was great to get a real bath, but first came the signing of papers. Dunnington said he never filled out so many papers to get a bath in his life. Corporal Borkowski was the first man through; "fine," he said. The way that equipment was thrown at us! But we had our lives insured. Turk stood outside the exit crying: "Gee, I'm all dolled up, yes, I is." Senger said: "No cooties now—and look at my new long pants!"

All refreshed and full of life, we returned to the Y. M. C. A. After a few hours' stay, we marched to the barracks, to "stay for a day." As we approached Metcalf looked at the sign post; there he discovered these words, "Permanent Camp." Said he: "We're not going home; we're come to stay." Our new home was the best ever. We had real beds to sleep in; it could be compared with "the old soldiers' home." This was a place to rest.

Rest! No, not at all. The old detail every day. We, in turn, scraped the cooties off of other homeward-

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bound soldiers. Even though we were detailed every day, the camp was so modern that we overlooked the hardships. Heath said a home like this would almost make a man re-enlist. "No, we had occupations in civil life that we wanted to resume," Weiner said, "and a little girl back home, too; I am anxious about her." "We move tomorrow, and it's home for sure." Lynch said that was what he was expecting. Genicarte had a Y. M. C. A. No. 2. It furnished all kinds of entertainment. Sergeant Peatly, sanitary officer, spent most of his time testing the coffee. It was there in a crowded movie that news came for all of Battery "A" to return to quarters and pack up. The next day we moved.

The move came very early. At 5 o'clock in the morning we were en route to Bassens. Arriving there, we enjoyed coffee from the Red Cross. Mullen said that the Red Cross was just to his liking, for the girls gave out the stuff.

On the boat; but no, not the transport, just a tug. "The tug ride was short and soon," Sam Wilson said. Millerschon said: "Not home this time, we're merely marking time."

We moved into a large sheet-iron building and almost settled down, but no, we didn't quite settle. The bunks were moved once every day, just to give us something to do. Things in general were in confusion. That we might hold the bunks, our packs were laid on them. One of the boys got only his rifle on his bed; Walensky came along, saying: "This is my bunk; move this rifle, please." Humiliated by the command of his superior, the poor private moved on. Our stay in Pauillac was

only ten days. As far as living conditions were concerned, we were set. Though living conditions might not have been classed as the best, we enjoyed them just the same.

The days were spent, as a rule, in the Knights of Columbus or Young Men's Christian Association buildings. It was quite warm there and, using the terms of Gillons, "We could chew the fat all day." If a detail was granted, a sergeant would come and put us to rout. Corporal Duffy was told to report to the first sergeant at the office, but asked, "Wha-fur, I haven't got the ball." The Knights of Columbus, Young Men's Christian Association and Liberty Theatre were much more enjoyable than staying around quarters. Anyone staying there was too handy and was sure to be detailed.

Inspection every day; that was all right; we were used to that now. What, a new mess officer? Lieutenant Wilson, who was assigned to our battery at Geniccart, took charge of the meeting. Did we eat? Fetzer said: "You have to hand it to Lieutenant Wilson when it comes to eats." We certainly agreed with him. Thanks to Lieutenant Wilson.

Going home again! Langston was discussing the home-going with Sergeant Johnston. "Well, Langston, we are going home, at last; we are going on the "Mercury." "I don't give a damn," says Langston, "if we go home on a *thermometer*, just so we get there."

On the evening of January 30 the United States steamship "Madawaska" pulled into the harbor at Pauillac. This was our transport, at last! All of us were overjoyed at her arrival. McNamara was happy; so

was Sergeant Deegan. He began pounding "Mac" up with a paper. "Quit hitting me on the head it's not made of wood," said "Mac." The morning of January 31 was the happiest moment in Pauillac. We were lined up behind the barracks and already for departure. At this moment came sad news. We learned our Captain was unable to proceed home with us. However, we had his last farewell appropriately given by Lieutenant Wilson. He is the one who has great ideas of real food; you know the one we mean. The Captain sent us his "good bye and good luck." So we heartily gave him three cheers as an indication of our appreciation for his treatment to us.

It wasn't long until we sat on a small tug, patiently waiting to load on the transport. Then came transport life.

This transport was much more convenient than the "Zeelandia"; this was settled with one look at the troop space we occupied. To put it like Mickey, "It looked like it was a passenger boat this time."

At 5.05 in the afternoon we sailed. The trip was to be a long one. Old Battery "A" soon found amusements. Turk, Corporal Cohen, Sanger, Collins and Hackett, and every now and then something would bring Corporal Duffy, and the result—a card game; Corporal Fleming saluting McNamara; Shannon sitting on the floor relating his experiences as a talking machine; Sergeant Johnson beating the mess line all the time; and, in addition, the entertainment furnished by the crew, the eats furnished by the Y. M. C. A., and the cigarettes from the Knights of Columbus.

"Transport, halt!" "What for?" "This is America, men." Reinzie expressed his happy attitude towards the dear country. "When I get that paper I'm through with every one." True enough, we landed at Newport News at eight o'clock in the morning. "Hello, America, we've come back again."

JOKES AND APPROPRIATE REMARKS.

Bailey: "I can arrest you; I'm an M. P."

• • •

Bass: "I get the rest out of bed and then go back myself."

• • •

Anderson: "Men may come and men may go, but I cook on forever."

• • •

Berger: "The rest of the soldiers haven't a chance with the mademoiselle around me. I can talk French."

• • •

Blanton: "So the country goes dry! Pretty soon the gout will take full control of mothers-in-law."

• • •

Beismer: "Some laugh different from I, I snort."

• • •

Arnold: "There's something about me that's long—my smiles. A mile between the first letter and the last."

• • •

Brady: "Sense is a wonderful thing."

• • •

Briscoe: "I'll make a dear little soldier for some dear little girl."

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Bunner: "I always get shaved by a barber in civil life."

• • •

Cantor: "I'm very seldom broke in civil life."

• • •

Button: "I'll believe anything you tell me."

• • •

Reinzie: "Good by, Army, I'm through."

• • •

Cohen, Ike: "Remember the old Ninth Regiment."

• • •

Deegan: "I can't help it, son."

• • •

Fetzer: "I wasn't made for details."

• • •

Fleming: "It's all done at ease, men."

• • •

Fullerton: "I never hurt anyone."

• • •

McCormick: "Had six meals on the boat—three down and three up."

• • •

Mellott: "Pipe carving free of charge."

• • •

Metcalf: "Keep your top cut."

• • •

Miga: "I complain all the time."

• • •

Mulholland: "I can talk more than anyone in the regiment."

• • •

Petely: "I don't like living too close to Deegan; it's too handy."

Scully: "Pay attention to the roll-call."

• • •

Stevens: "I'm a mountaineer."

• • •

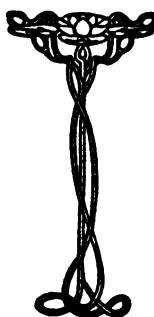
Tisi: "I move slowly."

• • •

Wold: "I'm an expert painter."

• • •

Kummer: "How about yourself?"





Battery "B"



HEN the boys of the Third, Fourth, Sixth and Eighth Companies at Fort Washington, Md., learned near the middle of July that they were to be organized into a part of what was afterward to become the Forty-seventh Artillery, Coast Artillery Corps, they needed little to convince them then that the first step toward France was shortly to be taken. The many pleasant days spent about the old fort at drills and during recreation hours, the off-days, when happy excursions were made up the Potomac River to Washington City, followed by hours of sight-seeing, the days of leisurely association about the old barracks that brought all together as one big family—all were soon to be abruptly terminated, and the time was near at hand when each soldier was to put himself shoulder to shoulder with his comrades and prepare as one big company to face the stern realities of war.

The days being few before the new battery should be sent away for final training, active steps were taken for immediate preparation to leave. Capt. Frank J. Atwood, of the Forty-eighth Artillery, Coast Artillery Corps, also stationed at the fort, was placed in command of the new battery. He was a man of fine gentlemanly qualities, a splendid leader and an officer of great energy and initiative. Captain Atwood began the work of organization by bringing the new unit up to battery

strength. All available men from companies at the fort were transferred, and a detachment of some fifty men were transferred from companies stationed across the Potomac at Fort Hunt. Included among this number were Sergeants H. M. Richardson, Charles Brown and Felix Barrett. Also added to the new battery were Sergeants William Murray, C. A. Ciano, J. O. Morrissey, and Meyes Seligman, from Sandy Hook, New York, with a few other separate additions. The battery was formed and plans were completed for leaving.

As a token of esteem in which the boys of Fort Washington were held by the officers and men remaining behind, they were given a hearty ovation upon their departure. To the stirring strains of band music and the cheers of comrades left behind, the boys were showered with good wishes and good byes as they boarded the train which was to speed them to Camp Eustis, Va., where they would be joined to other companies of the regiment. The battery was accompanied by Captain Atwood, officer in charge.

Arriving at Camp Eustis near the last of July, the new battery was quartered with the other batteries of the regiment and placed under new and permanent officers. Captain Joseph B. Varela, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was made battery commander. Other officers appointed were First Lieutenant W. D. McCoy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., First Lieutenant B. D. Ayres, of Lynchburg, Va., and Second Lieutenant D. A. Harris, of Windsor, Vt.

Two months of long and hot summer days were before the men, in which their time was to be spent in doing "squads right," in hiking, in the manual of arms,

in learning the tedious and uninteresting processes of laying out and rolling heavy marching equipment, and in gas-mask drills, which, in the opinion of ders, and in gas-mask drills, which, in the opinion of the most careful of critics, remains the last word in the tiresome, exasperating and unnerving process of training through which a soldier is put before he is officially pronounced fit for modern warfare.

Despite the fact that every day of the short training at Camp Eustis was to see the regular daily schedule of service drills properly carried out, some time for recreation and brief pleasure trips was necessarily afforded.

The boys were given week-end passes to visit near-by cities, such as Norfolk and Richmond. Some were granted furloughs to make brief visits home. Not among the least of the activities to be mentioned in connection with the stay at Eustis was the days of "fatigue" spent in helping to complete the camp. Macadamized roads were made, barracks and other buildings built and completed, all of which demanded the service of the battery. Many of the hot days of July and August were spent in using pick, shovel, hammer and saw.

Camp Eustis proved in the final analysis to be an excellent home for the boys, especially as far as health conditions were concerned. Cases of illness and disease were reduced to a minimum. With pure water and wholesome food, a health record was attained of which the battery might well be proud. During the two months' stay at Eustis only one death occurred in the battery. Near the close of the stay, early in October, when the epidemic of Spanish influenza which gripped

the country finally spread to the camp, a number of the boys were taken ill. This seemed impossible to prevent, and consequently upon the departure of the regiment for France, a number were ill in the Camp Infirmary and it was necessary to leave them behind.

On account of the havoc wrought by the "flu" in the battery, a number of vacancies occurred when the time came for leaving, and in order to bring the battery up to war strength some new men were transferred to us. The necessary number were secured from the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-eighth Regiments, Coast Artillery Corps, which had arrived at camp early in October. Among those selected from the Thirty-eighth Regiment were Privates Matheny, Coram, Hendrickson, Benetti, Elwell, Spong and Cooper. From the Thirty-sixth Regiment was Private J. E. Harris.

To attempt to recount the innumerable experiences of the battery while a part of the Expeditionary Forces would be to acknowledge defeat at the outset. One is stirred by a succession of mixed emotions when he reflects upon the unbroken procession of varied experiences, both grave and gay, pleasant and unpleasant—that have daily been a part of the life of the boys away from home. Hence it is possible to touch upon only a few of the experiences which remain as landmarks in the recollection of the trip to France.

Although deprived of an opportunity to reach the front and to face the shot and shell, something of the hardships and tasks of an army in a foreign land have been shared.

Arriving at Brest on October 26, the boys got their first idea of what camping in the field really was, and during the week's stay at this camp exposure to bad weather and inconveniences and discomforts in general became the part and lot of their lives and experiences.

Moving to Angouleme on November 6, the situation changed. The battery was comfortably housed in large stone barracks and the time was divided between drills and hiking. One death only occurred in the old French city, namely, that of Private J. C. Barnes. Perhaps the most signal event of interest connected with the stay at Angouleme was the transfer of one of the battery's officers, First Lieutenant B. D. Ayres, who was transferred to the Regular Army.

At Bourg-Sur Gironde, where the regiment was moved on December 3, two new officers were attached to the battery, First Lieutenant B. A. Fisher and Second Lieutenant R. V. Porter. They both proved to be excellent additions to Battery "A." A new feature was introduced into the battery at Bourg, namely, athletics. This was taken in charge by Lieutenant Fisher and an "athletic council" was organized. A football team was organized and was composed of the following members: Miller, quarterback; Young, fullback; Ciana, right half; Taylor, left half; Latz, right end; Ponter, left end, and Rayle, right tackle; Rostack, left tackle; Ford, right guard; Gibson, left guard; LaPine, center. Substitutes—Kelley, L. L., quarter; Hubble, right end; Walker, halfback; Stute, tackle; Harvey, quarterback.

The following is a schedule of games played, with scores: Battery "B" played Headquarters, with a score

of 6 to 0, Miller making a touchdown. Battery "B" vs. Battery "E", 7 to 0, with a touchdown by Miller; Battery "B" vs. Battery "C," 2 to 0, with touchdowns by Miller and Latz; Battery "B" vs. Battery "E", 0 to 13.

On December 27 the regiment was moved to LeGrave d'Ambares, from where after a short and uneventful stay we moved on January 13 to the Bordeaux Embarkation Camp, also called Camp Jenicart. Here the regiment was prepared to be sent back to the States. From Jenicart the men of Battery "B" were conveyed from the Bassens dock to Pauillac on the steamer "Taconey." Here the battery, along with the other batteries of the regiment, was quartered in a naval hydroplane dome.

On January 31 the "Madawaska" was sighted at anchor in the Garonne River. Next day Battery "B," along with the rest of the regiment, boarded the ship by means of lighters. The "Antigony" was monopolizing the dock at this time, and all thought that she would take us home. When the first storm struck the "Madawaska" we all wished that we were, indeed, aboard the "Antigony." The battery suffered no hardships on the way home, except severe sea sickness, due to almost continuous storm; a lot of extra guard duty, policing of the entire ship, sailor grub, and no room to sleep. Aside from being a little topheavy and slow, the "Madawaska" was a good ship. It was taking us home.

We landed at Newport News, in spite of every one's desire to land at New York, and we soon found ourselves at Camp Eustis, where we came into existence and where *we were so gloriously mustered out after an intensive course in stump-digging and landscape gardening.*



Battery "C"



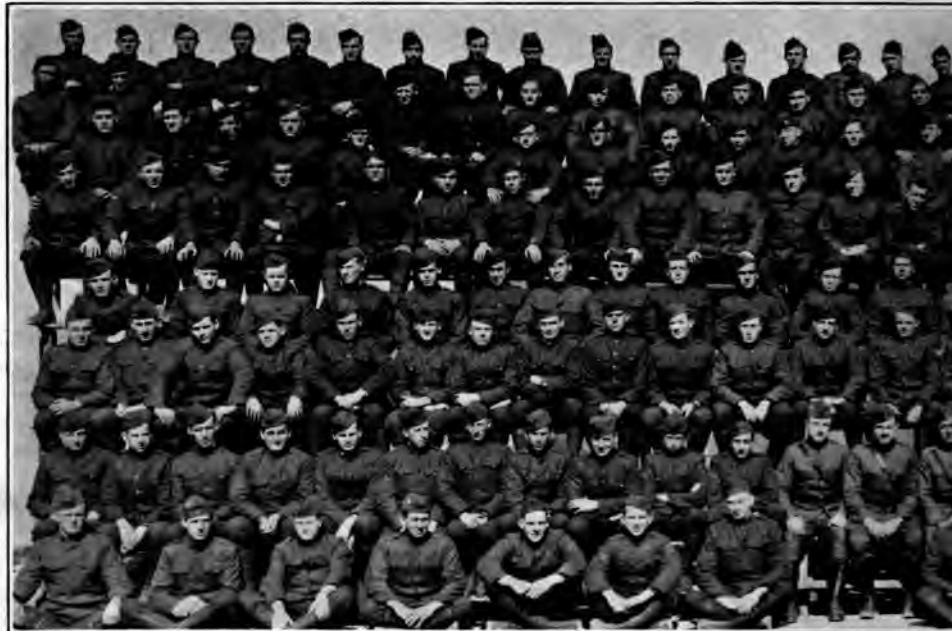
We were born on a warm afternoon in early September. Though we all came from Sandy Hook, we found many strangers in the crowd.

The first officer assigned to our battery was Captain J. Edward Jones. Judging by first impressions, we drew the pick of the lot, and we "cottoned" to him right away. Incidentally our judgment was confirmed, and there is absolutely no question but what we had the best "C. O." in the regiment.

The momentous question to be decided before anything else was, "Who is going to be the topper?" The next two weeks were certainly ones of unrest for us "bucks." Each of the sergeants had a day as "acting first sergeant," after which they tried them all over again. They were each trying to convince Captain Jones that "I'm the right one for the job," and they all used different methods. We hardly knew what to expect. About this time we received as an addition to the battery some men from Texas. Among them was a certain Sergeant John P. Sego. Whether his Southern way won the Captain's heart or—well, anyway, he appeared one day with the diamond below his three stripes.

During the infancy of the battery Second Lieutenant George W. McCarter, and shortly after him First Lieutenant Charles E. Stimson, were assigned to us. How-

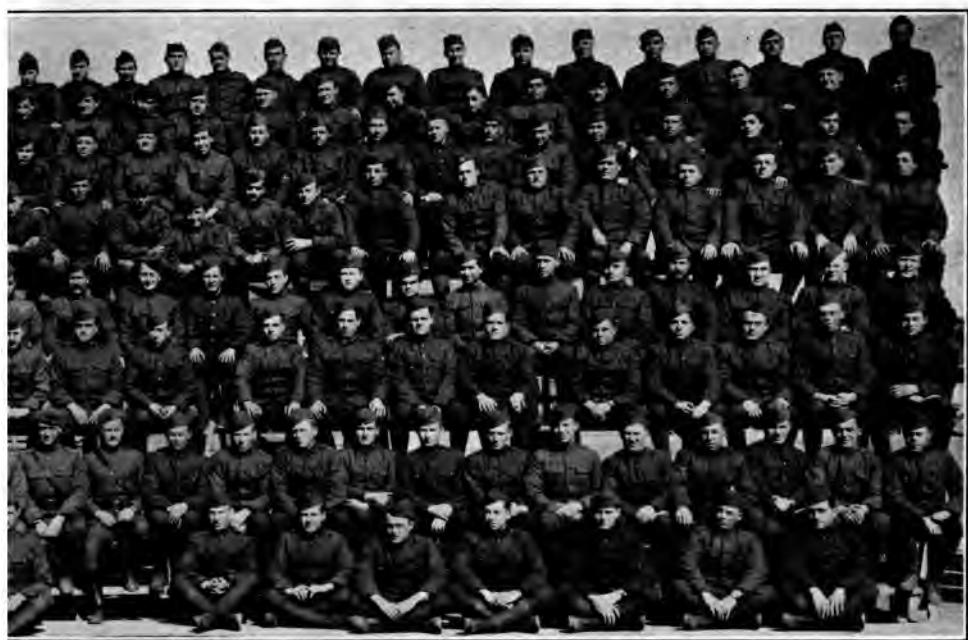




BATTI



BATTI



Y "C"



Y "D"



A QUIET "SOIREE"—CAPTAIN SMALL FAVORS

ever, Second Lieutenant McCarter's stay with us was short; why, we never found out. He was succeeded by Second Lieutenant Arthur E. Granberg. The day after Lieutenant Granberg joined us, he and thirty of our boys were sent to the Motor Transportation School at Fortress Monroe.

Up to this time we had had some "squads east and west," but more details of ditch-digging and laying of board walks through the Virginia mud. Now, however, our training began in earnest on the parade grounds. Our official personnel was completed by the addition of Second Lieutenants White and Martins.

Early in October we were given our entire overseas outfit. Oh, the hours we spent winding and rewinding spiral leggings! Just before we were ready to leave our full quota was made by the addition of some men from the Thirty-eighth Regiment. We were by then a very cosmopolitan battery. Men from almost all the States and of all nationalities, including the group later famous as the "Fighting Whops of Battery 'C'."

On October 10 Lieutenant Granberg and our boys returned from Fort Monroe. During their stay there the first mortality in our battery occurred. Private Carl Liephiemer caught the "flu" and died in the hospital.

The next day we left for Camp Stuart. When we left Camp Eustis Captain Jones was sick with the "flu" and could not go with us. We still hoped, though, that he would be able to join us before we sailed. However, at Stuart a new commissioned officer, Captain Forest W. Hanna, was attached to our battery. The "overseas" examination the night before we left caused eight of our

men to be rejected. We weren't quite sure whether they or we were the lucky ones.

We now come to one of the saddest parts in our history—our stay in Brest. It was there that we lost Lieutenant Granberg, who "went west." Among us he was known as "a prince." We knew that one of our friends had left us, especially those of us who were with him at Fort Monroe. Private Charles A. Kelso also died at Brest, for which another gold star belongs in Michigan's service flag. He died doing his "bit" just as surely as though in battle. Also Private E. A. Horton died fighting the "flu." He was a quiet lad, but those of us who knew him felt a real loss.

Our bodily discomforts there helped to make us mighty glad to leave, even though it was in "Chevaux 8—Hommes 40" cars. The only thing we wish to remember of Brest is the memory of our comrades who went "home" from there.

The first week in France we sampled the wines of the country. Our pure-bred Frenchman, Olanie, and the other boys who could speak French were in great demand then, they of course not forgetting cognac or rum. Oh no, that was against orders! One of our Italian comrades, *Batteta*, became so fond of the wine (memories of Italy) that he paid a boy two dollars for a bottle. This he carefully carried all the way from camp to the train. Towards night of the first day's ride he became thirsty and took out the bottle. Immediately all the other thirty-nine boys in the car wanted at least a taste. Everybody was thirsty. Batteta looked lovingly at the bottle, tipped it up and took a long drink. His face reg-

istered everything *except* pleasure. He smelled of the bottle, then gave it a heave out the door and said, "Hump, two dollars for a bottle of cold tea!"

When we had become settled in Angouleme Captain Hanna gathered us altogether and warned us against the dangers which beset us there. Wine, women and song, it seemed, were plentiful in Angouleme, with a possible shortage only of song. The dangers were real "enuf," as proved by the forfeited "Good Conduct Cards." Our New York boys fell especially hard. The bright lights were the nearest thing to their old Broadway that they had seen for a long time. Even our "N. C. O.'s" couldn't walk the "straight and narrow" as indicated by the downfall of Corporal King, of Indiana, and Corporal Blanchard, of Massachusetts.

It was there that First Lieutenant Conroy joined us, but before we became well acquainted with him he was gone. Presumably he couldn't stand us.

We celebrated the signing of the "armistice" by getting drunk with — joy. Then Captain Hanna told us the war was over and we were going home soon, and *we believed him!* A couple of weeks passed and we decided we would never believe an officer again! Hereafter we must be shown.

Another "side-door Pullman ride" and we were in Bourg. During the first of our stay here we were together. Later the even-numbered squadrons were taken out to the country and lived a life of ease—and sometimes hunger. In town we lived well, spending our mess fund with the aid of Lieutenant Martins and our

battery interpreter. (Olanie, excuse our smile at the title.)

Lieutenant Benjamin A. Clarke, the only veteran in our battery, was attached to us here. His gold service stripe made it possible to "kid ourselves along" that we were a regular outfit. We found him of questionable character, though, and this is how it happened: We were hiking along at route step one day, when we were suddenly opened fire on by a machine gun hidden in a clump of trees! We quickly surrounded it and, *of course*, easily captured it. The complete crew consisted of Lieutenant Clarke. He showed due humility and repentance though, and in justice to him we must say that now he is one of our most efficient (especially as mess officer) and best-liked officers.

On Christmas Eve occurred our biggest battle, called "The Battle of Cognac," or "Our Fight in the Dark." We regret that some of our men were seen to make a hurried and hasty retreat; Private Germiller was on his hands and knees. Our casualties were slight, however, as only two men had to be treated at the hospital.

Our shoes took a queer habit here of disappearing. Private Shorey brought forward his wonderful detective powers and the culprits were captured. We soon had to address him as "Corporal Shorey." "To the victor belongs the—honor."

Our would-be athletes had a chance here to get into the lime light. We organized a football team, with Sergeant Phillips as captain. Our star player was Sergeant Strochan, "the whirlwind halfback." We de-

feated Battery "D" 7 to 0. On Christmas Day Battery "B" defeated us, 12 to 0. They had to knock out Sergeant Strochan, though, before they could do it.

While we were at Bourg some of our boys were made "M. P.'s". So far as we could see, all they did was take it easy, carry a zat and go into the cafes we couldn't enter; and all this time we were getting more and more impatient—no nearer home, and nothing but "rumors" as to when we were going. Privates O'Neil and Edwards decided they'd wait no longer, and left one afternoon in a rowboat on the ebb tide for New York and home. However, the tide turned and they came back. It sure was tough luck to get that near home and then have to come back!

When it comes to walking, we are champions, and proved it by hiking the twenty-one kilometers from Bourg to LaGrave d'Ambares without a man dropping out. Our "bils" were sure wonders—an old dance hall, the lofts of three barns, and a barn which we shared with some pigs!

Our main pastime was watching the trains go by, the funny "Frog" ones, and lots of real, honest-to-goodness, good old U. S. A. locomotives and cars. All you had to do was close your eyes and listen to those whistles and imagine yourself back in "good old United States." Those who didn't care to watch the choo-choos" could go on "bunk fatigue" or play cards (if you could get a pack). We also had the pleasure (?) of going for long hikes. Then word came that we were to go to work at the docks. Nobody seemed to mind going. We're not all "duty dodgers," as shown by the fact that out of

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eighty who went down only forty were found in the "Y" the middle of that afternoon!

Our two heart-breakers, Sergeants Gallery and Rucker, were living up to their reputation there, and nobody ever saw them after mess at night. Compris?

Some of our armament was lost there, namely, the gunboats of Private Spiwak. They tried to stop an automobile, and the result was the transfer of Spiwak to the hospital.

Private Maxim about that time decided that he needed a vacation, and that if he could hop freights at home, he could there. So one day the ninth squad had a man missing. A week went by and then he returned. There is always a "comeback" to those little trips. We were all glad he went, though, for we were told all kinds of wonderful stories about the embarkation camps and Bordeaux.

On our hike to Jenicart we were eyed with envy by all the other batteries, and everywhere met the question, "Where are your packs?"

Even the Colonel called the "C. O." and said: "Captain Hanna, where are your packs?"

"Sent them down by trucks, sir."

"Where did you get the trucks?"

* * * * *

As we cannot divulge military secrets, we can give no more of the conversation. Anyway, we didn't worry, as the trucks were far ahead and there was no way of recalling them.

Certainly no one in Battery "C" kept any sweaters when we went through the "delousy bath!" Oh, no! The next day proved it: "All those with sweaters, one step forward, march!"

"Battery, halt!"

No one ducked detail here, at least no more than at Bassens. Most of the battery could be found around the stove or listening to Private Seymour pound the ivories in Hut No. 7.

Our "D. D.'s" at Pauillac were divided about evenly between the "K. of C." and the "Y." Our mechanics—Palen, Schulenberg and Walling—did their first real work since they joined the army. "Better late than never."

The trip home on the U. S. S. "Madawaska" was saddened by the death of Corporal J. L. Louden. He was a quiet, unassuming lad and one of our most popular "non-coms." It surely seemed like tough luck to go through all we did and then "cash in" when so near home. Battery "C," the Forty-seventh Regiment and Kentucky have lost a fine fellow.

ROGUES' GALLERY.

Top Sergeant Sego—Our hope and our salvation—or damnation.

* * *

Sergeant Cox—The only man who wanted to stay in France.

* * *

Private Burke—Looks better since he has been working in the kitchen.

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Mechanic Palen—Can make anything if he only has the tools.

- - -

Wagoner Rogers—Thinks he'll go back to the stage.

- - -

Corporal Dunleavy—Wounded in action, playing football.

Mechanic Schulenberg—Never drove a nail in his life.

- - -

Private Hynes—Smardt, like his fadder.

- - -

Private Kellison—Ought to join the police force. He was a good "M. P."

- - -

Corporal Entonelli—Had great trouble with his complexion in France.

- - -

Private Bragg—The silver-tongued orator from Indiana.

- - -

Private Zeigler—Pop.

- - -

Private Seymour—Says Battery "C" is a dizzy outfit. Is it any wonder?

- - -

Wagoner Sheehy—A changed man since he found we were really going home.

- - -

Cook Schoonmaker—We'll tell the world you are some cook, Dick.

- - -

Sergeant Gallery—Had a very nice time in France.

- - -

Private Soesman—"Sa-ay, listen fella."

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Corporal Shorey—Will sing “The Yanks Are Coming.”

- - -

Private Cannella—Drew his first pay in a year, and he got so excited that he spent it.

- - -

Sergeant Clay—Always looking for work, but never does any himself.

- - -

Corporal Rector—He's a jolly good fellow.

- - -

Private Rockett—Always taking the joy out of life.

- - -

Private Caruso—Our noted tenor.

- - -

Privates Lampkins and Alovis—The long and short of the battery.

- - -

Bugler Bryant—Knows all the calls and can blow some of them.

- - -

Private Joe Walsh—The rumor king.

- - -

Private Ronzitti—Made a lot of friends in France.

- - -

Corporal Rose—Had an awful time writing some of the names.

- - -

Private Kozarkiewinz—Whew!

- - -

Private Baltrusaites—Another one.

- - -

Sergeant Farrell—Showed the people in France how they clean the streets in New York.

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Private Germiller—Has done a little of everything, so he says.

♦ ♦ ♦

Corporal Holmes—Oh, you Texas!

♦ ♦ ♦

Sergeant Long—Has been in the army a long time.

♦ ♦ ♦

Private Plain—Will surely miss the Army sick call.

♦ ♦ ♦

Private Ray—No, not the movie star, just plain dizzy Ray.

♦ ♦ ♦

Private Maxim—“You can’t fool me, ’cause I’m too durn sly.”

♦ ♦ ♦

Private Mitchell—Was promoted to the kitchen.

♦ ♦ ♦

Private Olanie—French, not Irish. “Parlez-vous Francais, m’sun?”

♦ ♦ ♦

Wagoner Merrick—“Oui, oui.”

♦ ♦ ♦

Sergeant Strachan—Jim Thorpe’s only competitor.

♦ ♦ ♦

Mechanic Vanderveer—A butcher in civil life, that’s the way in the army.

♦ ♦ ♦

Corporal Mosel—Just getting over the trip to France when we started back.

♦ ♦ ♦

Private Lawson—A Boston bean.

♦ ♦ ♦

Wagoner Murray—Another.

♦ ♦ ♦

Private King—“Back home in Indiana.”

Private Blanchard—Left us on a hike one day; he thought he recognized a French Jane.

— * —

Private Allan—Who wanted to stay in France.

— * —

Private Pohlman—Gave us each an extra piece of bread on Christmas.

— * —

Private Raymond—Makes a lot of noise for a little fellow.

— * —

Sergeant Phillips—“Turn in all your stockings by Tuesday.”

— * —

Sergeant Murphy, Private A. T. Murphy and Private L. Murphy—Sounds like the old Sixty-ninth.

— * —

Private Nett—One of the small dealers.

— * —

Wagoner Corlew—“All bound round with the Mason-Dixon line.”

— * —

Sergeant McNamee—Our Clearfield, Pa., representative.

— * —

The Thomas Brothers—Both corporals, too.

— * —

Private Valentino—Our acting chaplain, once.

— * —

Sergeant Taylor—The man responsible for what we ate—and didn’t eat.

— * —

Private Stancliff—Some fringe on your upper lip, Charlie.

Corporal St. Germain—Anxious to get back to the farm.

Cook O'Grady—The least said, the better.

Privates Sheets, O'Neil and Edwards — “Sailing down the old Green River on the good ship, Vin Blanc.”

Private Greenfield—The battery tailor, much in demand.

Private Pelliguno—The battery barber.

Sergeant Harrigan—“Take me back to New York Town.”

Wagoners P. F. Paquet and E. J. Paquetti—The skipper could even learn which was which.

Private Rabinowitz—Responsible for many of the rumors we heard.

Corporal Robidoux—Had a lot of trouble getting American cigars in France.

Sergeant Rucker—“In the Blue Ridge Mountains of (West) Virginia.”

Private Saillor—Should have been in the navy.

Priate Holstrom—Can't keep him away from the kitchen.

Private Knight—Didn't get a commission, so they made him a K. P.

Cook Sales—"No seconds."

Private Schneider—Cigarette Jim.

Cook Sullivan—Chef de cuisine.

Sergeant Weidenhamer—"Hey, you fellas, snap out of it!"

Private Bruno—Can speak a little English.

Private Shaw—The Peekskill cut-up.

Sergeant Olcheski—From Ohio.

Corporal Stromquist—Has had enough of the army, he admits it.

Private Wagner—Fatty Arbuckle's double, and a scrapper.

Corporal Greene, Privates Brown and White—The colors of the battery.

Our first guard at Angouleme furnished us with numerous thrills. Among the inmates of the guard-house were some veterans of the front. We were told they were original, dyed-in-the-wool rough-necks and "hard-boiled guys." As is usual, one of the smaller men always gets the hardest post. Wagoner Paquet was given No. 2, inside with the prisoners. Our rifles had no bayonets and the shells for them were conspicuous by their absence. Incidentally, the prisoners knew just how well we were armed. Imagine poor Paquy when

they crowded around him with their lovely stories of what they had done to Germans, and others, with emphasis on the others. As a result of imbibing forbidden cognac, some of the prisoners "let loose" in the early evening. Immediately after the guard-house resembled Bedlam much more than an orderly military institution. One of them tried to scale the outer wall. Two others were fighting, and the blood was flowing freely. We'll tell the world the next hour or so were some exciting! Reinforcements arrived in the shape of more men and a couple of loaded automatics. Immediately thereafter quiet reigned again. There were no serious after effects, but we really expected to see a grey-haired Paquet the next morning.





Battery "D"

WITH the forming of the Forty-seventh Regiment, Coast Artillery Corps, at Camp Eustis, Va., Captain Will D. Moyer, of McKinley, Maine, was placed in command of Battery "D." Arriving troops were immediately organized into the various batteries. The first contingent of Battery "D" arrived the 27th of August, coming from the Coast Defenses of Portland, Maine. Other men soon began to come from the New York forts—Terry, Totten, Wright and Othis, with a number of men from Fort Crockett. This soon gave Battery "D" the required number of men.

Four splendid lieutenants were shortly assigned, giving us our full quota of officers. First Lieutenant Geo. W. Pepper, whose kindness and consideration will never be forgotten, came from the coast defenses of Chesapeake Bay. First Lieutenant Archie L. Hirst, who is fondly known by the boys as "Ginger-Snaps," made quite an asset to the battery. He hailed from the coast defenses of Narragansett Bay. Second Lieutenant Walker, of the coast defenses of Los Angeles, Cal., will go down in history as an expert epicurean—bean army a-la-mode his specialty. Second Lieutenant Ezekiel D. Cook, of the Mobile Bay forts, was assigned to the battery, but was sick at the time we left; however, he gave us a pleasant surprise when he reported for duty in Angouleme, France, and began the policing of French villages.

When in the month of August, 1918, troops began to arrive at Camp Eustis, the beautiful though somewhat isolated resort in the old Virginia pines, we were seized with a spirit of gratitude for our obliging Uncle Sam. We greeted on every hand various sources of amusement, running from hair-raising tragedies to the most ridiculous comedies.

Thus our little band's spirits were kept high; we reveled in the novelties of our military surroundings and began to form the nucleus of a regiment destined to decide the greatest conflict in history.

Troops came in from every State in the Union, from all circumstances, and many of us in all states of physical dilapidation. But not to remain so long, for a commander of both ambition and determination soon had us kicking the dusty roads to the famous cadence of "one-two-three-four". The Forty-seventh Regiment had been formed and Colonel Hardin was its commander, and as if by a play of the cards the cream of the outfit began to assemble into what afterward became the most magnificent battery in the heroic Forty-seventh—Battery "D"—boys, behold the battery you have made famous!

It is probable that our brilliant success could be attributed to Top Sergeant Szymekowski, a gentleman of admirable modesty, who gained the affection of his men by his care in choosing details. May there be many stars in his crown!

By this time things were moving rapidly. We boys were elated. We had come into our own. We now carried packs of different weights, ranging from eighty-five to one thousand pounds. We had assumed the dig-

nity of a pack mule—sometimes kicking, often braying; Private Blackwelder was “mulehood” personified.

On the 11th day of October we boarded the train for Camp Stuart, and on the 13th we were on the U. S. S. “Zelandia,” bound for the land “where the lilies grow.” On the “deep blue” we encountered novel sensations. Most of the time we felt as we did “the morning after the night before.” We played marbles on the deck with “music fruit” and rolled our eyes around like a dying calf when we lost our “stake.”

One morning while the ship was taking calisthenics at the command of General Windstorm, (Colonel) Hobbs ventured out on deck just as the ship was doing the “side-straddle-hop.” In his eagerness to show his admiration for the ship’s vigor, he kissed the deck very passionately and slid twenty feet along the starboard side. In trying to check his increasing velocity, he shocked a dignified lieutenant by kicking his feet out from under him and placing him none too gently on the stomach of a poor, unoffensive sergeant standing by. Hobbs owes his life to a near-by hatchway.

Well, we landed on France’s Brest all right, and we do not know who sustained the greatest shock—France or the Forty-seventh. Oh, it was a bloody battle we fought there. In one skirmish Corporal “Blackie”, Private LaFlamme and Private Jesse James Hines left a score or more of “dead soldiers” to tell a woeful tale. LaFlamme insists on a “Croix de Guerre,” while “Blackie” is content with two wound stripes. Sir Jesse James Hines, no longer fit for strategy, has assumed the role of “kitchen knave.” Sergeant Alberg, heeding the desperate plea of France, forsook his beautiful pistol

holster and shouldered the most grim weapon of warfare.

When we were packed in cold storage a week after landing in "Sunny France" and began our tour across the country in nice, neat little cattle cars, we wondered why they put forty pack mules in one car when the little sign says, "Eight Chevaux, 40 Hommes." Private Manshank, who got his spectacles knocked off because he did not pull in his neck going through a tunnel, has been unable to see undesirable bulletins ever since.

When we landed at Angouleme on the 3rd day of November and began to train for the "front," it is said that the Kaiser got the "blues." He seemed to keep up with the regiment, and especially with Battery "D," very closely, and this led us to believe that there was a spy in our midst. When the "Barn Gong" was organized it was noticed that Private Maddex presented a pious, holy countenance. A week later, after "Big Clason" and "Texas Case" had been victors in several skirmishes, we found a duplicate letter written to the Kaiser and signed by Ernest Maddocks, "Kaiser," in which he advised Germany to withdraw from the Western Front. The result was astounding! On the 11th of November the armistice was signed. Maddex has been sent into exile in Maine. Poor chap!

A few weeks later we were comfortably billeted in the quaint little village of Bourg-sur-Gironde, looking forward to the bountiful Christmas dinner that our mothers were preparing for us. Well, we ate Christmas dinner, all right (and drank it, too), but all the honors of the day were heaped upon the heads of our cooks, Mess Officer and "Mother" Brown, who forgot

for the moment that he still had some canned tomatoes left. Even "Old Soldier" Sharp at the bread box forgot his, "One piece at a time, brother," and rehearsed in his mind the comedy he was to play that night; he played it, too. Scheme, at the turkey pan, was so moved by the spirit of Christmas cheer that he gave Sergeant Kirk, who had a "lean and hungry look," two pieces of turkey.

It was at Bourg that Lieutenant Hirst won the greatest battle of the war. Everyone was out of smoking but Private Schnoble, and he was smoking his emergency coffee issue, when up looms Lieutenant Hirst with cigarettes P. A. and cigars, besides a generous supply of candy. Say, boys, did we smoke for the next few days? We even forgot that the French sell "vin blanc."

It was at Ambares that we were all surprised and disappointed. Army life had left its mark upon the morals of our most unreproachable sergeants. It was just about daybreak one morning when we heard the wail of a female voice upon the morning air, a wail that told of evident distress. We all bounded off in the direction of the sounds, and soon found an old woman sitting in the door of her house, clenching desperately a bit of rabbit fur. The worst had come to worst! We had seen an interested half-circle of sergeants in front of their fireplace the night before, which told of an approaching feast. Shame on Sergeant Miller! He said it was a chicken.

At the embarkation port, Camp Genicart, sometime later, we went through the "dipping vat" with several thousand other "pack-mules." There Private Di Bat-

testa was made regimental barber, and not a few took advantage of his free shaving establishment.

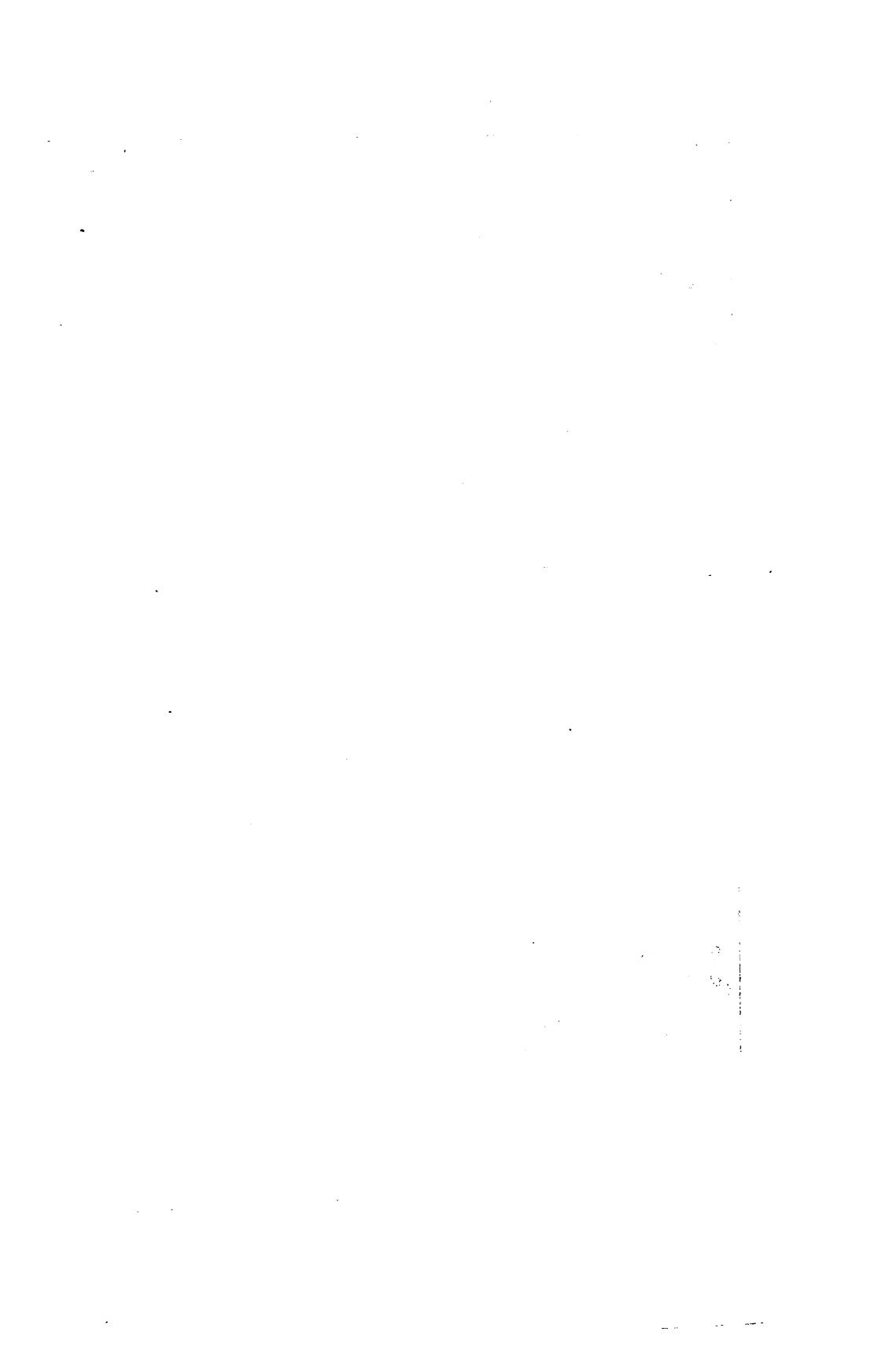
One night, about midnight, it was noticed that Joe Wolde had not gone to bed, but instead was sitting by Lyle Blade, who was snoring peacefully. While Joe's eyes rested affectionately upon Blade, he was asked why he did not go to bed. His reply was very characteristic: "A cootie has just crawled up the right side of Lisle's nose and I am waiting for him to blow it out and say "ah!"

At Pauillac we were quartered coolly in an icebox, where there was no great danger of our getting spoiled. But we did not remain there long, for our good ship "Madawaska" was on its way to bring us heroes home to the "Land of the free and the home of the Forty-seventh, the brave."

We had hardly landed when Corporals Servenka and Ligon began to get ready to be discharged; and now we are ready and we extend to them our sincerest thanks.

Now that we are safely quartered in God's own country, with fair prospects for demobilization, can you blame the man who piloted Battery "D" through hardship for being proud of his band of war-worn veterans? Captain Moyer can sit by the fireside now for many a wintry evening and proudly relate to the lad on his knees (who calls him "grandpa") the stories of his bold two hundred. (Won't the poor boy long to be a soldier?) I can hear him boast of the snap, the optimistic cheer, and even the appetites of the boys who made America free.

Yes, he might be honored by the title of "Squire," or even "Cap," in his own home town.





BATI



BATI
This part of the Battery

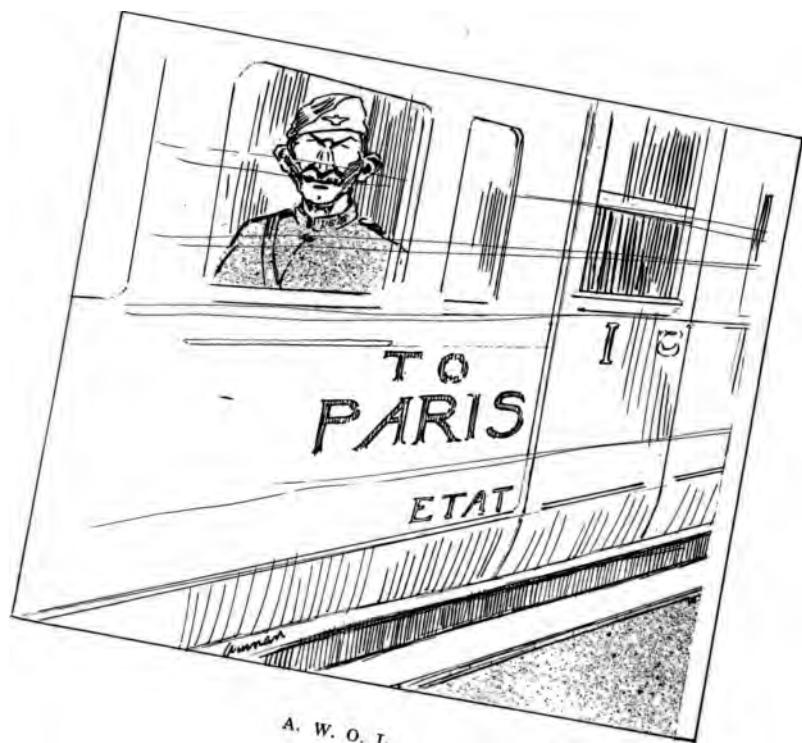


22



23

Come on the Antigone.



A. W. O. L.



Battery "E"

WITH the arrival at Camp Eustis, Va., of 120 men from Fort Crockett, Texas, and 98 men from Fort Caswell, N. C., the Forty-seventh Regiment gained in strength one more battery.

From the first, Battery E proved a first-rate, snappy battery. On the parade ground, in the barracks and elsewhere their standard was the highest.

The days at Eustis were crammed full of "overseas" preparation. Drilling from morning till night, and at night finding nothing to divert one's mind, was the hard and trying situation, which was cheerfully met by the battery. Next to the "chow" call, the mail call was hailed with greatest joy by all. How the battery slid and slipped through the mud and worked all night fitting clothes for "overseas," has become a nightmare to those who wen through it. At Camp Stuart the battery was haunted by inspectors, and finally when the boats were boarded it was with a sigh of relief, but a short-lived relief.

On the trip to France 69 men of the battery went over on the "Re d'Italia," and the remainder of the battery crossed on the "Zeelandia." Instead of the peace all expected to have on the voyage, the men on the "Zeelandia" were harassed by the cry of "You can't stand here, soldier!" When that was not effective calisthenics and raft drill were. On the "Dago Red" it was

“Gangaway,” “Teena cents!” Calisthenics were omitted, but hunting Dago wine and heaving coal, as well as the usual raft drill, helped us pass the time.

At last, France appeared and the battery was reunited at Brest on the 27th of October, 1918. We were duly impressed that we had arrived at a “rest camp” by the fact that we worked on lumber piles, roads and railway for eight long days, our spirits being damped to the last degree by the mud and rain. But all good things must have an end, and to revive our good spirits we were given a ride by the French government on the “choo-choo cars.” We were loaded on to these “side-door Pullmans” forty deep. They were fitted up in splendid style. No seats, for fear you’d forget the car had no springs, and perhaps you might enjoy it. No lights, so you could sleep well, and no windows, to prevent a draft. Once inside, thirty-nine stood up and one sat down—naturally, on the bread. We carried our meals with us—a sort of diner attachment. At night at one end of the car they start to lie down. They lie side by side till the bottom of the car is covered, then they start back on top of those on the bottom. Finally, one turns. This necessitates a general turn; the uncomfortable one is fully informed by thirty-nine others that he has disturbed their rest. He replies, and for a while one would think the car was furnished with lights, for the conversation is certainly enlightening as to the culprit’s past, present and future.

At last Angouleme was reached. We were at once locked up in the “Caserne”—French artillery barracks—and again “squads right and left” were enjoyed by the

battery on the wonderful parade ground left by the French, for which oversight they were thanked by all. It was here that the battery celebrated the signing of the "armistice." Those who were lucky enough to get out, aided the French people in "drowning the Germans' sorrows," which must have been great if their condition on their return was evidence. Pretty French girls begged to be kissed, but—oh you M. P.'s!

Then came the news that we were going home. A turkey Thanksgiving was passed, and at last, on the 12th of December, we took our second and last ride on the French railway. It was a repetition of the first, though only lasting a day. After bumping back and forth, we were dropped at Bourg.

Here the battery, being billeted over the town, enjoyed a freedom seldom permitted. Many a drill was missed because a pair of eyes had threatened to be angry if they were not appeased.

Christmas overtook the battery here, and a real Christmas dinner was served. The menu was as follows: Turkey, mashed spuds, creamed peas, corn and pumpkin pie, topped off with "vin blanc."

Finally, the battery again followed in the wake of the voice that called "Home"! At Ambares the battery occupied the Chateau d'Garde, about two and a half miles out of town. Christmas boxes from the States began to arrive, and, apart from drill and some fatigue, the battery enjoyed itself to the greatest extent. The surrounding country was full of beautiful mademoiselles, and many washed three and four times extra at the pool where the aforesaid mademoiselles washed clothes.

Then Fate again moved us—this time to Jenicart. Here, on our arrival, we were relieved of our old clothes and packs and were “deloused.” We went in one door dirty and ragged and emerged washed and with a complete new outfit. Shaves were given some—free of charge.

But next day the battery became chambermaids to Uncle Sam’s mules. Approaching Miss Mule and trying to be gentle didn’t work. She kicked! and her argument went, but—alas! the sergeant requests you to deal with her. You try roughness. Again she objects. Again you try. Sneaking up on her, you try to get ahead of her arguments, her hoofs, but they work forwards or backwards. But time passes, and the next day was occupied in the “mill”—“delousing” others.

At last we were loaded on tugs. Visions of a huge transport fill our minds, but the tugs stopped down the river and we debarked at Pauillac. Here we spent two weeks dodging fatigue and enjoying the Y. M. C. A. to the utmost.

At last we boarded the transport “Madawaska.” Sixteen days of heaving and pitching, and at last after four months to a day the shores of the land we shall never leave again—the United States—is reached, and, with our discharges in our hands and facing the future with a satisfied feeling as having done our little bit, small as it was, Battery “E” wishes the greatest success and luck to all.



Lt. Carl—"I could get the music in Paris, Colonel."



FAMOUS FOOTBALL TEAM OF BATTERY "E"
Champions of the Regiment.

ATHLETICS.

“Veni, vidi, vici,” these three words sum up the result of Battery “E’s” football season, much as they, in earlier days, summed up the result of Cæsar’s efforts in another line.

The result, but not the excitement nor the fun, for we had “beaucoup” excitement, “beaucoup” fun, “beaucoup” mud, and we gathered “beaucoup” francs. It is many moons since the first game with Battery “F,” when in beaucoup mud and on the flats of Bourge sur Gironde we slipped, slid and skidded through to a nothing to nothing score.

Notwithstanding the equality of the score, the “snappy battery” admitted its superiority and resolved then and there to beat them to the tune of the beaucoup points.

’Tis long since on Christmas Day, after slippery practices on the same mud flats, we hiked out to the fertile fields surrounded by vineyards and having located a much better gridiron, demonstrated to the world at large that we had a better football team than they, by tarrying with them awhile and then leaving them far to the rear with the mere end of a 34 to 0 score.

Later, at Ambares, while the “snappy battery” marked time awaiting orders for home, Battery “B’s” invincibles conceived the idea that they had a superior team. They also had beaucoup francs, many and varying, to back up their irrational thought.

We played, the francs changed hands, and Battery “B” went home poorer but wiser men. Poorer by sev-

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eral thousand francs, wiser in a knowledge that, after all, they were but weak humans compared with a superman tactics and teamwork of Battery "E". We pranced home with the bacon and francs. Score, 13 to 0.

Thus ended the season without the loss of a game, proving, as has often been done before, that good teamwork on the part of a light team gives them the edge on a heavy team not so fast. Battery "E's" team, averaging only 147 pounds, was the lightest and by far the fastest team in the regiment.

So with beaucoup excitement, beaucoup fun, beaucoup mud and beaucoup francs, the season ended with a football supper and beaucoup of everything that goes to make a supper real, except the ladies.

The victories are only a memory, but the remembrances and the association are alive and make all worth while.

It would be foolish to go into the games in detail. It would be impossible to select individual stars. Is it not enough to say "We won?"

Much credit is due to the untiring efforts of our coach, Lieutenant V. F. Wilson, who gave all his time and efforts to the work of the team. Each man of the team deserves credit, for it took real football spirit to stick it out against the hardships coming up in practices. The line-up is as follows:

Ransom—A fast little end and a hard worker.

Anderson—A most reliable tackle, with everlasting wit; very fond of knocking out "shoulder bars."

Von Hebel—A hard worker, who will never give up.

Sanders—Nicknamed “Wiggle,” who was always on the job fighting his way to the ball.

Martin—One who never fails to do his part; always is in the opponents’ way.

Thompson—A tower of strength to the line, who delights in throwing the enemy for a loss.

Nichols—an all-around man; good anywhere a man was needed; a sure tackler and a great sticker—never gives up.

Paterson—A good line man; a great worker, and always there when needed.

James—A good end, hard tackler, and very fond of forward passes.

Swicegood—A good, live man; a hard player and a willing worker.

Yasinski—A good back-field man and a hard tackler.

Crutchfield—A line man always on the job.

Buchanan—A hard worker, with plenty of “pep.”

Nial—A fast end, a hard tackler and a willing worker.

Wagner—Captain Brains of the team; a hard worker, who never says die. His motto: The bigger they are, the harder they fall.

Veraschtert—A fast half, who is always playing havoc with the enemy’s line; a good ground-gainer.

Pier—Another half; always there with his knowledge of the game, a sure tackler and another good ground-gainer.

Younger—a fullback, a tower of strength on defense, and always good for a gain in an emergency.

As You Were!

Our Prohibition ticket for 1920:

For President—Joe Gravelle.

For Vice-President—William Bocek.

♦ ♦ ♦

Muncy—Four days from land, rolls his pack because the water was muddy.

♦ ♦ ♦

We wonder how close the Government's free shaves are? Ask Hagenah.

♦ ♦ ♦

Fanwick, the company barber, has found fierce competition in Nabors, who handles a razor with skill.

♦ ♦ ♦

We wonder if Jake can manage his detail as well in the future as in the past?

♦ ♦ ♦

It is a subject of much discussion why Couch and Jimmy ceased to bunk together.

♦ ♦ ♦

We all can't be K. P.'s, because there isn't enough jam.

♦ ♦ ♦

Though in a foreign country, we still had American coin. We had some Nichols (nickels) mostly of the type.

♦ ♦ ♦

Ask Brewer—He knows.

♦ ♦ ♦

Did the fish say "Thank you?" Ask Tucker.

Garcia has sworn off eating figs around No. 12 posts.

* * *

Sanders, the old river tug pilot, with three months on a tug and twice on a transport, had a slight touch of the "flu," on which occasion his breakfast flew up.

* * *

Sergeant Hodge was in a great dilemma trying to decide whether to return to the States and face the five lieutenants for the fair Betty's hand, or to remain in France and be content with Mademoiselle Louise.

* * *

In reply to the boys' request from Sergeant Jole for growls, they "were received only when he was made acting men's sergeant on the "Madawaska."

* * *

In far-away Nebraska, 'neath the California skies,
Lives my little Texas sweetheart, with her ma's eyes.

(Adopted by N. E. Betscheider.)

* * *

A. A. Anderson, the hungry Swede with an elastic stomach, is pushing "Wiggle" Sanders for food capacity.

* * *

Some say that Sidney A. McShy was ushered into the service, but they are wrong, for the Montana lad bravely responded to his country's call, answering to the number of—

* * *

Montana Mac won three stars—all cognac.



Battery "F"



THIRTY-SEVEN States from the North, South, East and West, representing the spirit and feeling of every section of the United States, contributed to Battery "F" when organized at Camp Eustis, Virginia, early in the month of September, 1918. Being a cosmopolitan organization, its history and experiences are in many ways unique and interesting.

A shipment of troops from the Pacific Coast, which formed the nucleus of the battery, brought with it men from the West and Middle West who possessed the frankness, the independence and the democratic liberality characteristic to those parts of the country. To these were added men from South Carolina and the States of the Southeast. With them they brought their Southern traits of hospitality, generosity and, above all, conservatism. Another group of men from the East contributed additional peculiarities from their home environments. Others from Texas and Oklahoma added still further to this mass of sectional traits, while a final addition from New England completed the cosmopolitan group. In all, 219 men from every part of the country, representing practically every social strata, degree of education and habits of thinking, and every one of them a man from the top of his head to the tip of his toe.

Notwithstanding this diversity of thought and feeling, these men came to us dominated by a common thought, inspired by a common ideal, and united in a common cause; and that cause was the cause of democracy.

Into this varied group of personalities there came five officers who, like the men, were of different types, but nevertheless each one a man among men. In their hands was placed the task of welding these conflicting ingredients into a unified and efficient fighting force. How well they succeeded is attested by the high esteem in which the men hold them.

During the period of organization and training at Camp Eustis the experiences of the battery were very much the same as those of the rest of the regiment. Beginning with the trip overseas, however, the Battery was probably more often separated from the regiment than any other unit.

Upon embarking Battery "F", together with Battery "E", was placed upon an Italian steamer, the "Re d'Italia," while the remainder of the regiment embarked upon another transport. The principal feature of the trip occurred when, in the middle of the "danger zone," the ship fell behind the convoy and was left unprotected for twenty-four hours, while German submarines lurked somewhere in the deep watching for a possible victim. The loss of the convoy was due to an alleged sickness among members of the Italian crew, which caused a shortage of men to fire the boilers. Quick to respond to an emergency, members of the battery volunteered to go below in the intense heat and

shovel coal, that the ship might continue on its way. However, in spite of their heroic efforts, the ship fell further and further behind, because they were inexperienced in their work. Constant watch was kept for any evidences of submarines, and several shots were taken at suspicious looking objects. During the night it was reported by members of the ship's watch that we had been narrowly missed by two torpedoes, both fore and aft. The next day, however, a destroyer was sent back to convoy us in and a sigh of relief went up from men and officers.

During the day the destroyer circled about us continually and made several excursions to drop depth bombs. We finally arrived safely at the port of Brest, and as we entered the river scores of French hydro-planes and dirigibles circled over our heads and welcomed us to their country.

Landing at Brest, we received our first introduction to the mud and rain of Saxony. Quartered at Pontaezen Barracks, in the alleged "rest camp," we waded about in mud knee deep and worked sixteen hours a day to recover from our strenuous ocean voyage.

When the order to move was given no one was disappointed.

In the trip from Brest to Angouleme we were initiated to a new instrument of torture, known as "Cheveaux 8, Hommes 40." These consisted of small French box-cars, with eight-horse capacity, into which forty men were crowded. In these we rode, ate and attempted to sleep for about thirty-four hours.

Arrived at Angouleme, our experiences were much the same as those of the other batteries and companies. It was not until we reached Ambares that we were again separated from the regiment and quartered about two miles from town in an old wine warehouse. Here it was that the few remaining men who had not previously succumbed to the charms of the Vin sisters, made their debut into the circle of "Wineos."

The final chapter of our tragic experiences came when we reached Pauillac, to await transportation to the United States. It was the climax of our misfortunes when the regiment was ordered to embark and we were left behind, quarantined because of a suspected case of diphtheria. Perhaps the less said about the weeks that followed, the better. They were filled with grumbling and hard words. The division of the battery, when one hundred men were sent away, did not serve to put the men in a better humor. However, the word to embark was finally received and all past wrongs and grievances forgotten and forgiven.

What remained of the Forty-seventh sailed on the 17th of February, 1919. They arrived at New York March 4 and were split into detachments, which entrained for various camps, to be discharged from the service.

Although anxious to get home again, the men who were left behind were sorry that they were unable to rejoin the regiment and bid their friends good-bye before they left the service.

Battery "F" characterized itself by its "pep". This did much in carrying the battery through a long suc-

sion of discouragements, both in France and in the United States. It had its beginning at Camp Curtis, under the leadership of Captain LaTitte, and made easier the clearing of countless stumps and wading in oceans of mud.

When we boarded the "Re d'Italia" and sailed for "Over There" the old "pep" showed itself in the battery's attempt to drown its sorrows in barrels of "Dago Red." Upon our arrival at Brest and the long march through the mud and rain to the rest camp, where we did the "*rest*" of the work, and the long days of fatigue on the docks, we distinguished ourselves at heaving rails, accompanied by the voice of a dark gentleman from Alabama whose song was "Put your hands on it, raise it high."

We "rested" one week at Brest, and one morning boarded a train of luxurious side-door Pullmans, fully equipped with "sleepers" and dining-car accommodations(?). After a two-day ride through miles of the most beautiful scenery, we landed in Angouleme. We were billeted in the French artillery quarters. I do not know where the Frenchmen slept, but we slept on the floor.

Angouleme proved to be quite a place after our stay at Brest. In a few days we were all down town trying our French on some "petite" mademoiselle. You didn't have to speak French to those girls, they understood you anyway. It was at Angouleme that we fought the bloody "Battle of Cognac," and the guard-house record testified as to the number of casualties. We celebrated the news of the "armistice" by consuming an unlimited

amount of vin blanc and playing ring-around-the-rosy with the French girls on the public square. Our Thanksgiving menu broke all records—vin blanc, roast beef and all the trimmings, beer and more vin blanc.

On the 21st of November we received orders to leave on our journey home; we continued to prepare for the next three months. First, we moved to Bourg, where we celebrated Christmas and astonished the population with our ability to put away large quantities of wet stuff.

I think the Colonel thought we were becoming physical wrecks, for we hiked to Ambares, our next stop, and put out a daily fatigue detail for the Bassens docks until we moved to Genicart, where we received our "delousing" bath and new clothes.

If anyone is looking for entertainment, let him go through a "delouser" like the one at Genicart. It has the world beat for excitement. We sailed down the river in a few days for Pauillac, where we spent our time dodging fatigue details and looking for transports. Finally, one did show up, and on the eve of our departure from France one luckless private in the battery got diphteria and we were left behind. But all of us were not to be held long, for the next evening one hundred men were picked from the battery to board the "Antigone" and braved the stormy seas to land in Newport News, Va., once more. We expect to be discharged soon and hope that our more unfortunate comrades may soon land in the good old United States and return once more to civilian life.

BATTERY "F" PERSONALS (Very).

Sergeant Weeks missed his calling; he should have been an "M. P."

• • •

First Sergeant Russel declared war on the Swedes at Angouleme.

• • •

Sergeant Wilson enlisted in the wrong outfit. He should be rated in the "Wildcat Division."

• • •

Battery "F" gathered from stray remarks that Second Lieutenant Hampton has some ranch.

• • •

Silent Corporal Brady says he would rather die in Illinois making brick than to try to make soldiers of the fifth squad.

• • •

Railway mail clerks will celebrate when Private Kennedy gets his discharge.

• • •

Private H. V. Nelson liked Sergeant Forbes, but he had a habit of marking time on the roster.

• • •

Captain Spear caused Battery "F" to become cross-eyed looking for that black spot in the "receiving chamber" of the rifles.

• • •

If Lieutenant Hefner had gone "over the top" he would not have had to call for volunteers.

• • •

Lieutenant McCarter is not a drinking man, but when he saw the Battery "F" detachment marching into Camp Stuart he was not so sure of himself.

Cooks Quait and Tong have one consolation, they are good cooks, or they would have been sent with the first detachment.

Our wagoners spent most of their time driving wheel-barrows.

Wagoner Holmes, the door-knob king, uses the Hunt system while operating the typewriter.

Sergeant Hughey is a man of few words: "Fall in, you birds!"

Wagoner Snyder makes a better company clerk in one way—we get more rumors.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF BATTERY "F"

<i>Name</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	<i>Favorite Saying</i>	<i>Chief Occupation</i>
First Sergt Russell	Rusty	"Well who's going to buy the next one."	Chair warming
Mess Sergt. Fox	Speedy	"Use your bean—that's what it was issued to you for."	Entertaining
Sup. Sergt. Cahill Bat. Clk. Sgt. Forbes Sergt. Sowell	Dad Kildie Fidler	"I ain't puttin' out." "For cripes sake." "The name of the game: Holler if yer hurt."	Mooching Making rosters Black-jack
Sergt. Adams Sergt. Hughey	Chicken "Snap out of it or I'll 'double - time you"	Girls
Sergt. Johnson Mech. Johnson	Swede Adley	"I like this yob" "The Old Army game"	Prunes Camouflaging helmets
Mech. Farley Cook Quaite Cook Tong Jigg	"I managed for it" "I'm gonna quit" "Too many oatmeal"	Managing Slum burning
Cook Aagesen	Swede	"I got your mouth-piece"	Cussing mouthpiece
Nielson	Mouthpiece	"How did you get that way?"	Cussing Swede
Skidmore Farquhar Spearman Corpl. Henderson	Liverlip Battery Mouth Guts Handshaker	"I wanna go home" "When do we eat?" "Gimme the duck" "I photographed that picture"	Growling
Larson	Longboat	"Where's my economy can?"
Buckley	Buck	"Snap out of it, you rookies"	Climax
D. D. Rusk	Dizz	"I've lost my mess kit"	Losing equipment
Preacher Powell Greenberg Carlton ? ? ? ? ?	Sanitation Private Arkansas Noisy Irish Shellshock	"Any thirds today?" "I hope to tell ya" "Pull in your neck" "Get that mess kit in your left hand"	Appetite Noise Sharpshooting Having someone salute him



HEADQUARTERS



PART OF BATTALION

This detachment was detail



S COMPANY



LAND SUPPLY COMPANY
ance and landed later at Hoboken



"BREST"

Headquarters Company



S in all organizations, so in the army there selves of greater importance than any certain companies which consider them- of the remaining companies with whom they are affiliated. Such was the case with our Headquarters Company. And in fact we were of greater importance when we consider the great number of commissioned officers, the non-com. staff, the duty ser-geants and corporals and the office force, all of whom were attached to Headquarters Company, why should we not consider ourselves the most important of the twelve organizations? Who sees to it that the regiment gets the money? Who issues all orders and supervises all changes and all work? Who issues all general or-ders, special orders, details for each day, and best of all who had charge of the work of demobilization? Sure-ly we all realize that these duties all fall to the office staff, every member of which is a member of Head-quarters Company. Then are we not justified in feel-ing that we as an organization are first and foremost among all the constituents of the regiment? Having thus satisfied ourselves and having conclusively proven to all other members of the regiment that Headquar-ters Company is the most dignified, important and es-sential organization of the entire regiment, we will pass on to a short history of how Headquarters Company came into being.

The greatest number of men in Headquarters Com-pany came from Fort McKinley. They were the first men to land at Camp Eustis, that is as members of the

Forty-seventh Artillery, and were under the command of Lieutenant Bridger, who for a short time acted as regimental adjutant. Lieutenant Harlow, who, also accompanied these men, acted as personnel adjutant. Later these men were replaced, the former by Captain Atkin, later Major, and the latter by Lieutenant Waters, a most worthy young officer, whom we now hope has at least a captaincy. Slowly our regiment came into being. Each day brought new men and officers, changes and promotions, until finally we were completely organized and order to sail for France.

Old Dad Cherney, whom we all will recall, acted as first sergeant, until Wachsburger arrived and was put in charge. Sergeant Wachsburger remained with us until demobilization and was well liked by all. To be sure, he had his troubles, especially with the non-com. staff and the office force. The non-com. staff consisting of Sergeant Majors, Electrician Sergeants, Radio Sergeants, and Master Gunners, felt that they were above going out on detail and resented all orders to do so and took to the woods, Y. M. C. A. or K. of C. whenever such orders were issued. Many times were they threatened and many times they threatened to report their treatment to the officer in charge of the non-com. staff artillery school. Such were their troubles, but they were not alone. Like the non-com. staff, the members of the office force refused to stand reveille even though Sergeant Wachsburger continually pounded them and Captain Bridger reported them. However, both the members of the non-com. staff and the office force succeeded in putting it over and with a few exceptions rarely ever stood reveille, and never stood any other formation and only occasionally reported for bunk inspection. We all remember Electrical Sergeants Jones, Clarke, Howe, Heyden, also Radio Ser-

geants Lee, Harrington, Price, Master Gunners Collins, Hunter, Anderson, and Tibbots. These were the fellows who had the snaps all through the service. They did little or no work and rarely complied with any orders concerning formations, charge of details, etc. And will we ever forget how they were held at Camp Eustis and not discharged until long after the other men? And there were some men like Schleicher, who really wanted to get out early so that they might get back to college, but an epidemic of mumps was the first delay, and an order from the camp commander concerning the retention of the non-com. staff capped the climax. Upon their return, after a brief furlough they were informed that they were to be discharged and a happier body of men was nowhere to be found.

The office force under Lieutenant Waters, whom we all thoroughly respected and admired, consisted of Sergeant Majors Senior Grade, Simmons and Myler-vold, Sergenat Majors Junior Grade, Joseph and Robbins. Sergeants McCarthy and Pollex, and Corporals Kelley, Felger and Sullivan. All regimental paper work was done by these men and they were of especial importance and in great demand, especially when any official dope was wanted by the men in the regiment. Sergeant Major Smith, who had charge of court martials, was a popular man when the prisoner wanted to get some inside information.

Our organization in which we were all interested, was the band. It was our Colonel's pride and joy. Under the direction of Band Leader Vitt it made wonderful progress and furnished us much pleasure. It was a small, but well trained band and surpassed many of the larger bands which we heard while in France.

Men were taken from the ranks and taught to play various instruments and through the untiring efforts of the band leader they soon became masters of the art.

None of us will ever forget Corporal Dewey. He was not only a musician, but also afforded much entertainment by his songs and recitations. All the members of the band were well liked and very popular. They were another body of men who avoided all details and never did anything except "blow." Yes, some of them after blew away for two days at a time.

In another part of this book there will be found a short history of the band. I have only mentioned it here, because it is connected with Headquarters Company, and again emphasizes the weight and importance of this organization.

I will next attempt to give a brief resume of the Headquarters while in France. As you have already learned from the general history, we landed at Brest. While at this city no exemptions were granted as far as details were concerned. You were summoned from your "bed of mud" in the early hours of the morning and hustled off in the pouring rain to assist the engineers in building barracks. I said to assist. We did not assist. We did all the building. It was here that Headquarters Company suffered worst. Non-commissioned officers of every grade were treated like privates, regardless of their ratings. Of course, no one objected to working, for we realized we were at war and expected to do anything. But we did resent sleeping in poorly pitched and non-rain-proof tents. We might have stood this, but it seemed impossible to live under such conditions for whether we went to bed or to mess, we had mud. Then we did not enjoy getting up at four bells and marching two miles down the road to work. These things were tolerable, but Artillery-

men could not endure being hustled about and dominated by Engineers. Lucky for both organizations the Artillerymen had but a brief stay at Brest and it is unnecessary to say that our hearts were filled with joy when the news aroused that we were to leave for Angouleme and later for Bourg-Sur-Geronde.

The story of our stay in this city has already been related in a general way, but in order to give the reader an insight into the life, of an individual I will tell a few facts concerning members of Headquarters Company.

The office force was billeted in the Ancient Citadel, which had been a dwelling of many French rulers throughout the various ages. It has now been converted into a wine factory and storehouse and is owned by a wealthy American who resides in France. The "bug" was in the same building and the office force spent many a sleepless night, especially after a pay day. Felger would cuss and swear while McCarthy would sleep noisily on. Kelley who was not in the best of health, but who now I understand is daily improving, would send up cries of complaint, but all to no avail. And then, Pollex, whom the entire affair seemed to be as good as a vaudeville show, would burst forth with a loud and undescribable laugh. Sully, who would complain just to hear the other fellows rave, enjoyed not only the conversation of the soured prisoner, who had just received a shot from the Major, but also the funny utterances of the boy from "New Albany," who was no other than our friend, Felger. Although many things of general interest occurred at Angouleme, nevertheless, Bourg-sur-Gironde was the city which furnished us most pleasure and the hospitality of its inhabitants knew no bounds.

Headquarters Company was billeted in a bakery and aschool, for the most part and so all were at liberty to do about as they wished.

Busekrus and French Wright furnished an abundance of pleasure. Busekrus would start kidding him about his girl and then French would send forth a volley of true Alabamian solloquialisms. First he would term Busekrus as a "low-down scandal-of-a-beast." Busekrus would come back and then the circus would get into full swing and we would be in for a night of it.

Corporal Winters was a favorite among many. He was only a young boy, but quickly made himself master of everything which the army could teach. Of course, I do not mean from a military viewpoint. He was liked by all, was a good sport and the sort of fellow who could both give and take a joke. He was "Frenchy's" best pal and "Frenchy" christened him "chicken."

Dizzy Zeller, who was by no means a quiet boy, was known to the entire regiment. He was about the size of a pint of cider, but a good little scrapper and one who would stay with them to the end. He was cook in the Company for a while, but having grown too fond of his "vin rouge" he lost his rating. He still has about a year to serve. Here's luck to him.

Our mess sergeant was a very popular fellow. At all times he gave us excellent service and never failed to provide us with the best food obtainable. Of course, like all others, he had his troubles, his friends and enemies, but it was generally conceded that he was an excellent fellow and always worked for the interest of the company. He was a good "cook" and provided us with many excellent meals. Three cheers for Sergeant Helper!

It would be impossible to discuss each and every member of the company so I will mention a few notables and will ask all others not to feel slighted.

Sergeant Major Simmons was known to every member of the regiment. He was the most important factor in Regimental Headquarters and liked by all. A member of the regular army, he never ceased to land army life to the skies. But we all didn't feel that way about it. As for liking France, he loved it and especially loved the things it produced, being especially partial to its wines which he always managed to obtain even when the regiment was under quarantine. He was a bright man and obtained great pleasure from the arguments which he had with Sullivan concerning Shakespeare.

Sergeant Major Mylervold was another popular fellow. He was particularly well liked by the first sergeants and company clerks of the various organizations. He had charge of the personnel office and was a most competent fellow. He was friendly, genial and of the typical western habits and customs.

Of course we all remember Sergeant Major Joseph. There were two things in which he was particularly strong. One was eating, the other was meeting his French mademoiselles. He knew little about the language, but always had an interpreter near at hand and so was always in right. If a change were made from one town to another, "Joe" always found the best billeting place for himself and if a bed was available, he always "nailed" one. He was a good office man and a fine sport.

Sergeant Major Robbins was not with us very long as a member of the office force. He was a fine cornetist and was soon made use of in the land. Toward the end of our days in the service he returned to the office and was of great assistance during demobilization.

No doubt the reader will be pleased to hear a few remarks concerning the non-com. staff members not included in any of the foregoing. No one can possibly forget the fun which some of us had at Anderson's expense. He came from Virginia and so we had ample material to use in kidding him about the sunny south. While at Eustis, we saw mud in almost as great quantities as at Brest. So we immediately drew our conclusions concerning the south and jollied "Andy" accordingly.

Then ther were Winters and Collins from California. Winters was a quiet, reserved chap, with many things to think about besides the army. He was good company and an intelligent young man. Collins was the "Jester" of the staff. He was eccentric naturally and had the faculty of making himsefl morose by his funny sayings puns, wits and gestures. He offorded us many pleasant hours and was most popular as a "late sleeper." In fact he never stood reveille. When asked his name he would reply "I have none" or "try and find out." A very accommodating young man you see especially to the Sergeant who was taking names of those who did not stand reveille.

Then there were two young men who were out for financial gain, Howe and Clarke. If you wanted them you would find them at play. Just what they were playing, I will leave for the reader to guess. Howe was very fond of the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. halls. He could always be found at one of these places, except at mess time and after retreat. Of course his time was his own after this formation and he could always be found at play.

Clarke was one of my best friends and an interesting chap. He was well liked by all and was the type of fellow who was with you at all times, both in good and

in bad fortune. He was on the level and would share his last nickel with you.

The next group will be made up of five fine fellows; Hunter, Heyden, Lee, Price and Schleicher. Hunter was well liked by all and a fellow of worth and merit. Like most of us, he was always to be found at the "Y" if there was one and he together with the other fellows in the group would spend the day playing pinochle.

Heyden, who like many of us, was a college man, was known to us best as "Cutie." I believe he received this name from his chum, Price. In so christening him, Price certainly showed good judgment. There was no fellow in the regiment with whom you would sooner be chums than with "Cutie." He was always the same. Quiet, reserved, but pleasant, cheerful, friendly and able to both give and take a joke. If you wished to talk with him on serious matters he was capable of doing so and many times have I conversed with him on mathematical and philosophical topics. He was worth knowing and retaining as a friend in later days. May success and happiness always attend him.

Next is Linsey Lee. He came from Florida and often wished he was back there. During my college days and in my travels I have met many and varied types of men, but I must frankly confess that for sheer wit, unpremediated and in its best form, I have never met his equal. He was the type of fellow which we call "dry." He had a peculiar droll and colloquialisms which were his own possessions. Every time he spoke some witty saying fell from his lips and he was instrumental in keeping the boys in good spirits. There was not a fellow who did not like him and ther were many like Schleicher, Andy and myself who were very fond of him.

Myron Price was about as young a fellow as we had in the company. He was also a college man who left his Alma Mater to enter the service. Myron was a pinochle shark and was always at it. Like the other boys, he was chummy, good company, and intelligent. He was interested in agriculture and anxious to get back to his beloved west. No doubt he is now absorbed in the strenuous duties of college life.

Schleicher was an interesting fellow and a great reader. You could never find him unless he had a book in his hand and although pursuing a straight college course, he was likewise interested in agriculture.

And now while I have a certain young man in mind, I must acquaint the reader with his chief characteristics. The fellow to whom I refer is no other than our friend Tibbotts. His chief characteristic was "hoarding." He had more money than most officers, and he knew how to keep it. Whenever a joke was to be played, it was always on Tibbotts, and more than once has he quietly crept into bed and then—crash!—he would find himself on the floor. Or in the morning he would arise only to find his clothes tied in knots, which many times required cutting. He was interested in agriculture, and had had two years' work at Cornell. However, he was not the kind that could endure much kidding, and more than once he started to "clean up" several of the boys. He was easily angered, and very quick to act. However, he never harmed any one, so we will pass him on among the good fellows.

Then there was the representative from Carolina—"Happy Harrington." He always wore a smile and had a good word for every one. He was a big fellow and looked much older than he really was. "Happy" was always pleasant and had a good word for every one. He was an excellent demonstrator of Southern hospi-

tality. And, oh how he could sleep! But in this game he was not alone. In fact, he had several rivals. "Happy," like the rest of us, was mighty glad when he received that little paper which sent him back to Carolina and civilization.

Then there was Wilkey, from Illinois. He was known to all of us and was a great talker. He would sit around, smoke and talk for hours at a time. Like the rest of the staff, he could most always be found at the "Y" enjoying the heat and relishing the jelly sandwiches and coffee, even if it did make a big hole in his bank-roll. What else was there to do with money?

I suppose the eager reader has been wondering if I would neglect to mention H. N. Jones. He is last, but not least, of the "non-com" staff, and the writer has had him in mind from the start, but has reserved this particular place for him. Harold was my friend and "paal" from the day I met him personally at Bourg-sur-Gironde. A finer fellow never lived. He was a graduate of Maine University and a young man of charm and culture—just the sort of fellow you like to know and to have for a "pal" and "chum," not only in the Army, but preferably in civil life, where men are equal and capable of living and doing as they desire. Harold proved himself to be a real sport, and we spent much of our time together discussing various problems of general interest, and together we attended the shows and outdoor sports. While we were glad that the day came that we were again to become civilians, nevertheless we felt that the best of friends were parting, but there was consolation in the fact that we were free to travel about as we wished. All the boys liked "Jonsie," and we would all gather around and eat, talk and smoke like one big family. Let us hope that he will always be successful in life and never again leave his peaceful

Next in line is "Jumbo." For the most part, he was an orderly. And, believe me, he was a good one. He was characterized as being "dizzy," but who wouldn't be in that outfit. He was always on the job, and when he went out with a memorandum he always delivered it. He was the best orderly we had.

Then there was the Headquarters' office clerk. Some boy! He was known to most of us as the "Duke of Door Knobs." To say what his official position was, would be impossible, but he certainly knew how to put it over when it came to court-martials, and although he had three, he never paid the penalty of any. For this and many other reasons, he had everybody's goat, as you will all recall. But he was in strong somewhere, and that's all that is necessary in the army. If he ever did straight duty, K. P. or fatigue work, he would die at the end of the day.

We all remember Reilley. If a new rumor was possible, Reilley always had it, and used as his authority usually "Mac," from the office, who was a sergeant and stenographer for the regimental adjutant. "Mac" was also the right-hand clerk for the Colonel and acted as stenographer at a very important trial while in France. "Mac" is a bright fellow, a good sport and a real friend, and by this time must be holding down a responsible position.

We certainly were discontented at Brest and were glad when we piled into cattle cars and moved to Angouleme. At this city we did enjoy ourselves. There were many things of interest to be seen. We were billeted at the barracks of Napoleon, and round about us were many historic spots and ancient buildings. We often visited these places and found them beautiful and well worth seeing. My knowledge of French proved *very useful and made things seem more real than they*

otherwise would have been. I made this discovery from the statement of companions who knew no French. We received many invitations from the French people to visit them and have dinner with them, and these were nearly always accepted. I made the acquaintance of a Frenchman who spoke excellent English, having been to England several times. He was a correspondent and guide and had been through all the countries of Europe. I was amazed at his detailed knowledge of the geography of the United States. He even knew the important streets of New York, Boston and Chicago, even though he had never been to the States. The city of Angouleme was quite broken up. The city proper, in which we were billeted, comprised the larger part, and was located on a hill. A walk of two miles from our barracks brought us to the park. It was very beautiful. Filled with ancient statues, beautiful fountains and green trees, which are peculiar to France aalone, it presented the most magnificent sight I have ever seen, excluding the view which one receives as he lies at anchor in the harbor of Brest. This park is surrounded by a white stone wall, and below one sees what at first appears to be several small towns. These apparently small towns are part of the city of Angouleme and are reached by descending long winding paths and stairs. This section is occupied mainly by the farmers, and the beautiful gardens and vineyards really fill one with a love of nature. As I have told you, Angouleme is a large city, and it was here that we bought most of our gifts for our mothers, wives and sweethearts.

At Bourg we spent many pleasant days, all of us finding some one or some thing in which we were interested. It was at this city that the "vin rouge" indulgers received their "shots." It seemed to be a discovery made about that time, and it certainly did work well—administered by the medicos.

This was a small town, and we soon became very well acquainted. The people of the town acclaimed us as the most gentlemanly and respectable contingent which had ever been in the town. But this was no bouquet for us, as we had an excellent record from the day we landed in France until the day we left the country. As a regiment from the day of organization until the day of demobilization we were unexcelled in character and soldierly conduct. Our Colonel was proud of us—and justly so.

At Bourg there was little to be done, and most of the training consisted of long hikes and setting-up exercises. The Headquarters Company furnished the guard almost daily, and it was then that they, Chumblay and the other fellows would send up the howl, "The war is over and we want to go home!" They were Texans, and had but one ambition, namely, to clean up Mexico. They maintained that the men in the State of Texas could do it alone if the Government would only grant them the permission. Sergeant Webber, who also came from Texas, maintained the same opinion, and in view of that fact there must have been something in it.

You all recall Sergeant Gheen, from Pennsylvania. I remember the smile that bedecked his face the day he received that little piece of paper which made him a free man once again. He was of a very serious nature and rather quiet. He made a good sergeant and was well liked by the boys.

Then there was the quietest boy in the company. He came from Boston, and to him Boston was the world, especially when he had France in mind. His "pal" was a corporal whose name I have forgotten. He hailed from Pennsylvania also. The corporal chris-

tened his friend "Sleepy," but to us he always seemed wide awake. He was in the office for a long time and was then transferred to Headquarters Company as clerk. He could not live in harmony with Paul Korwin, who was head clerk(?) in the company office, and so "Sleep" got out.

Then there were Petersen, Perry and Kenney. We were all impressed with Petersen as being a fellow who thought he knew it all, but "Pete" was really a good fellow if one understood him. Many times have I had long conversations with him on various topics, and I always found him to be intelligent. But you know we all have our own opinions, likes and dislikes, and so it was with "Pete." He had those he liked, and there were those who didn't like him, but he never had any trouble and always passed the time of day with every man.

Perry was a funny fellow. He would get half-shot and then the fun would start. He was very witty and made things pleasant for all. He was only about twenty years of age, a regular army man, and when we were demobilized he still had some time to put in.

Kenney hailed from Colorado. He was a brilliant fellow, but never seemed to get anywhere. During our last days in France he succeeded Turk as mail sergeant and, indeed, he made good. He gave excellent service and was always on the job and very accommodating. I believe he has returned to Colorado and will again engage in cattle raising. His health was somewhat impaired, but I have recently been informed that he is rapidly returning to his former condition of health and vigor. Let us wish him luck in whatever field he may enter.

To continue the story of our travel, after having been at Bourg for several weeks, we left for Ambares. We

marched all the way, and things were most disagreeable. It was wet, muddy and raining. At Ambares we were broken up and billeted in barns, private houses, etc. Every one was disgusted with this change. We were far away from the main part of the city and there was no form of entertainment. There was no "Y," no "K. of C." In fact, we were isolated from all civilization. To make matters worse, the "flu" broke out and we were again quarantined—might just as well be, for there was nothing to do and nowhere to go. However, we managed to get a few sweets and some wine even though under quarantine. But who could stop the "Sheriff" from getting his "vin rouge"?

On Sundays we would walk out into the country and visit our French friends. We would hear all about this war and the other wars which have helped to devastate and ruin France. The people were kind and interesting. Those who were fortunate enough to have cameras took pictures of the various interesting sites, many of which appear in this book. It rained nearly every day while we were at Ambares, and many of us were unfortunate enough to be a mile or so away from the kitchen, and more than once we went without a meal. We were certainly glad when we left this "burgh," and felt sure that our next stop would be an embarkation camp. It was known as such, but before we were to put forth upon the briny deep we had still another stop to make.

From Ambares we moved to Genicart. It was here that we were deloused. We began to go through the necessary process early in the day, and did not finish until the early hours of the morning. Everything was taken from us. We were supposed to be the first company put through, but whatever happened, we were among the last. We had a fine hot bath, a medical examination, and were given clean clothing from the skin

out and from the feet up. Now we were positive we would soon start for home.

Our barracks were built of wood and fairly comfortable. Our meals were really good, and there was a Victory Theatre near, besides a "Y" hut and a "K. of C." hut, both of which were crowded day and night. We were in charge of Colonel Hennessey at Genicart. This colonel was known to almost every American soldier. They had nicknamed him "Spike," and, believe me, he was hard-boiled. One day while awaiting orders he called the regiment out, company by company, and examined them to see whether or not they had concealed any sweaters or leather jerkins. He found a big supply, and then there was trouble in camp. This event is said to have caused us considerable delay in sailing.

I remember when Headquarters was searched. Soldiers and non-coms snatched off their sweaters and jerkins, and you could see them flying in all directions. "Spike" soon got wise, and you all remember the results. Still, many managed to bring their leather jerkins home with them, and they were worth while cribbing. Even the officers were "in" on them.

Leaving Genicart, we went to Paulliac. Part of the journey was made by boat and part on foot. Here we were billeted in a building which had been used for the construction of seaplanes. "Pop" Cherney became the possessor of part of a plane and brought it back to the States with him.

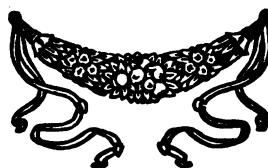
The building was a massive one, and we had several thousand troops billeted with us, among them being men of the Black Hawk Division and Red Hatchet Division. It was here that an epidemic of mumps broke out, and while we did not have them, nevertheless we had to suffer and were held in quarantine at Camp Eustis, Virginia, when we arrived from overseas.

After a tiresome and unpleasant stay at Pauillac, we finally embarked for home. We sailed on the "Madaswaska," formerly a German passenger vessel. The journey, which required thirteen days, was a tedious one, but finally we arrived at Newport News, glad to get back to the good old U. S. A. We went to Camp Stuart, and after another delousing proceeded to Camp Eustis (Useless). It was here that we were held in quarantine because of the mumps. Very few men from Headquarters Company caught the disease. Among the sufferers were Kenney, the mail sergeant, and French Wright. These are the only two I recall at the present time. There may have been others. Finally the quarantine was lifted, and from that day on the men in the office were constantly questioned as to when certain detachments would leave. The work progressed nicely under the able supervision and direction of Lieutenant Waters, and within three or four days not only Headquarters Company, but the Forty-seventh Coast Artillery Corps, was only a memory.

Thus ended Headquarters Company, and every one was happy. Now they are scattered throughout the United States, for every State in the Union seemed to be represented not only in the regiment, but especially in Headquarters Company. They were a pleasant, agreeable, willing body of men, and no doubt this book will be a treasure to them and will keep their memories refreshed in so far as their days in the army and in France are concerned. To make comment upon each and every member of the company would be impossible. As I am writing this I am without a roster of the company, and so I am recalling the men as best I can. Those who are not mentioned need not feel slighted, as no particular choice was made in commenting on any individual. I have dealt impartially with all, as *all were my friends and comrades.* To make mention

of every member would require not only many long hours' work, but also much space in our book, which for many reasons is limited.

The book was not designed with the purpose of painting each individual's character, but rather to present events, episodes and happenings which will interest all members of the regiment. May it afford you comfort when you feel "blue," and may you always keep it and regard it as a treasure, for it surely will be when age creeps on and you are no longer able to enjoy the social attractions of life. As you sit in your library and skim through it, you will recall pleasant days, happy faces and loving friends.





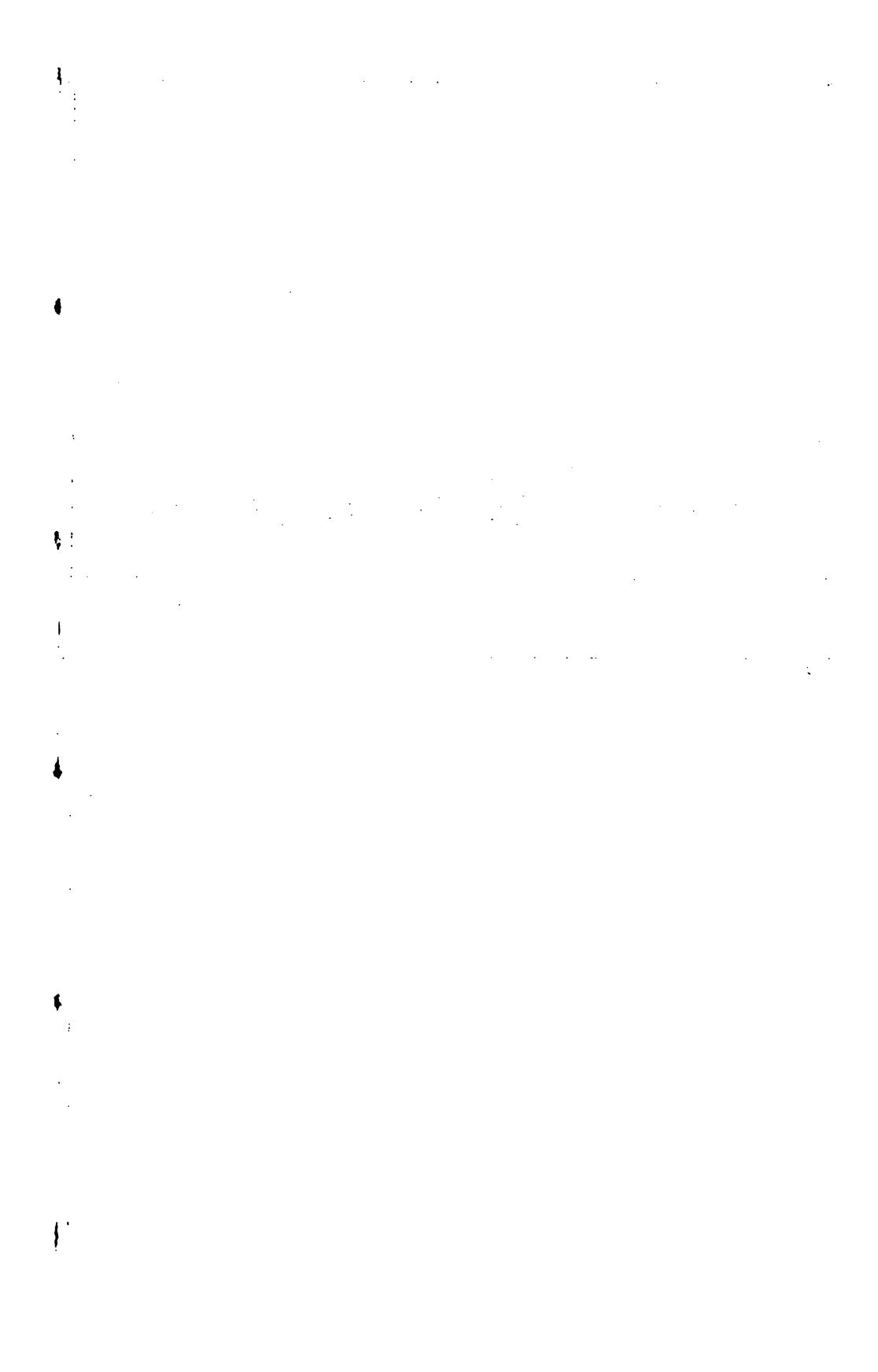
The Band



NE of the most appreciated units of any regiment is that one which furnishes stirring music and enlivens the spirits of the men. One Colonel, fully realizing this in the early part of the organization of the regiment, started to build up a band of real worth. The excavation for the foundation began in real earnest.

Down at Fortress Monroe, in the Old Dominion State, was the Fourth Artillery Band. Every man had from two to eight "hash stripes" to his credit. Our Colonel picked three men from this band. The first choice was Musician Gustave A. Vitt, for band leader; second, Musician Walter Vitt, assistant band leader; third, Musician Oliver Baudoin, band sergeant. To hold up the other corner of his edifice, the Commanding Officer burned the wires to the Soldiers' Home at Phoebus and extracted from the band located there Ernest Sholes, our present sergeant bugler and chief trumpeter. Now the four corner posts of our band were set. Next to be built was the frame work. Orders were sent out to each organization of the regiment for every man who had any knowledge of a band instrument to report for practice.

Private Marvin P. Baker, of Texas, reported for work. He told Sergeant Vitt that he used to "slip the slide" over a few notes down in the "Lone Star State." He was given a horn and took his seat in the pit. The door opened again, and we found Private David Beveridge entering upon the scene of action. He came from Texas also. He said he used to play a few cords in the





THE BAND—FORTY-4



MEDICAL



TH ARTILLERY, C. A. C.



ATTACHMENT



SNAP OUT OF IT!

cornet section, so he was sent to the pit ready for duty. Sergeant Vitt then turned around and beheld three more soldiers who had slipped in without making any noise. (To tell the truth about it, Bugler Walter Opperman, better known as "Off," never did make much noise, except when armed with some kind of an artificial respirator, such as a bugle or a cornet.) He told the assistant band leader he guessed he could play a little, anyway (he always was modest, ask any of the bunch). He took his seat in the orchestra ring armed with a "trumpet" cornet. Bugler Joseph Sollars said: "As how he lowed, he could perform a little on a baritone sax." Of course, you could tell by his brogue that he was a "Hoosier." So Joe extracted his "foghorn" from its unshapely box and proceeded to his place in the ring. The next fellow up was Corporal Ray R. Dewey, a long, tall, disconnected gink who "guessed he could operate a little on an alto horn." He was given one of those "ring-around-the-rosy" effects that looked like a trombone crossed by a baritone. He entered the musical arena ready for combat. This trio, by the way, all hailed from that notorious Battery "B," organized at Fort Washington, Maryland. The next soldier to approach the "melee" was Private Harold B. Anderson, who had won fame as a Jazz artist in some orchestra 'way over among the sticks of Illinois. His instrument was a clarinet in the B flat register. Just as he adjusted his "enlarged" piccolo and got seated comfortably on a soft pine bench, in popped another guy who gave his name as Private Homer B. Mitchell, and right away the group knew this nickname would be "Red," because his hair was the color of brick dust. Yes, he played bass. A detail was appointed from members present to assist our newly arrived brother in conveying his instrument to its place in the pit. During a little intermission that followed Sergeant Vitt remarked that business had been

exceptionally good so far, and if he could be fortunate enough to get some one to rattle the snare and ding-dong the bass drum, he would be ready for real business. The suspense was getting to a high pitch, when, lo and behold, the door opened and in stepped two more strangers, clad in khaki. One, of slight stature, didn't look very favorable for a bass-drummer, but one can't always judge by appearance. However, as luck would have it, he said his hobby was the huge drum, so we all decided to let him have it. He gave his name as Private Roy D. McBride, also from Texas. He slid into position behind his instrument. His "pard" was a tenor drummer from New "Yok"—that's the way he said it, anyway. His "nom de plume" was Mills. He took up his rattler and sticks, and then the sergeant in charge said we were ready to go; but before we could get started, in popped another guy by the name of Private "Bobbie" Andrews (since nicknamed "Duke," having had a dream of inheriting a "handle" from his ancestors in England). He told Mr. Vitt that he was an "alto-playing fool," and we afterwards found out that he could do a little of the first and act a lot of the latter.

Now comes the first scene of the musical organization known as the "Forty-seventh Artillery Band" of the Coast Artillery Corps:

ACT I

CHARACTERS

SCENE I

E Clarinet.....	Band Leader.....	Gustave A. Vitt
Baritone	Asst. Band Leader.....	Walter Vitt
Solo Alto.....	Band Sergeant.....	Oliver Bandoin
B Clarinet.....	Private	Harold B. Anderson
1st Trombone.....	Private	Marvin P. Baker
1st Cornet.....	Bugler	Walter Opperman
Baritone Sax.....	Bugler	Joseph Sollars
E Bass.....	Private	Homer B. Mitchell
2nd Cornet.....	Private	David Beveridge
2nd Alto.....	Corporal	Roy R. Dewey
3rd Alto.....	Private	Roy D. McBride
<i>Tenor Drum.....</i>	<i>Private</i>	<i>Orville Mills</i>

Scenario arranged by the band leader. Lots of music murdered, but the sheets were not injured much and the instruments weathered the storm. Colonel Hardin, still looking for recruits with musical inclination.

ACT II. TIME OCT. 1ST. SCENE I.

Private Louis Nagy, added to the list, came in from Camp Meade. Transferred from replacement troops. Snare Drummer Mills gets a pass to New York to get remarried. Too much marriage caused him to send telegram back to Camp "Useless" that he was "bad sick." Band working hard every day; rehearsals and battalion parades.

SCENE II.

Orders come to leave for Camp Stuart October 11, 1918. Still no snare drummer. Arrive at Stuart after a short hike. Our present sergeant bugler and solo cornetist joins us here. He comes with a good reputation, and from the way he hit the notes at the first rehearsal at Camp Stuart, he obviously reads some music and has an excellent tone. He is an old cavalry man and will leave with the Forty-seventh, C. A. C. Board "Zeelandia" on the 13th of October, with thirteen members in the band. Take siding on the promenade deck amidships. More music. Everybody feeling like a sailor the first day out.

Second Day Out—Musicians Dewey and Andrews playing a losing game—everything going out, nothing coming in. Musician Opperman looking rather pale around the gills, but not putting out anything to the fish.

Third Day Out—Musician Nagy finds where they keep sandwiches and puts Mitchell and Beveridge next. Musician Sollars pays two bits for one bite of would-be ham sandwich.

Fourth Day Out—Everybody feeling a little better. The “Duke” still in his bunk. Dewey slightly improved. Everybody else has his “sea-legs.”

Fifth Day Out—Everybody reports at ten o’clock for concert on fore-well deck. Everybody enjoys “Abandon sleep” drill with friend Life Preserver swung “fore” and “aft.”

Sixth Day Out—Nagy and Andrews dine with the crew. Nothing small about Nagy but his appetite.

The other six days were filled up by the usual routine—no “subs” for excitement. Finally land on the 26th of October at Brest, France.

ACT III. SCENE I. BREST.

Scenario arranged about four hundred years ago and no improvements as yet. Arranged by what the boys dubbed as “frogs.” If they were not “frogs” they would be out of luck. Rains forty days out of every thirty-nine.

Well, we unloaded on the dock and marched (waded) out to the “rest” camp. There were more “rests” at the camp than any we had ever seen. First you burn the “rest” of the candles and do the “rest” of your work in the dark. Then you eat the “rest” of your corned “hoss” left from your emergency rations. Then the “rest” of the bunch is put on detail to do the “rest” of the work around camp and the “rest” of the regiment is put on detail to do the “rest” of the work, such as hauling water by a newly invented “motor power.” There were about fourteen motors on each vehicle—some strong, others weak (intentionally). The “water-wagon special” left camp early and late. Made three trips. Some paid their fare by pushing, others rode, and even dragged their feet free of charge. Sergeant

Washberger wore out six whistles in one week rounding up the band and "non-com" staff for the water-wagon detail.

Attention to Orders—Forty-seventh Regiment leaves Brest Rest Camp tomorrow; destination, somewhere in France! Everybody gets a new *smile*, one of those broad grins issued to him on "memorandum receipt" from the supply sergeant.

EXTRA—MORNING EDITION!

Band rides on trucks to railroad depot! Lucky for once. All the soldiers in the regiment take a stroll in full packs and finally reach the station. We get car No. 13. Trip uneventful. We arrive at Angouleme, destined to take a great place in the history of the so-called "Boilermakers" of the Forty-seventh Regiment.

ACT IV. ANGOULEME. SCENE I.

Everybody gets "hard." Slept about three days on real old-fashioned concrete. Later we receive a bale of straw and a bed sack. Then we move in and sleep on a shelf about like grandma used to keep her dishes on, only wider. Routine of work consisted of rehearsals—guardmount and concerts every day. Outside of this, we didn't have much to do.

A few remarks in regard to the personnel of the group:

Colonel Hardin gets busy and with the assistance of the band leader they comb the muster-roll of the other organizations for musicians.

Private Frank B. Ortman came in one day and was given a trial. He claimed as his victim the slippery slide-horn. He made a good impression on the band master and later was transferred to the band from Battery "E".

Then Patrick Joseph Sweeney came in to try out for that position that had been vacant so long—snare drummer. He made some hit at the first trial. We stole him out of a casual outfit.

Elzie Unthank, a “mile-a-minute” truck driver, called on the boys at rehearsal one day. We stuck his head in the Helicon, double B bass horn, and every time we turn out for a few “discords” he has the same instrument.

Urban Steinmetz made a business trip into the music parlor of the Forty-seventh Artillery, C. A. C., and was assigned to the sax section, baritonically speaking, Sollars having been transferred to the cornet section. Gilbert Dremen heard of the great merits of our organization. After listening to one of our heart-wringing renditions he knocked at the door and asked for a hearing with the band leader. Dreman used to saw a few melodies on a fiddle, but as yet was unacquainted with a sax-horn. He was given a tenor saxaphone, and at present writing is doing fine.

Another man with musical ability wandered into the band room one day and asked to take a look at an alto “fog horn.” Musician Sollars was put on the job and taught him the keyboard and the various positions of the different notes. This man was Corporal H. G. Ainsworth. He is now playing good harmony and holds the rank of third class musician. All other future efforts to increase the membership of our organization were futile.

Several of the boys “went over the top” “in the battle of cognac,” “vin blanc” and “vin rouge.” Sollars was gassed pretty severely, but soon recovered without any serious trouble resulting. Ortman ‘went over the top’ *the same night* with Joe, and how many dead “soldiers”

were left we never will know. They boast of climbing over many a wall, but never once did they get a bad fall. Beveridge got shot in the scrape, but managed to get home in pretty good shape. Anderson was wounded during the terrible fray, but came home with nothing to say. Sergeant Sholes carries his winning smile down to the park. Take it from me, he made some slaughter at most every concert.

ACT V. BOURG. SCENE I.

Daily Happenings—The bugler never did forget that awful “first call.” Sergeant Bandoin never forgot to tell you about being prompt at reveille. The elements were daily of the rainy order. Three mess calls meant a six-mile hike every day if attended with regularity. Hikes came every morning, rain or shine, and oversea caps shed the rain like a mosquito bar. More daylight robberies by street peddlers and the wine-room keepers. Sergeant Major Robbins playing a cornet at this time was wounded severely in the battle of “vin blanc” at this place. There were a few other casualties, but of minor importance. Goose for dinner. Christmas was another feature. Band concert was given every day in the park, weather permitting. Musician Dreman made himself famous as a football artist. Musician Ortman wins all the matches and quits.

ACT VI. AMBARES. SCENE I.

Band rides again; in fact we always ride, according to the other boys. Some of the boys swore that they had slept on straw in the hay mow before. Sollars still declares he is afraid of rats. Some specimens of the rodent make music while we try to sleep. Some of the boys get their third “wound stripe” at this place. The “Duke” still the “lady-killer,” as usual.

Outside—Everybody makes a visit to the major doctor. Only two miles to the mess shack to get more grits and slum. Salt still “A. W. O. L.” Sugar on the sick list.

Assistant Band Leader Walter Vitt buries his crippled baritone and dresses up as a “slidest tromboneest” artist. Sweeney gets foxy with the drumsticks.

Musician Nagy takes in washing for the madam.

Extra—Sun shone two hours out of the last seventy-two. Band hikes all day in the rain. Musician Dewye still growls as the H²O courses down his benign features just as if he were bareheaded.

Musician Ortman reaches the side door just in time to drench Monsieur Spencer with a mixture of vin blanc and so forth. “Boku” vin blanc. Ask Frank B., he knows.

Musician Unthank still goes to bed at six o’clock and then has to be pulled out at reveille.

Dreman and Mitchell put on a six-round bout. Mitchell takes the count.

Sergeant Bandoin conducts a side trip to the “city of the dead.” They find many grave situations.

“Flu” breaks out among the inhabitants. Everything quarantined. All a fake. No sickness developing!

Musician Baker returns home with Cayuga Sollars, the latter having spent a few hours with Misses Vin Blanc and Old Man Cognac. The other three boys made it all right without assistance.

Mess Sergeant Heffuer celebrates his birthday by a big feed. Band presents him with a few boxes of cigars and their compliments.

Good News—Leave Ambares tomorrow! Everybody happy!

ACT VII. GENICART. SCENE I.

Truck driver hauled us about fourteen miles—only nine out of the way.

Everybody turns out to go through the “mill.” Good-bye, “cootie,” you must leave me.

Several of the boys get caught in the sweater round-up, no jerkins having been issued. Lots of excitement. Major McDonald saves the day.

Band takes a hike to another camp to change their money into real American “kale.” No more coupon money.

Musician Dollars finds that he forgot his blouse at the first inspection. The Colonel smiles and passes on down the line. Sergeant Opperman gets another “bawling out.”

Everybody kept pretty busy between Y. M. C. A., daily inspections and concerts.

Band plays at Genicart No. 1 for officers’ dance. Good night, nurse! Over one hundred nurses present from surrounding hospitals. Colonel Spike Hennessy officiates.

Off again. Orders come to leave for Pauillac.

ACT VIII. PAUILLAC. SCENE I.

Hike to Bassens through another downpour of the elements. Band “S. O. L.” again. Had to walk!

Arrived at Pauillac about noon. Dollars and Dewey dine with Battery “B”.

Everybody takes a bunk in an aeroplane factory. Moved our bunks only five times in one day. Not so bad!

Everybody gets a cold some way, don't know just exactly how it was done. Coughs were universal. Sounded like a tuberculosis sanitarium.

Band hikes into town. Sergeant Baudoin in charge. Everybody invests in a little "cough medicine." Mitchell gets so much that he can't find "dark town." Struters Ball that afternoon. The boys say he got hit with another sour apple.

Major McDonald, our doctor, sends in a growl against conditions at this place. Everybody wants to set sail. "My kingdom for a ship!"

Band Leader Vitt advises against any more hikes to the city. No more "cough syrup!"

Sergeant Major Robbins quits band and takes up his work at regimental headquarters.

Mess funds slaughtered. Everybody speeds up on the feed. That pleases all.

Nagy loses first place in the appetite race. Sweeney passes him in the third quarter, but Nagy finishes strong. Davy Beveridge takes third place.

Corporal Elzie Unthank sleeps so much his moustache grows too long to be mowed by a Gillette safety, so he decides to start a brush factory on his upper lip. The fashion grows. Corporal Steinmetz and Musician Ainsworth decide to let theirs grow.

A great change in the weather here. Not much rain.

Common expressions: "Where is our boat?" "When ~~do we eat?~~" Pull in your neck!"

Everybody yearning for a boat. Transports going by nearly every day. Why, why don't they stop?

Report came in one evening that we were to leave in the morning. Right away everybody branded the report "S. O. S." But would you believe it? The ship was there, "strong and staunch, a goodly vessel."

LAST ACT—ON THE GOOD SHIP "MADAWASKA."

Band, slated for second-class passage, goes to the hold on Deck No. 2, compartment 11. Good sailing first day, but rough weather sets in and spoils quite a few of our appetites. "Duke" sticks to his bunk. Musicians Mitchell, Dreman, Andrews, Dewey, Sweeney and Bevridge give a banquet to the fish.

Several members of band get an unexpected bath, when a wave comes through the ventilator.

Everybody spends "bookoo" money at Troops' Canteen.

Time drags slowly. Stormy sea every day. "Sea-legs" prevent the return of that woeful malady known as seasickness.

We reach Newport News. Band forms and plays lots of ragtime music. They take their place at head of the column and play the regiment into Camp Stuart. Gee! It's nice to see the grand old U. S. A. once more. Band gets some apples along the line and gets picture taken in act of eating.

Not much doing at Stuart. We pack our instruments and board train. Back to "Useless" once more.

Now, as I close this little epistle, we are all waiting to go our way, to get our discharge. And as we part may we all remember that we tried to do our bit and were willing to give the Hun all that was due him had it been necessary.

The Supply Company

SHE Supply Company, like the tail of a kite, always comes last. This order of things, however, does not detract one iota from its relative importance. In fact, it is the absolute reverse, for was it not Napoleon who said, "An army moves on its belly," and is not the Supply Company that supplies the daily fuel for this "food furnace" that bolsters troop morale—*the key to victory?*

Yes, many have been the nights that batteries slept while the Supply Company kept the rations rolling. And during the days of organization many were the long and weary nights that the Supply Company sorted and salvaged coats and breeches, shirts, shoes and socks, and a thousand other articles of equipment, not to mention the volume of paper work incident thereto.

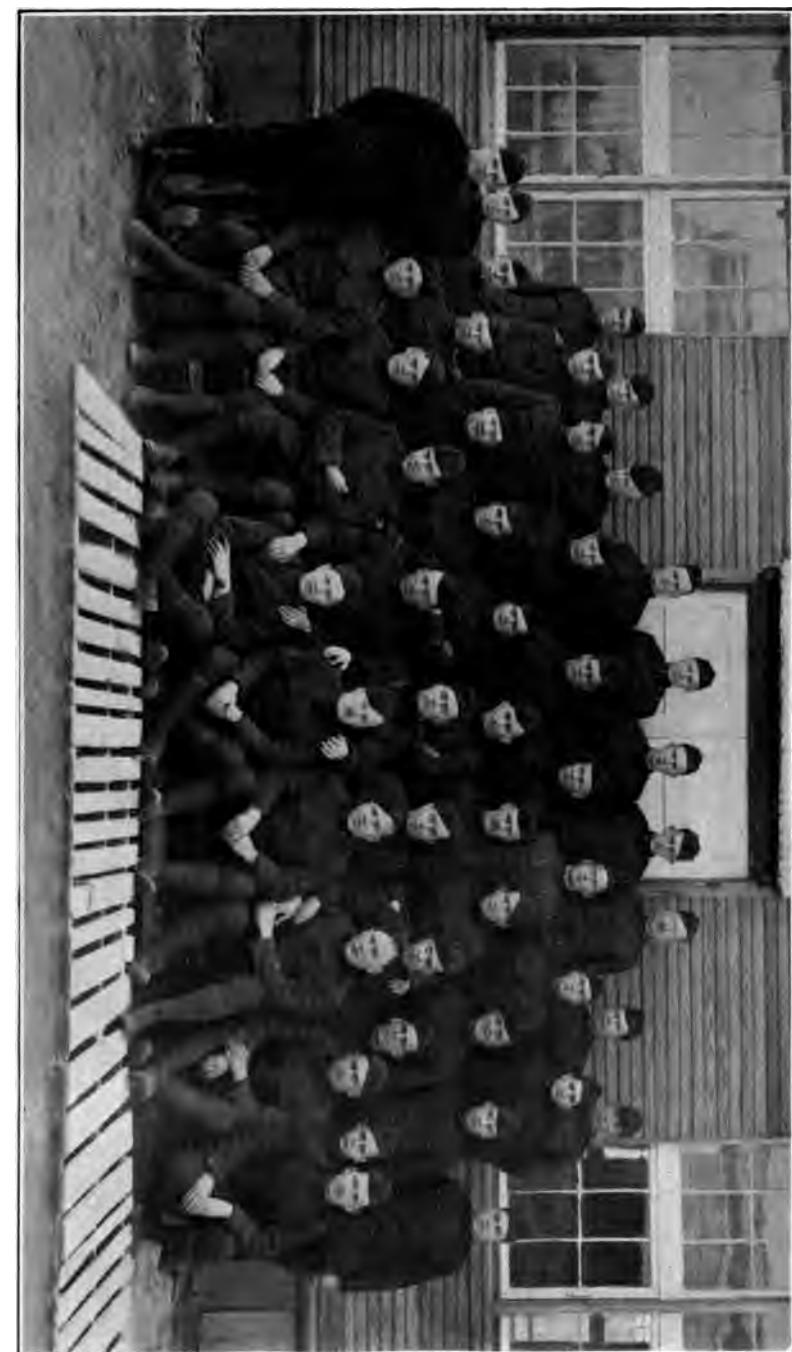
And when the orders came to move, who was it that took charge of the regimental property, who furnished the transportation, who furnished the bed sacks and the straw to fill them, who begged and pleaded with the Quartermaster for supplies one minute and fought him the next—*The Supply Company.*

No, the Supply Company is not a "disease," as a non-commissioned staff officer recently expressed it. The Supply Company is an independent, self-supporting, self-sustaining unit of the Forty-seventh Regiment that daily ministers to the wants and needs of the other organizations that comprise it.



*Bat. F. enjoyed the distinction of
firing the only hostile shot in
the 47th.*

SOME CLOSE-UPS



SUPPLY COMPANY

ITS PERSONNEL.

The Supply Company's personnel consists of 86 enlisted men, commanded by the Unit Supply Officer and a first and second lieutenant. Attached to the Supply Company is the Ordnance Corps, composed of 28 enlisted men and one commissioned officer.

The Unit Supply Officer holds what may well be termed one of the most important offices in the regiment. He is (1) commander of the Supply Company and responsible for its efficient training and operation; (2) he is both responsible and accountable for the many thousands of dollars of government property handled by him and his assistants each day; (3) he has complete charge of the transportation system of the regiment, which, when fully equipped, consists of 105 motor cycles, 110 three-ton trucks and 40 touring cars; (4) he has general supervision over the Ordnance Corps, which is directly responsible for the artillery, guns, rifles, ammunition, and the various sundry equipment connected therewith.

In the fulfilment of the duties of his office, the Unit Supply Officer is assisted by three commissioned officers, three sergeants major, ordnance sergeants, clerks and specialists, all coming under his direct supervision, while the remainder of the company's strength is under the direct instruction of his commissioned officers.

SUPPLY COMPANY NOTES.

The difficulty in getting candles at Bourg was largely occasioned by the fact that the supply sergeant needed them all for his French lessons by candlelight.

The Hospital Twins: Schneider and Kuhn—Schneider to dodge duty and Kuhn to get "foot ease."

Private McDermott, while returning from the wine-shop "zig-zag," meets an officer and collapses.

• • •

When the armistice was signed Private McKay threw his rifle away, deciding that he no longer needed it.

• • •

Sergeant Major Stockman always wants to know if your socks are washed when he exchanges clothing—but it doesn't matter if you have a bottle of "vin" on your hip.

• • •

Ordnance Sergeant Blackwell's anxiety to get back to the States grows stronger every day. It is reported that he even bought a diamond ring in Angouleme.

• • •

Private Ramsey says he can't figure out how the deuce they can make an ordnance man do K. P.

• • •

Sergt. Hartsell—I wish I could get a pass for Italy.

Sergt. Taylor—Why do you want that?

Sergt. Hartsell—The day goes (dagoes) by quicker.

• • •

It didn't take our new top sergeant long to spell Private Leary's name "Weary."

• • •

Private Baker says he is a cousin of the Secretary of War. In Bourg he telegraphed to him for a warrant for corporal. He still draws private's pay.

• • •

Private Wilcox would like to know what the proper chevron is for an acting corporal.

One section of the supply company is always in trouble, the commissary. Sergeant Major Kulp and his two assistants—Amundson and Moon—were always in trouble. Whenever they drew jam, syrup or any delicious preserves, the boys helped themselves whenever the opportunity presented itself. Seeing that his provisions were constantly disappearing, Kulp had a guard from the ordnance detachment placed to see to it that no one took anything. But his precautions were not effective, for while the regiment was living on scanty fare the ordnance detachment were living like princes. Amundson and Moon were not able to take care of the commissary and watch the jam.

* * *

Leamon: "Say, Joe, when you go to the "Y" bring us back the right time."

Sammon: "How can I, Tom; I've got no watch."

Leamon: "Well, can't you write it down on a piece of paper."

* * *

Cabral: "I can tell that it is going to rain tonight."

McDermott: "How can you?"

Cabral: "I know because my joints ache."

McDermott: "Well, then, be-jabbers they must ache always in France; 'tis raining here since we come over."

* * *

One night the Colonel and a Major picked one of the boys who used vin blanc to excess. Coming into the camp, the auto was halted by a sentry who wanted to know "who's there?" The prisoner replied, "It's me and my two orderlies."

* * *

Bourg is an old town where kings once lived and which was visited by several emperors. Here our com-

pany billeted for some weeks among the French peasants, and we enjoyed it, for we were actually living in the town and there was no chance of confining us to an enclosed area. We participated in many games with the natives and enjoyed their dances and social times. It was an old-fashioned town and their amusements were interesting. Everybody was welcome. They did not dance the "fox-trot" nor the "one-step," but they enjoyed themselves very much in the old-fashioned way. The Supply Company took an active part in these amusements. They were favorites among the mademoiselles, and after they had their work done each day supplying food to the other units of the regiment, they could be seen "promenading" with pretty French maids. It was here that Sergeant Batina, better known as "Mike," demonstrated his usefulness. He was placed in charge of the wood and coal pile. Faithfully obeying the orders of his captain not to let anyone take any of this property, he watched his coal and wood as a cat would watch a mouse. At night when it was time to retire, he would draw a sketch of his wood pile and compare it with the original in the morning to ascertain if anyone took any wood during the night. This method soon failed, and Mike went to the Captain and told him that someone was stealing his wood. He made the suggestion that it would be a good idea to get a measuring instrument to obtain the length and breadth of his pile, and expressed himself in favor of a "four-foot yard-stick." The Captain told him he would see if he could get him one; perhaps they had one in France. Mike was very fussy about having a neat coal and wood pile. He made the boys heap it "all in one pile with the one side up."

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

Act I.

Time: 9.30 P. M. every night.

Place: Supply Company barracks.

A Voice in the Dark: "Lights out!"

Doc: "Pull in your neck."

Freeman: "Put out those lights, we work all day."

Crowley: "Just a minute, I'm not in bed yet."

Rinehart: "That's all right, lights should be out at 9.00 o'clock."

After some argument, the lights are finally extinguished.

Act II.

Time: Ten minutes later.

Place: Same.

Enter Hollis: "Who in Sam Hill turned my bed over?" (He immediately turns on the lights.)

Stockie: "Put out those lights, don't be a rookie all your life."

Greenhorn: "That's right, Stockie, you tell him, I'm marked quarters. Tell him all about how you wear sandpaper collars on your rough neck."

Hollis: "If the guy who did this is man enough to get up, I'll lick him." (Giggles from the squad-room.)

Rinehart: "Gee, I'm glad that guy don't sleep near me."

Goldberg: "Lights out!"

Soldiers: "Lights out, we're working with a pick and shovel all day."

Crowley reaches up and takes off the switch, after which Hollis starts to rave some more, goes into the office and secures another switch.

Stockie: "Lights out, you big bum, you don't need to think because you're big you can run the army."

Hollis: "Is there any one big enough to stop me in this room?"

Crowley: "All together" (censored).

After collecting his numerous personal effects and part of his bed and blankets, Hollis "turns in" and puts out the lights.

Act III.

Time: Fifteen minutes later.

Place: Same.

Enter Schmieter and Henschen, who fall over every obstacle in the squad-room before they reach their bunks.

Schmieter lights a candle and starts in: "Any one that would turn over a fellow's bunk is a low-down bum. Who the deuce took my mattress? Of course, Hollis has it."

Voice in the Dark: "If you'd get in at a respectable hour you might be able to find it."

Henschen: "Well, I'd like to know who put all those screen doors on my bed?"

Rinehart: "Ask that Englishman over there, he might know."

Doc: "Pipe down, you jail bird."

Rinehart: "Pull in your neck."

Doc: "I can't, I've got the mumps."

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After another half hour every one gets settled down and Gus and Mox Green start to snore.

Smash! Bang!!

Goldberg: "What the dickens is that?"

Gunther: "Only some rookie over there threw a mess kit at Gus."

Kelley: "Roll over, Gus, you're sleeping out loud."

Just then "taps" blows and activities are suspended until morning.



Medical Detachment.



T the time of the forming of the Medical Detachment of the Forty-seventh Artillery Regiment the personnel consisted of two officers and thirty-three men, as follows: Captain McDonald in command, Lieutenant Kirby, Sergeant Hall and thirty-two privates.

Sergeant Hall was acting top sergeant. We were organized to war strength in enlisted men, but did not get our full quota of officers until later. Captain McDonald, being an old army man, did not lose much time putting the organization on the right road to discipline.

The enlisted personnel came from Greenleaf, Ga., a few weeks previous to the forming of the regiment, having arrived July 29, 1918. From the time of our arrival until the regiment was formed we passed our leisure time from reveille till retreat digging ditches and grubbing stumps, and from retreat until reveille we passed the time fighting mosquitoes, so we never failed to get plenty of exercise.

After the regiment was formed our sergeant began to make himself known by roaring out his melodious voice and knocking us into squads right and left. Seldom did anybody fail to carry out his orders negligently.

Our drill periods were soon cut short, owing to the fact that malarial fever broke out in the regiment. Many of the men were detailed to take care of the sick. This epidemic was checked in about three weeks, but *no sooner had it been checked than another broke out,*

which was much worse. For three weeks there seemed to be no check to the disease, and all precautions were used before we gained any headway on it.

For three weeks the entire personnel was placed on heavy duty to effect a quick recovery of the sick, and finally the results began to show. Previous to the epidemic of Spanish influenza we had received our full quota of officers, having had Lieutenant Mitchel, of Baltimore, and Lieutenant Piper, of Idaho, assigned to us. Lieutenant Mitchel reported for duty on August 13, 1918, and Lieutenant Piper on September 16, 1918. Although we needed the four officers to fight the battle that was in front of us, two of them were attacked by the epidemic and were sent to the Base Hospital. After much hard work, the disease was practically eliminated and we were soon ready for "overseas" service. At the time of our departure four enlisted men and one officer, Lieutenant Kirby, were left in the hospital, while Lieutenant Mitchel was lucky in getting out of the hospital a few days previous to our preparations for overseas.

Captain McDonald, in the meantime, had been promoted to the rank of major.

The day before our leaving we had four enlisted men transferred into our organization to fill the vacancies that had been left by men sent to the hospital, but owing to the fact that doctors were not numerous even before war was declared, we were unable to get another one assigned to us.

At one time fifty per cent. of our men were in the hospital and, to our deep regret, we lost one faithful comrade, Private James F. Jones, who died from influenza after only ten days' sickness.

After reaching Camp Stuart we received an order to split up, part of us being assigned to detached service

on another ship of the convoy that carried Battery "F" of our regiment. It fell to Lieutenant Mitchel to take six enlisted men with him for this service. The following were selected: Sergeant Griner, Ray Kennedy, John Kincannon, Charles J. Johnson, Howard Williams, Jacob Mueller. They boarded the Italian ship "King of Italy."

Lieutenant Mitchell was sanitary inspector of the ship, while the enlisted men had practically nothing to do except take in the sights. The reason for the few responsibilities was that the ship's hospital took care of all the sick. Upon landing at Brest, we found ourselves still on detached service. Our stay in Brest was very short, and we soon joined the rest of the organization.

After leaving Brest the detachment had very light work, with the exception of some blistered heels, sprained ankles and body lice.

Previous to our leaving Angouleme, Lieutenant Mitchell was transferred to a base hospital, leaving us two new officers. While at Angouleme, Bourg and Ambares there was little demand for medical attention, with the exception of "shots." There were sometimes tragical scenes when "shots" in the arms were to be given, but when Major McDonald said "Give him a shot," he was sure to get it.

On our way back from France, while crossing the water, our men were continually exposed to the mumps, which prevailed in the 326th Field Artillery Regiment, and as a result one of our men, Private Ray Parris, took them and was transferred to the hospital while on the boat. On the second day after arriving in Camp Stuart two more of our men took the mumps and were also transferred. The last two men to catch the mumps *while at Camp Stuart* were brothers, and each consid-

ered himself lucky when he found out that his brother also had them.

The next day after our arrival back in old Camp Stuart we received a most welcome order from Regimental Headquarters, stating that some of the men would be transferred within forty-eight hours. Most of the men were glad to get back home, yet they had been together so long that there seemed to be much regret in the separation.

At the time of our demobilization we had a few more promotions. Privates Hicks, John M. Johnson and Oscar W. Hood were made first-class privates; First Class Private Sam Jones was promoted to corporal, and First Class Private Kennedy to sergeant.

Upon the day of our departure we were all able to say and realize that our officers had been ever faithful to the trust which Uncle Sam had placed in their hands. We all thank them for the best that was to be had under the circumstances, and bid them a good-luck farewell.

We also thank Colonel Hardin for the strict and moral discipline that he has maintained while our organization has been attached to his command, which discipline will ever be a guide through the avenues of life in after days.



Roster of the Regiment.

REGIMENTAL STAFF

JOSEPH S. HARDIN.....	Colonel Commanding
Care of The Adjutant-General, War Department.	
WILLIAM K. MOORE.....	Lieutenant Colonel
Care of The Adjutant-General, War Department.	
G. W. SMALL.....	Captain C. A., Regimental Adjutant
The Terraces, Mount Washington, Md.	
F. B. WATERS.....	1st Lieutenant C. A., Personnel Adjutant
Murray, Kentucky.	
EDWIN BURLING.....	Chaplain

FIRST BATTALION

JOHN K. JEMISON.....	Major C. A., Commanding
Barnesville, Georgia.	
H. A. DYER.....	Captain C. A., Battalion Adjutant
Care of The Adjutant-General, War Department.	

SECOND BATTALION

CHAS. G. ATKIN.....	Major C. A., Commanding
82 West 120th Street, New York City, N. Y.	
C. D. HINDLE.....	Captain C. A., Battalion Adjutant
Care of The Adjutant-General, War Department.	

THIRD BATTALION

JOHN HOMER.....	Major C. A., Commanding
Care of The Adjutant-General, War Department.	
THOMAS E. WRIGHT.....	Captain C. A., Battalion Adjutant
802 Sixth Street, S. W. Roanoke, Virginia.	

BATTERY "A"

Vergne Chappell.....	Captain.....	War Department, Washington.
Vernon F. Wilson.....	1st Lieut.....	Hartington, Nebraska
Lester H. Fackiner.....	1st Lieut.....	West Summit, New Jersey.
Francis C. Curtin.....	2nd Lieut.....	112 W. Borden Ave., Syracuse, N.Y.
Scott F. Turner.....	2nd Lieut.....	7165 Hermitage St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Deegan, Edward P.....	1st Sergt.....	104 W. 96th St., N. Y. City, N.Y., care of J. J. McDonnell
Steponaitis, Frank.....	Mess Sergt.....	31 Monroe St., Taunton, Mass.
Taylor, Richard K.....	Sup. Sergt.....	Lake City, Florida.
Scully, James E.....	Sergeant.....	485 W. 18th St., New York, N. Y.
Peteley, Louis.....	Sergeant.....	183 32nd St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Divone, Dominic.....	Sergeant.....	422 E. 117th St., New York, N.Y.
Plenge, Fred.....	Sergeant.....	104 W. 95th St., New York, N. Y.
Fullerton, Charles H.....	Sergeant.....	18 Idlewild St., Memphis, Tenn.
Fitzgerald, Joseph P. F.....	Sergeant.....	40 West 93rd St., New York, N.Y.
Rubow, Edward.....	Sergeant.....	645 Columbus Av., New York, N.Y.
Mankel, Addison A.....	Sergeant.....	1305 Olivant St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Johnston, Thomas N.....	Sergeant.....	248 W. 148th St., New York, N.Y.
Cohen, Isaac.....	Sergeant.....	1102 Washington Av., N. Y., N. Y.
Markle, Leigh M.....	Sergeant.....	West Hurley, New York.
Newport, Franz S.....	Corporal.....	La Follette, Tenn.
Fleseler, George G.....	Corporal.....	316 Church St., Iowa City, Iowa.
Reese, George A.....	Corporal.....	Wolverine, Mich.
Cohen, Milton F.....	Corporal.....	751 Forest Ave., New York, N. Y.
Wiener, Irving.....	Corporal.....	7 West 63rd St., New York, N. Y.
Lang, Edward S.....	Corporal.....	311 51st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Most, Frederick J.....	Corporal.....	354 49th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Duffy, John A.....	Corporal.....	315 Central Pk. West, N. Y., N. Y.
Schneider, Philip.....	Corporal.....	1203 B'Dway, McKees Rocks, Pa.
Borkowski, John.....	Corporal.....	150 Everett St., Toledo, Ohio.
Alexander, Walter S.....	Corporal.....	R. F. D. No. 57, Sharon, Pa.
Mellott, Chester C.....	Corporal.....	Neff, Ohio.
McCormick, Clifford S.....	Corporal.....	Burgettstown, Pa.
Schwartz, Arthur J.....	Corporal.....	1028 Madeline St., Toledo, Ohio.
Ritoza, John A.....	Corporal.....	R. F. D. No. 1, Thompson, Ohio.
Shumate, James V.....	Corporal.....	Nemours, West Virginia
Fleming, Edward A.....	Corporal.....	309 West 27th St., New York, N.Y.
Gluck, Elmer W.....	Corporal.....	210 Franklin St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Wold, Louis C.....	Corporal.....	1041 Ohio St., Hancock, Mich.
Bailey, Benjamin F.....	Corporal.....	Marseille, Illinois
Mura, Walter D.....	Corporal.....	37 Weld St., Rochester, N. Y.
Reiter, Joe O.....	Corporal.....	Byron, Oklahoma
Miedel, Irvin W.....	Corporal.....	116 Coal St., Wheeling, W. Va.
Patton, Noval C.....	Cook.....	Grantsburg, Ind.
Schneider, Rudolph.....	Cook.....	121 Fulton Ave., Astoria, L.I., N.Y.
Goetz, Henry G.....	Cook.....	East Cherry St., Watska, Ill.
Chamberlain, William J.....	Cook.....	Walnut Ridge, Ark.
Goode, Harry G.....	Mechanic.....	Rutherford College, North Carolina
Schimek, William V.....	Mechanic.....	3014 Lexington St., Chicago, Ill.
Nichols, Melvin R.....	Mechanic.....	820 Main St., Bennington, Vt.
Wilken, Conrad.....	Mechanic.....	34 Garden St., Castleton Corners, Staten Island, N. Y.
Briscoe, Joseph A.....	Wagoner.....	125 E. 88th St., New York, N. Y.
Button, Carl I.....	Wagoner.....	748 N. Main St., Norwich, Conn.
Erlenbach, Walter L.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D. No. 1, Gahanna, Ohio
Griffith, Thomas R.....	Wagoner.....	Radnor, Ohio
Hackett, Paul M.....	Wagoner.....	101 Hamlin Av., Vandergrift, Pa.
Herderick, Edward E.....	Wagoner.....	1389 S. Fifth St., Columbus, Ohio
Horton, Alvah F.....	Wagoner.....	Hughsonville, New York
Lauer, Fred. G.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D. No. 1, Albany, Ill.
McCabe, James B.....	Wagoner.....	14 S. Elm St., Beacon, N. Y.
Mohan, Elmer J.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D. No. 3, Streator, Ill.
Neild, John.....	Wagoner.....	136 Thayer St., Jamestown, N. Y.
Piper, Walter B.....	Wagoner.....	945 Seventh St., La Salle, Ill.
Vincent, Ray F.....	Wagoner.....	1526 Center Ave., Harvey, Ill.
Walensky, Ben.....	Wagoner.....	2331 N. Kedzie Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Walkowski, Edward B.....	Wagoner.....	Bessemer, Mich.
White, Roy M.....	Wagoner.....	2423 Smalley Court, Chicago, Ill.
Wilson, Harold A.....	Wagoner.....	Dover, Ill.
Wozniak, Andrew L.....	Wagoner.....	750 Wesson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Ziegenhorn, Maurice L.....	Wagoner.....	Claytonville, Ill.
Rice, Louis K.....	Bugler, 1st Cl.....	406 N. Lowden St., Winchester, Va.
Bass, Van E.....	Bugler.....	Bassfield, Miss.
Adams, John W.....	Private, 1c.....	Galax, Virginia
Beesmer, Roy	Private, 1c.....	18 Orchard St., Tarrytown, N. Y.

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Berger, Emmett A.	Private, 1c.	c/o D.S.&B. Cypress Co., Donner, La.
Bolduc, Alfred	Private, 1c.	523 S. Bridge St., Holyoke, Mass.
Brady, Vincent	Private, 1c.	264 West 70th St., New York
Bramon, Myron B.	Private, 1c.	591 Main St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Buskell, Charley	Private, 1c.	Emmet, Tenn.
Collins, Carroll D.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. No. 3, Monticello, Ark.
Daniel, Archie N.	Private, 1c.	Murray, Texas
Downing, Leo W.	Private, 1c.	3028 McColloch St., Wheeling, W. Va.
Drohan, John J.	Private, 1c.	Great Kills, Staten Island, N. Y.
Erskine, June	Private, 1c.	P. O. Box 46, Twin Lake, Mich.
Freed, Warren W.	Private, 1c.	187 S. 8nd St., Quakertown, Pa.
Frees, Robert B.	Private, 1c.	1855 N. Ohio Av., Connerville, Ind.
Glaser, Norbert H.	Private, 1c.	590 W. Drive, Woodruff Place, Indianapolis, Ind.
Hanley, William	Private, 1c.	275 Maple St., Springfield, Mass.
Howard, Earl C.	Private, 1c.	Elmwood, Wisconsin
Johnson, Charles M.	Private, 1c.	344 W. 3rd St., Connerville, Ind.
Kelly, James	Private, 1c.	54 N. Water St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Kerr, Charles F.	Private, 1c.	338 S. Wash. St., Bloomington, Ind.
Kroos, Jacob	Private, 1c.	64 Chrystie St., New York, N. Y.
Loew, Solomon	Private, 1c.	64 E. 116th St., New York, N. Y.
Lord, Edward C.	Private, 1c.	32 Judson St., Malden, Mass.
Lynch, James S., Jr.	Private, 1c.	108 Magnolia Av., Jersey City, N.J.
Magnuson, Ragnar	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. No. 2, Sandwich, Ill.
Marciano, Gennaro	Private, 1c.	5 N. Maple St., N. Woburn, Mass.
McCabe, John E.	Private, 1c.	75 Yale Ave., Ossining, N. Y.
McDonald, Stuart A.	Private, 1c.	518 Cottonwood St., Gr. Forks, N.D.
Mekler, Oscar	Private, 1c.	8 Browning Ave., Dorchester, Mass.
Merritt, Enos B.	Private, 1c.	151 Garden St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Merte, Ludwig	Private, 1c.	25 Delano St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Mooney, Keyster L.	Private, 1c.	Dawes, West Virginia
Mullen, Thomas	Private, 1c.	34 Jones St., Rochester, N. Y.
Murray, Charles	Private, 1c.	Ponchatoula, La.
Nichol, John	Private, 1c.	6 Orchard St., Nyack, N. Y.
Olsen, William J.	Private, 1c.	3028 St. McColloch St., Wheeling, W. Va., c/o Downing.
Perkins, Clare B.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. No. 1, White Cloud, Mich.
Rice, John	Private, 1c.	Camden, Tenn.
Rienzie, Michael R.	Private, 1c.	109 E. 4th St., New York, N. Y.
Ryan, Thomas V.	Private, 1c.	105 N. Milton Ave., Syracuse, N.Y.
Snyder, William P.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. No. 22, Wheatland, Ind.
Stump, Raymond S.	Private, 1c.	349 N. 8th St., Reading, Pa.
Thorburn, William J.	Private, 1c.	135 State St., Alpena, Mich.
Traver, Frank S.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. No. 1, Otisville, Mich.
Vienick, Alexander H.	Private, 1c.	5614 Fourth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wagoner, Clarence M.	Private, 1c.	Watts, Okla., c/o P. O. Clerks
Watters, Ray A.	Private, 1c.	Blue, W. Va.
Williams, Edward J.	Private, 1c.	1114 Penn Ave., Steubenville, Ohio
Anderson, Andrew	Private, 1c.	604 Campbell Av., Schenectady, N.Y.
Arnold, Fred B.	Private, 1c.	112 N. 7th St., Goshen, Ind.
Blanton, Floyd	Private, 1c.	Rossille, Ga.
Blass, George	Private, 1c.	3431 N. Rampart St., N. Orleans, La.
Brower, Melvin	Private, 1c.	166 Cannon St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Campbell, Sid A.	Private	Piggott, Arkansas.
Cantor, David L.	Private	113 West 31st St., New York, N.Y.
Cataldo, George	Private	258 North St., Boston, Mass.
Coburn, Frank M.	Private	Walhill, Nebraska.
Coleman, Robert M.	Private	20 Seneca St., Hornell, N. Y.
Cooper, John H.	Private	Gainesville, Texas.
Coughlin, Thomas B.	Private	51 Beekman St., Beacon, N. Y.
Darden, Edward C.	Private	Pasamonte, New Mexico.
De Santis, Albert	Private	P. O. No. 484, Scottsdale, Pa.
Dolan, Frank P.	Private	729 East 16th Av., Denver, Colo.
Drummond, David	Private	990 Bruce St., Washington, Pa.
Dunnington, Herman C.	Private	921 York St., Helena, Ark.
Falls, Floyd A.	Private	Beatrice, Nebraska.
Farren, James A.	Private	52 Tremont St., Charlestown, Mass.
Fetzer, Henry	Private	704 Grand Av., Shreveport, La.
Flynn, Walter J.	Private	9 Dwight St., Pittsfield, Mass.
Fuqua, David E.	Private	Greenvile, Tenn.
Gillons, Frank E.	Private	Dorr, Mich.
Greenstein, Herman	Private	914 East 167th St., New York, N.Y.
Griffin, Marvin	Private	Evergreen, Ala.
Gustavson, Carl O. E.	Private	R. F. D. No. 3, Somerville, N. J.
Harrington, Roy B.	Private	431 Monroe St., Marshall, Mich.
Hazard, Lawrence F.	Private	68 Manton St., Fall River, Mass.
Heath, Robert E.	Private	408 N. Christin St., Cartersville, Mo.
Hinkley, Wilson, Jr.	Private	Patterson, New York.
Hogan, James	Private	10 Delay St., Danbury, Conn.
Hollingsworth, Ervel	Private	R. F. D. No. 2, Milo, Texas.
Horan, John	Private	181 Austin St., Worcester, Mass. care of Mrs. M. Burcume.

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Horn, Frank T., Jr.	Private	Poplar Grove, Ark.
Israel, Jacob	Private	Dobbs Ferry, New York.
Jacob, Louis E.	Private	175 King St., Pittsfield, Mass.
Kalven, Justen	Private	6 Mechanic St., Hoosick Falls, N.Y.
Kelly, John J.	Private	62 Valley St., Wallingford, Conn.
Kelly, William E.	Private	703 Vanderbilt Av., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Kirk, William H.	Private	440 West 14th St., New York, N.Y.
Korenkowich, Adam	Private	31 Cherry St., Waterbury, Conn.
Kripas, Frank	Private	544 Harrison St., Springfield, O.
Kummer, Walter M.	Private	4599 Park Av., New York, N. Y.
Langston, Jesse J.	Private	Sherrill, Arkansas.
Lautz, Ryamond T.	Private	47 Sixth St., Derby, Conn.
Layton, Cari	Private	Katonah, New York.
Leach, Barney	Private	R. F. D. No 1, Summerfield, Ohio.
Legnaan, Joseph J.	Private	182 Cortland St., Tarrytown, N.Y.
Lester, John	Private	Tyne, Louisiana.
Lombardozzi, Antonio	Private	25 Warren St., New Haven, Conn.
Mack, James P.	Private	Pierron, Ill.
Mackey, Lewis V.	Private	Buchanan, New York.
Mallick, George	Private	211 E. Sagamon St., Streator, Ill.
Marchese Herbert	Private	402 E. 156th St., New York, N.Y.
Marino, Frank	Private	1016 S. Warton St., Phila., Pa.
McKenna, Edward W.	Private	92 Depot St., Milford, Mass.
McNamara, Frank	Private	3527 S. Seeley Av., Chicago, Ill.
Merritt, Volley A.	Private	Box 57, Blossom, Texas.
Metcalf, Harry C.	Private	113 E. 4th St., Okla. City, Okla.
Miga, Stanislaus	Private	35 Cottage St., New York Mills, N. Y.
Mignault, Wilfred F.	Private	17 Payne St., Beacon, New York.
Millerschon, Carl	Private	21 LaGrange Av., Arlington, N. Y.
Moose, Everett E.	Private	819 N. 1st St., Cambridge, Ohio.
Moran, John J.	Private	58 Valley St., Wallingford, Conn.
Mulholland, Robert H.	Private	108 DeSoto St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Nye, John I.	Private	Box 184, Lacon, Ill.
Orphanos, Nicholas	Private	265 Main St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Ostrander, George E.	Private	150 Franklin St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Palmer, Cecil H.	Private	4906 Olcott Av., East Chicago, Ind.
Pettijohn, Charles	Private	Clarks, Louisiana.
Pierce, Fay E.	Private	Seward, Nebraska.
Rhea, Ernest	Private	Route No. 1, Hopkinsville, Ky.
Ricci, Michael H.	Private	Taranto Lecce, Italy.
Richard, Henry	Private	Box 232, Morgan City, La.
Roberts, Howard B.	Private	Minonk, Ill.
Rotello, Salvatore	Private	Cotonzara, Italy.
Senger, Walter A.	Private	900 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y., care of J. A. Ellif.
Shannon, John S.	Private	520 5th St., N. W., Canton, Ohio.
Snowfielt, Joseph	Private	23 Johnson St., Muskegon, Mich.
Stapf, Harold J.	Private	207 Boalt St., Sandusky, Ohio.
Stevens, Henry J.	Private	Weston, Vermont.
Taylor, Joe	Private	Route "A" Box 56, Waynesboro, Miss.
Tipton, Otis E.	Private	Deersville Av., Uhrichsville, Ohio.
Tisi, Angelo	Private	Dobbs Ferry, New York.
Turk, Harris	Private	948 Tiffany St., New York, N. Y.
Turner, Leonard	Private	R. F. D. No. 1, Clinton, Ky.
Wall, Clarence R.	Private	R. F. D. No. 2, Merrill, Mich.
Wilson, Samuel W.	Private	8 Boone St., Cumberland, Md.
Young, Elmer E.	Private	Box 5, Ponchatoula, Louisiana.

BATTERY "B"

Joseph B. Varela	Captain	(Company Comd'r.), 132 Chapman St., Crafton P. O., Pittsburgh.
William D. McCoy	1st Lieut.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ben. S. Fisher	1st Lieut.	605 N. Main St., Anderson, Ind.
Don. A. Harris	2nd Lieut.	Windsor, Vermont.
Reubin A. Porter	2nd Lieut.	Jonesville, South Carolina.
Strom, Manning	1st Sergt.	Valley Park, Missouri.
Moos, T. P.	Mess Sergt.	Lincoln, Ill.
Bogeman, Lawrence	Sup. Sergt.	Shelbyville, Indiana.
Richardson, Harry M.	Sergeant	Rye, New York.
Barrett, Felix	Sergeant	London, Kentucky.
Rayl, B. L.	Sergeant	High Point, North Carolina.
Sheppard, R. O.	Sergeant	Linda, Missouri.
Crabb, James M.	Sergeant	Lockport, Illinois.
Morrissey, J. O.	Sergeant	New York City.

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Ciano, E. A.	Sergeant	New York City.
Grimes, A. J.	Sergeant	Ethel, Indiana.
Seligman, Meyers.	Sergeant	New York City.
Brown, Charles.	Sergeant	Stockton, Missouri.
Murray, William.	Sergeant	New York City.
Gilchrist, C. B.	Sergeant	Lincoln, Illinois.
Graham, Claude.	Corporal	Montezuma, Indiana.
Ponder, R. H.	Corporal	Morristown, Tenn.
Schuchman, H. M.	Corporal	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Cox, T. F.	Corporal	Ashdown, Arkansas.
Wheat, C. H.	Corporal	Edwardsport, Indiana.
Frazier, J. P.	Corporal	Dalton, Georgia.
Larkin, W. J.	Corporal	Big Rapids, Michigan.
Kilroy, J. S.	Corporal	Poseyville, Indiana.
Young, Allen.	Corporal	Hastings, Michigan.
Wright, Claude.	Corporal	Corridan, Indiana.
Miller, C. W.	Corporal	Cabery, Indiana.
Hess, H. J.	Corporal	Sullivan, Illinois.
Roland, R. H.	Corporal	Manitoba, Canada.
Darling, F. D.	Corporal	Mansfield, Ohio.
Meyers, Henry.	Corporal	Chicago, Ill.
Huwig, F. J.	Corporal	Chicago, Ill.
Graham, C. W.	Corporal	Montezuma, Indiana.
Bartels, F. C.	Corporal	Decatur, Illinois.
Walker, Raymond.	Corporal	Vincennes, Indiana.
Rantz, J. V.	Corporal	Quakertown, Pa.
Oldaker, G. W.	Corporal	Atlanta, Illinois.
McNeills, C. A.	Corporal	Escanaba, Michigan.
McDonald, C. A.	Corporal	Chicago, Ill.
Donath, H. J.	Cook	Lincoln, Illinois.
Linlan, E. W.	Cook	Indianapolis, Indiana.
Osburn, Paul.	Cook	Wanoa, Illinois.
Sleeth, J. N.	Cook	Greenfield, Indiana.
Schweinbold, W. A.	Mechanic	Decatur, Illinois.
Faubion, F. W.	Mechanic	Milton, Pa.
Waddie, Joseph	Mechanic	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Reed, F. M.	Mechanic	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Arvin, W. M.	Bugler	Ney Haven, Kentucky.
Branz, H. J.	Bugler	Sibley, Indiana.
Klein, Benj.	Bugler	Rankin, Pa.
Aliff, C. H.	Wagoner	Danville, Indiana.
Albright, C. E.	Wagoner	Tulsa, Oklahoma.
Bertsche, H. J.	Wagoner	Lincoln, Illinois.
Borches, L. O.	Wagoner	Decatur, Illinois.
Browning, J. H.	Wagoner	Gibson City, Illinois.
Corman, C. M.	Wagoner	Elliettsville, Indiana.
Edmunds, R. S.	Wagoner	Alma, Illinois.
Ford, W. F.	Wagoner	Indianapolis, Indiana.
Harlow, Joshua.	Wagoner	Decatur, Illinois.
Kelly, T. L.	Wagoner	Decatur, Illinois.
LaPine, K. A.	Wagoner	Oshkosh, Wisconsin.
Neff, R. W.	Wagoner	Flora, Illinois.
Odom, D. M.	Wagoner	Lebert, Tennessee.
Rostek, E. C.	Wagoner	Decatur, Illinois.
Tarbox, H. L.	Wagoner	Lake Park, Illinois.
Walker, D. E.	Wagoner	Halls, Tenn.
Walser, B. O.	Wagoner	Decatur, Illinois.
Welge, H. C.	Wagoner	Margo, Illinois.
Bergman, Max.	Private, 1c.	Lincoln, Illinois.
Bergman, W. F.	Private, 1c.	Lincoln, Illinois.
Biggins, B. R.	Private, 1c.	Springfield, Illinois.
Coats, C. W.	Private, 1c.	South Bend, Indiana.
Cooper, H. F.	Private, 1c.	Shamrock, Louisiana.
Carrington, Merritt.	Private, 1c.	Macon, Illinois.
Dryer, F. E.	Private, 1c.	Hastings, Michigan.
Fallon, J. J.	Private, 1c.	Indianapolis, Indiana.
Falvey, W. M.	Private, 1c.	Ludlow, Illinois.
France, A. J.	Private, 1c.	Roberts, Illinois.
Gaffron, F. C.	Private, 1c.	Keythesville, Missouri.
Gibson, J. W.	Private, 1c.	Fort Worth, Texas.
Hartwig, Stanley.	Private, 1c.	Michigan City, Indiana.
Jackson, O. W.	Private, 1c.	Piper City, Illinois.
James, W. B.	Private, 1c.	Lincoln, Illinois.
Joyce, Harry.	Private, 1c.	Dayton, Ohio.
LeFevre, G. H.	Private, 1c.	Dayton, Ohio.
Lundeen, C. A.	Private, 1c.	Paxton, Illinois.
Lundeen, C. R.	Private, 1c.	Paxton, Illinois.
McCracken, S. T.	Private, 1c.	McKeesport, Pennsylvania.
McNamara, T. E.	Private, 1c.	Decatur, Illinois.
Mitchell, C. L.	Private, 1c.	Lincoln, Illinois.
Morrow, Rufus.	Private, 1c.	Charleston, West Virginia.
Morrow, B. F.	Private, 1c.	Lincoln, Illinois.
Mudgette, C. W.	Private, 1c.	Wayne, Michigan.

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Pierson, E. G.	Private, 1c	
Rian, Edw.	Private, 1c	Menominee, Michigan.
Richardson, W. H.	Private, 1c	Mandeville, W. Virginia.
Rutoff, Oscar.	Private, 1c	Oak Hill, Ohio.
Sablowski, Fred	Private, 1c	Decatur, Illinois.
Sawyer, Elmer.	Private, 1c	Gibson City, Illinois.
Schmitz, G. H.	Private, 1c	Burkittsville, Ohio.
Schroeder, C. A.	Private, 1c	Adrian, Michigan.
Sharp, J. R.	Private, 1c	York, Pennsylvania.
Sheppard, H. W.	Private, 1c	Fisher, Illinois.
Smith, Eddie.	Private, 1c	Decatur, Illinois.
Snyder, Joe.	Private, 1c	Cleveland, Ohio.
Spencer, E. L.	Private, 1c	Gibson City, Illinois.
Springer, Jacob.	Private, 1c	Lincoln, Illinois.
Street, William.	Private, 1c	Vincennes, Indiana.
Stute, G. F.	Private, 1c	Evansville, Indiana.
Tobin, J. E.	Private, 1c	Lincoln, Illinois.
Wagner, C. E.	Private, 1c	Burn Oak, Michigan.
Webster, C. A.	Private, 1c	Lincoln, Illinois.
Whipple, LeRoy.	Private, 1c	Milton, Pa.
Whittaker, F. M.	Private, 1c	Dennison, Ohio.
Wilkie, H. F.	Private, 1c	Lincoln, Illinois.
Wilson, F. L.	Private, 1c	Piper City, Illinois.
Zapancic, Rudolph.	Private, 1c	Pleasant Valley, Pa.
Abbott, G. M.	Private	Macon, Georgia.
Anderson, Charles.	Private	Paxton, Illinois.
Arthur, A. J.	Private	Detroit, Michigan
Ball, LaRance.	Private	Chestnut, Illinois.
Bauman, R.	Private	Warrensburg, Illinois.
Benante, Sam.	Private	New York City, N. Y.
Bland, L. A.	Private	Decatur, Illinois.
Blivin, R. R.	Private	Hastings, Michigan.
Bundy, Bernard.	Private	Indianapolis, Indiana.
Burge, G. W.	Private	Farmer City, Illinois.
Campbell, W. R.	Private	New Castle, Indiana.
Carlson, C. R.	Private	Paxton, Illinois.
Carlson, C. W.	Private	Paxton, Illinois.
Chandler, Nathan.	Private	Denison, Texas.
Ciarkowski, A.	Private	Detroit, Michigan.
Coble, C. M.	Private	Decatur, Illinois.
Coffman, W. R.	Private	Clarksburg, West Virginia.
Conley, Frank.	Private	Carrollton, Michigan.
Coonse, A.	Private	Barlpark, Indiana.
Corirossi, Luiga.	Private	Joliet, Illinois.
Corliss, J. E.	Private	Grand Rapids, Michigan.
Cram, Walter.	Private	Potsdam, New York.
Currence, J. G.	Private	Clarksburg, West Virginia.
Davis, W. A.	Private	Lincoln, Illinois.
Dickey, H. A.	Private	Argenta, Illinois.
Doanne, C. F.	Private	Ada, Michigan.
Edwards, P. E.	Private	
Elwell, H. A.	Private	Roxbury, Connecticut.
Feldman, R.	Private	Charleston, South Carolina.
Fenili, C.	Private	Chicago, Illinois.
Ferrin, R. S.	Private	Medford, Mass.
Flannery, Michael.	Private	Tyre, Michigan.
Flewelling, Leroy.	Private	Peekskill, N. Y.
Flynn, W. S.	Private	Decatur, Illinois.
Foster, C. A.	Private	Floydada, Texas.
Fowler, E. V.	Private	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Fleming, A. R.	Private	Springfield, Ohio.
Gehrke, William S.	Private	Alton, Illinois.
Hacker, Delbert.	Private	Peoria, Illinois.
Hall, W. J.	Private	Grape Vine, Texas.
Harvey, Z. K.	Private	Atlantic City, New Jersey.
Hatfield, F. O.	Private	Hammond, Indiana.
Havis, J. E.	Private	Birmingham, Alabama.
Hayden, J. W.	Private	Peabody, Mass.
Heintze, W. J.	Private	Springfield, Illinois.
Helbling, C. A.	Private	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hendrickson, J. M.	Private	Hazel, New York.
Hubble, G. E.	Private	Smith Creek, Indiana.
Hurst, P. C.	Private	Oxford, Indiana.
Keefe, L. J.	Private	Piper City, Illinois.
Kelley, J. P.	Private	Piper City, Illinois.
Kirk, C. L.	Private	Lincoln, Illinois.
LaRance, Rollo.	Private	Brownstown, Illinois.
Latz, A. J.	Private	Cabery, Illinois.
Leopley, Harry.	Private	Mt. Pulaski, Illinois.
Linane, F. P.	Private	Springfield, Ohio.
Lochenour, A. F.	Private	Laundale, Illinois.
Malench, W.	Private	Lincoln, Illinois.
Matheny, J. W.	Private	Minneapolis, Minn.

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Matthews, W. E.	Private	Huntingdon, West Virginia.
McClintock, L. L.	Private	LaHarpe, Kansas.
McKinstry, J. W.	Private	Holyoke, Mass.
McLeRoy, R. J.	Private	Pleasant Hill, Ia.
Mohn, A.	Private	Buffalo, Illinois.
Moll, A.	Private	Grand Haven, Mich.
Nickell, C. A.	Private	Missoula, Montana.
O'Brien, John	Private	Clinton, Illinois.
Peak, Wilbert	Private	Springfield, Ohio.
Pfau, C. O.	Private	Lincoln, Illinois.
Pieruccini, H. E.	Private	Chicago, Illinois.
Proffitt, A. A.	Private	Gibson City, Illinois.
Richardson, Carl	Private	Stallings, W. Va.
Ridgway, Ira	Private	Wheaton, Indiana.
Ritchie, B. E.	Private	Decatur, Illinois.
Rokash, A. L.	Private	Decatur, Illinois.
Samuelson, H. V.	Private	Menominee, Mich.
Schmitt, G. F.	Private	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Shode, B. H.	Private	Miamisburg, Ohio.
Simpson, C. B.	Private	Emden, Illinois.
Smitt, J. L.	Private	Mason, Illinois.
Smith, F. O.	Private	Mason, Illinois.
Sporg, R. A.	Private	Kingston Mines, Illinois.
Sprinkle, Willard	Private	Lincoln, Illinois.
Stoll, J.	Private	Beason, Illinois.
Swinford, Ralph	Private	Paxton, Illinois.
Taylor, Jack	Private	Ashland, Ky.
Thomas, C. B.	Private	Floyd, Virginia.
Towner, R. A.	Private	Silby, Illinois.
Tripper, F. B.	Private	Swartz Creek, Mich.
Vall, T. E.	Private	Lincoln, Illinois.
Wezell, F. E.	Private	Flint, Mich.
Wilkinson, E. A.	Private	Mowesqua, Illinois.

BATTERY "C"

Hanna, Forest W.	Captain	1209 N. Main St., Maryville, Mo.
Clark, Benj. A.	1st Lieut.	1901 W. Mission St., Spokane, Wash.
Stimson, Chas. E.	1st Lieut.	431 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Pasadena, Cal.
Conroy, Raymund	1st Lieut.	
Martens, John H.	2nd Lieut.	Palisade, N. J.
White, Harry E.	2nd Lieut.	Auburn, Ill.
Sego, John P.	1st Sergt.	915 34th St., Galveston, Texas.
Taylor, John D.	Mess Sergt.	Baily Switch, Ky.
Phillips, Harold L.	Sup. Sergt.	312 Snyder St., Lansing, Mich
Clay, Eugene A.	Sergeant	Logan, W. Va.
Cox, Lenton G.	Sergeant	Henderson, Texas.
Long, Roy H.	Sergeant	1137 Locust St., Muskogee, Okla.
Murphy, Clyde F.	Sergeant	33 Hamilton St., New London, Conn.
Gallery, Ignatius J.	Sergeant	Franklin, Minn.
Farrell, Joseph J.	Sergeant	34 Gouvernene St., New York, N.Y.
Harrigan, Edwin X.	Sergeant	52 Grand Av., Staten Island, N.Y.
McNamee, Jas.	Sergeant	Clearfield, Pa.
Olcheski, Zigman	Sergeant	1926 W. 25th St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Rucker, Ray D.	Sergeant	Bellington, W. Va.
Strachan, Alexander W.	Sergeant	1428 Warner Rd., Cleveland, Ohio.
Weidenhamer, Lloyd E.	Sergeant	17 Penn St., Milton, Pa.
Antonelli, Albert	Corporal	10-12 Morton St., New York, N.Y.
Bourne, Marshall O.	Corporal	94 Shawmut Av., New Bedford, Mass.
Bricca, Alfred A.	Corporal	137 Sullivan St., New York, N.Y.
Coulter, Jas. T.	Corporal	Carmen, Okla.
Callahan, Clayton	Corporal	Grand Caney, Ky.
Dunlavy, Glen L.	Corporal	Jackson, Minn.
Dunwiddie, Vernon M.	Corporal	Juda, Wisconsin.
Greene, Jas. E.	Corporal	Carroll Town, Pa.
Hewlison, Arthur C.	Corporal	Great Bend, Pa.
Holmes, Jas. H.	Corporal	Mickey, Texas.
Loutsch, Nicholas	Corporal	919 Madison St., Evanston, Ill.
Mosel, Emil	Corporal	1397 St., Blue Island, Illinois.
O'Hallaran, Thos. J.	Corporal	121 N. Laurel Av., Chicago, Ill.
Rector, Roy	Corporal	Muscatine, Iowa.
Robidoux, Fred	Corporal	27 Adams St., Lawrence, Mass.
Rose, Alonso F.	Corporal	3525 Wilton Av., Chicago, Ill.
St. Germain, Jos. C.	Corporal	Martinton, Ill.

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Shorey, Jos.	Corporal	10 Orchard St., Stamford, Conn.
Stromquist, Chas. A.	Corporal	201 E Oak St., Ironwood, Mich.
Stutz, Gustave.	Corporal	58 W. 106th St., New York, N. Y.
Thomas, Edgar A.	Corporal	58 E. Mich.
Thomas, Leon E.	Corporal	710 S. Jackson St., Mich.
Varroney, Arthur.	Corporal	31-33 Bedford St., New York, N. Y.
O'Grady, Chas. T.	Cook	1108 Belmont St., Rockland, Mass.
Schoonmaker, Richard	Cook	Accord, N. Y.
Seles, John.	Cook	625 Jackson Av., New York, N. Y.
Sullivan, Jas. F.	Cook	345 Washington St., Somerville, Mass.
Palen, Claude R.	Mechanic	14 S. Cherry St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Schulenberg, Chas. H.	Mechanic	268 Cherry St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Vanderveer, Harry F.	Mechanic	Innes Av., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Wailing, Harry K.	Mechanic	520 Bond St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Alovis, Alfred.	Wagoner	46 Stafford St., Smithfield, Mass.
Bodiey, Guernsey U. B.	Wagoner	New Hamburg, N. Y.
Chappell, Lloyd D.	Wagoner	Garwood, Texas.
Corlew, Milton, W.	Wagoner	Johnsonville, Tenn.
Fluvio, Davis.	Wagoner	111 South Av., Beacon, N. Y.
Lehman, Fred'k H.	Wagoner	557 S. Center St., Pottsville, Pa.
Marshall, Melvin E.	Wagoner	Bryan, Ohio.
McKay, Wm. L.	Wagoner	Curran, Mich.
Merrick, Malcolm	Wagoner	36 Hancock St., Boston, Mass.
Murray, Geo.	Wagoner	169 Brookview Rd., Medford, Mass.
Paquet, Paul F.	Wagoner	154 N. Clinton St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Paquette, Ernest J.	Wagoner	5 Orange St., Williamsett, Mass.
Pohlmam, Carl W.	Wagoner	1421 Tendall Av., Richmond, Va.
Rhoads, Louis V.	Wagoner	101 N. Front St., Manistique, Mich.
Rogers, Harry J.	Wagoner	2931 Concourse, New York, N. Y.
Sheehy, Edward P.	Wagoner	Amenia, N. Y.
Sorbi, Peter.	Wagoner	Russell Road, Huntington, Mass.
Spruce, Jesse S.	Wagoner	Brattleboro, Vt.
White, Chas. F.	Wagoner	20 Missouri Av., Grant City, Ill.
Lockwood, Geo. H.	Bugler	225 South St., Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass.
Przwoznik, Louis	Bugler	South St., West Warren, Mass.
Bird, Chas. L.	Bugler	201 7th Av., Newark, N. J.
Allan, Edward.	Private, 1c.	58 LeGrande Av., Tarrytown, N.Y.
Brown, John L. Jr.	Private, 1c.	Ossining, N. Y.
Bruno, Sebastiano	Private, 1c.	45 Cross St., Woburn, Mass.
Burke, Matthew.	Private, 1c.	62 Orchard St., Tarrytown, N. Y.
Bynes, Geo. M.	Private, 1c.	593 E. 136th St., New York, N.Y.
Bryant, Dale L.	Private, 1c.	336 8th St., Benton Harbor, Mich.
Caruso, Guiseppe.	Private, 1c.	2830 Bedford St., New York, N.Y.
Dawson, William C.	Private, 1c.	Electra, Texas.
Delozier, Coy C.	Private, 1c.	Williamsburg, Iowa.
Dial, Rhodie K.	Private, 1c.	545 1st St., Decatur, Ill.
Dotson, Hilbert C.	Private, 1c.	Box 574, Tipton Iowa.
Edwards, Geo. M.	Private, 1c.	Beloit Kansas.
Fachinger, Louis A.	Private, 1c.	Lanesville, Ind.
Fors, Arthur.	Private, 1c.	5756 Elizabeth St., Chicago, Ill.
Foster, Henry H.	Private, 1c.	Marvel, Ark.
Frays, Wm. H.	Private, 1c.	394 Forest Av., Topeka, Kansas.
Germiller, Lawrence.	Private, 1c.	51 Gates St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Holstrom, Arthur C.	Private, 1c.	544 Brook Av., New York, N. Y.
Hynes, Michael J.	Private, 1c.	360 W. 129th St., New York, N.Y.
Jasinski, Adam.	Private, 1c.	4507 Harvard Av., Cleveland, O.
Kellison, Frank.	Private, 1c.	Meadowbrook, West Virginia.
Knight, Ralph C.	Private, 1c.	Reidge, N. H.
Lampkins, Noble L.	Private, 1c.	601 W. Home St., Bloomington, Ind.
Leinen, Alvin V.	Private, 1c.	289 W. 15th Pl., Chicago Heights, Ill.
Long, Hazel.	Private, 1c.	Haywood, W. Va.
McIntyre, Chas. I.	Private, 1c.	Harrison Av., New Canaan, Conn.
Murphy, Albert F.	Private, 1c.	Box 267, Bar Harbor, Me.
Murphy, Luther M.	Private, 1c.	207 Delaware Av., Riverside, N. J.
Mitchell, Frank.	Private, 1c.	715 Graton St., Chicopee Falls, Mass.
Nicholson, Geo.	Private, 1c.	Masontown, W. Va.
O'Donald, John J.	Private, 1c.	131½ Boston St., Salem, Mass.
Olanie, Gustave.	Private, 1c.	19 Wilson St., Pittsfield, Mass.
Padilla, Ignacio.	Private, 1c.	Box 232, Old Albuquerque, N. M.
Pinto, Leo.	Private, 1c.	141 Jensens St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Ragusa, Frank A.	Private, 1c.	31 Cornella, New York, N. Y.
Raymond, Dominic F.	Private, 1c.	108 Linwood St., Somerville, Mass.
Reither, Walter.	Private, 1c.	412 E. 14th St., Beardstown, Ill.
Riemer, Adam L.	Private, 1c.	71 S. Huntington Av., Boston, Mass

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Rockett, Walter.	Private, 1c.	12 Dale Av., Ossining, N. Y.
Bonsetti, Claudio.	Private, 1c.	137 Sullivan St., New York, N. Y.
Schmals, Wm. C.	Private, 1c.	901 Hudson Av., Peekskill, N. Y.
Sharkey, Joe F.	Private, 1c.	34 Spruce St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y.
Smith, Arthur.	Private, 1c.	58 Parrot Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Soseman, John J.	Private, 1c.	147 W. 111th St., New York, N.Y.
Stout, Clarence.	Private, 1c.	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Tobin, John T.	Private, 1c.	1825 2nd Av., New York, N. Y.
Walsh, Jos. M.	Private, 1c.	79 Union St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Walsh, Matthew.	Private, 1c.	Maverick St., East Boston, Mass.
Weyman, Arthur C.	Private, 1c.	344 8th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Alderisio, Michele.	Private.	Box 205, Germantown, N. Y.
Anagnoson, John T.	Private.	507 W. 158th St., New York, N.Y.
Baltrusaitis, Tadadji.	Private.	Windsor St., Cambridge, Mass.
Beatrice, Pritro.	Private.	53 Boardman St., East Boston, Mass.
Beaudoin, Napoleon.	Private.	Boyers Avenue, East, Longmeadow, Mass.
Bianco, Samuel.	Private.	Wallston, Pa.
Blanchard, Leon O.	Private.	345 Broadway, Lawrence, Mass.
Bonadies, Beneditto.	Private.	39 Maple St., Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.
Bottini, Chas.	Private.	10 Talmadge St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Bragg, Leroy.	Private.	1203 High St., Logansport, Ind.
Cannella, Seven.	Private.	187 Webster Av., New York, N. Y.
Chenet, Roland R.	Private.	45 Amory St., North Hampton, Mass.
Collins, Jas. F.	Private.	10 Linwood St., Boston, Mass.
Colyer, Kale M.	Private.	Gifford, Missouri.
Contratta, Paul.	Private.	Box 222, Beasmer, Mich.
Corrigan, Mark.	Private.	455 W. 37th St., New York, N.Y.
Davenport, Clarence.	Private.	13th St. and Park Av., Tulsa, Okla.
DeBoggis, Gennaro.	Private.	56 Ruggles St., Franklin, Mass.
Ellerman, August H.	Private.	1217 Missouri Av., St. Louis, Mo.
Elyward, Matthew C.	Private.	532 18th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Fiore, Pasquale.	Private.	112 Charles St., Mansfield, Mass.
Frisco, Phillip.	Private.	1529 Monroe St., Gary, Ind.
Ganong, Jonett C.	Private.	Carmel, N. Y.
Gedoe, Frank.	Private.	22 Garfield Av., East Hampton, Mass.
Greenfield, Israel.	Private.	1016 Stovhof Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I.
Griesi, Pasquale.	Private.	107 Everett St., E. Boston, Mass.
Healey, Charlie J.	Private.	Logansport, Ind.
King, Thos. H., Jr.	Private.	1114 N. 6th St., Lafayette, Ind.
Kozarkiewicz, Konstanty.	Private.	674 England St., Kenosha, Wis.
Laico, Tony J.	Private.	88 East Broadway, New York, N.Y.
Lawson, Edw. P.	Private.	25 Shawmut St., Somerville, Mass.
Lefkoff, Alexander.	Private.	390 Sutter Av., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Macy, Clarence A.	Private.	Cromwell, Ky.
Martin, Hillis M.	Private.	Bromley, Ind.
Maxim, Arthur L.	Private.	503 N. State St., Big Rapids, Mich.
McGregor, Frank H.	Private.	950 24th St., Altoona, Pa.
McTierman, Edw. J.	Private.	38 Applewood Pl., Springfield, Mass.
Mengle, Howard E.	Private.	1817 12th St., Altoona, Pa.
Miranda, Guiseppe.	Private.	186 Union Av., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Morse, Austin H.	Private.	70 Brookside Av., Jamaica Plain, Mass.
Moward, Abraham G.	Private.	114 Hudson St., Boston, Mass.
Natanson, Leon.	Private.	1429 Madison Av., New York, N.Y.
Nett, Philip A.	Private.	9 Grove St., Woburn, Mass.
Niederkorn, Jos J.	Private.	Hastings, Minn.
Nugent, John E.	Private.	18 William St., Norwood, Mass.
Okerlund, Eskil.	Private.	901 Ethel Av., Hancock, Mich.
O'Neil, Andrew.	Private.	46 O'Neil St., Hudson, Mass.
Oxman, Philip.	Private.	60 E. 103rd St., New York, N. Y.
Paramboli, Francesco.	Private.	Rattan St., Norton Heights, N. J.
Parrella, Faustino.	Private.	48 N. Bridge St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Pelligrino, Nunzio.	Private.	196 Cortland St., N. Tarrytown, N. Y.
Penesis, Jas. J.	Private.	24 Salem St., Wakefield, Mass.
Perry, Geo.	Private.	Box 184, Peekskill, N. Y.
Phillips, Vernon B.	Private.	490 Ohio St., Martinsville, Ind.
Piedmonte, Cosmo.	Private.	78 St. John's Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.
Plain, Ezra.	Private.	Hyde Park on the Hudson, N. Y.
Porreca, Daniel.	Private.	9 Railroad Av., Beacon, N. Y.

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Priante, Fermo.....	Private.....	19 West St., Wappingers Falls, N. Y.
Rabinowitz, Samuel.....	Private.....	390 8th St., New York, N. Y.
Ray, Charles.....	Private.....	989½ 39th St., New York, N. Y.
Rente, Michael.....	Private.....	26 Lafayette St., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Sailor, Stephen M.....	Private.....	4110 Carroll Av., Chicago, Ill.
Santorno, Francesco.....	Private.....	197 Ward St., New York, N. Y.
Scheldelin, Arthur C.....	Private.....	2312 N. Spaulding Av., Chicago, Ill.
Schick, Oliver.....	Private.....	Lafayette, Ind.
Schmitt, Bernhard F.....	Private.....	45 Bayview Av., Jersey City, N. J.
Schneider, Abraham.....	Private.....	637 East 6th St., New York, N. Y.
Scioncalepore, Lorenzo.....	Private.....	24 Dale Av., Ossining, N. Y.
Scott, Martin B.....	Private.....	Sugar Grove, Pa.
Seymour, Chas. W.....	Private.....	912 Orchard St., Peekskill, N. Y.
Sharp, Walter H.....	Private.....	20 W. 129th St., New York, N. Y.
Shaw, Harry.....	Private.....	509 Simpson Place, Peekskill, N.Y.
Sheets, Jesse L.....	Private.....	43 Bellbrook Av., Xenia, Ohio.
Simpson, Byron.....	Private.....	137 Cannon St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Steator, Albert.....	Private.....	Hawks Av., Ossining, N. Y.
Stancilf, Chas. W.....	Private.....	Bernardston, Mass.
Stout, Chas. D.....	Private.....	1449 W. 15th St., Muncie, Ind.
Swathwa, Wm.....	Private.....	82 Ware St., Worcester, Mass.
Tooney, Francis J.....	Private.....	968 Rodman St., Fall River, Mass.
Valentino, Alfred.....	Private.....	137 Sullivan St., New York, N. Y.
Vinecko, Louis.....	Private.....	28 Coburn St., Malden, Mass.
Vlastakis, Geo. M.....	Private.....	254 Exchange St., Chicopee, Mass.
Wagner, Albert E.....	Private.....	175 Rutherford Av., Charlestown, Mass.
Wilburn, Walter.....	Private.....	1529 Jackson St., Portsmouth, O.
Wilson, Jas. F.....	Private.....	Whitefield, N. H.
Wright, Leigh W.....	Private.....	582 School St., Belmont, Mass.
Zanotos, John E.....	Private.....	31 Quincy St., Boston, Mass.
Zarzecki, Peter.....	Private.....	Montauk, Mass.
Zerillo, Chas.....	Private.....	63 Thompson, New York, N. Y.
Zeigler, Adolph.....	Private.....	519 E. 78th St., New York, N. Y.

BATTERY "D"

Will D. Moyer.....	Captain.....	2 Storer St., Portland, Maine.
George W. Pepper, Jr.....	1st Lieut.....	Saint Davids, Pa.
Archie L. Hirst.....	1st Lieut.....	Box 237, Hancock, Wisconsin.
Walker Abbey.....	2nd Lieut.....	338 N. Monterey St., Alhambra, Cal.
Ezekiel D. Cook.....	2nd Lieut.....	Ocilia, Georgia.
Szymkowski, John.....	1st Sergt.....	1431 Cleaver St., Chicago, Ill.
Brown, Joseph H.....	Sergeant.....	Box 475, Okemah, Oklahoma.
Daleiden, Bernard.....	Sergeant.....	3 E. Third Av., St Charles, Ill.
Hanson, Theodore.....	Sergeant.....	21 Granwood St., Malden, Mass.
Hendrie, Vincent E.....	Sergeant.....	133 Emmett St., Portage, Wis.
Holstone, Ralph A.....	Sergeant.....	Maple, Minnesota.
Kelly, Joseph C.....	Sergeant.....	367 Summers St., Pittsburg, Mass.
Kirk, David D.....	Sergeant.....	4343 Union St., Chicago, Ill.
McBelmeel, Eugene P.....	Sergeant.....	1515 Granville Av., Chicago, Ill.
Miller, Ernest P.....	Sergeant.....	4128 N. Irving Av., Chicago, Ill.
Novak, Charles J.....	Sergeant.....	Yukon, Oklahoma.
Stone, Lawrence B.....	Sergeant.....	40 Bridge St., Brunswick, Me.
Swanson, Carl B.....	Sergeant.....	Freeport, Maine.
Whitlack, Hugh E.....	Sergeant.....	Plano, Illinois.
Womach, Guy V.....	Sergeant.....	Roosevelt, Okla.
Aaberg, Bennie.....	Corporal.....	Kermit, N. D.
Bertram, Louis, Jr.....	Corporal.....	2536 Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.
Boles, James R.....	Corporal.....	Kilbourne, La.
Bradler, Alexander.....	Corporal.....	2117 E. 29th St., S. Dora, O.
Case, Alma N.....	Corporal.....	R. R. No. 2, Gilmore, Texas.
Cervenka, Edward R.....	Corporal.....	1522 W. 20th St., Chicago, Ill.
Clasen, Henry.....	Corporal.....	Fort Calhoun, Neb.
Coats, Henry T.....	Corporal.....	Atlanta, Missouri.
Fallon, John B.....	Corporal.....	Bridwood, Ill.
Ham, Hollie H.....	Corporal.....	R. F. D. No. 3, Guthrie, Okla.
Hamilton, Frank E.....	Corporal.....	Cape Porpoise, Me.
Hanke, Edward.....	Corporal.....	Roselle, Illinois.
Ligon, James W.....	Corporal.....	Box 86, Byers, Texas.
Manning, Clement L.....	Corporal.....	4815 N. St. Louis Av., Chicago, Ill.
Nagel, Michael.....	Corporal.....	5632 S. Honor St., Chicago, Ill.

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Phelan, Thacher	Corporal	10 Wall St, Albany, N. Y.
Samons, Robert E.	Corporal	807 S. Fourth St., Oregon, Ill.
Schulze, Bernhard	Corporal	1943 Patterson Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Slager, Matthew	Corporal	1943 W. 24th Place, Chicago, Ill.
Smith, George H.	Corporal	2800 S. Robinson St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Smyslong, Albert	Corporal	2601 6th St., Peru, Ill.
Stolberg, Harry A.	Corporal	1102 E. State St., Rockford, Ill.
Wesson, Affie	Corporal	Maock, Ky. (R. F. D. No. 7.)
Youngdahl, Axel H.	Corporal	1515 Cornell Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Albrecht, Edward L.	Cook	3639 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
Pawlowski, John	Cook	1947 W. 13th St., Chicago, Ill.
Sierszynski, Ignat.	Cook	1936 W. 17th St., Chicago, Ill.
Ward, Elwood J.	Cook	120 Chateau Ave., Bartelsville, Oklahoma.
Edwards, Carl	Mechanic	4510 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.
Klusas, William	Mechanic	4020 Kilpatrick Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Pluta, Vincent	Mechanic	Wellington, Ill.
Decker, Clyde	Bugler	1415 Vyse Ave., New York, N. Y.
Stafford, Joseph	Bugler	929 16th Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
Winconek, John F.	Bugler	Lillehammer, Norway.
Amundsen, Theodore	Wagoner	128 E. Maine St., Cleveland, Ohio.
Anderson, Gustaf E.	Wagoner	Arnaud, Manitoba, Canada.
Andrew	Wagoner	Burlington, Kansas.
Beavers, John W.	Wagoner	364 Indian Road, Ontario, Canada.
Brown, Gordon C.	Wagoner	Wakensha, Kan. (R. F. D. No. 1.)
Bulkey, John L.	Wagoner	612 E. 3rd St., Alton, Ill.
Craig, Arch M.	Wagoner	216 N. 5th St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Dunlap, Robert	Wagoner	2112 N. 21st St., St. Louis, Ill.
Ford, Arthur B.	Wagoner	2848 Vincennes Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Hollenbach, Albert	Wagoner	1127 Maple St., Carthage, Mo.
Kelso, Winston H.	Wagoner	Thorndike, Mo. (R. F. D. No. 2.)
Ladd, Albert N.	Wagoner	2002 Ave. G, Council Bluffs, Iowa.
Neal, Benjamin F.	Wagoner	1813 S. Troop St., Chicago, Ill.
Ourada, Joseph	Wagoner	1835 W. 34th St., Chicago, Ill.
Schmitt, Thomas C.	Wagoner	1625 Elizabeth Ave., Wichita, Kansas.
Stolpe, Edward J.	Wagoner	159 Clemons St., Paducah, Ky.
Wait, Russell E.	Wagoner	1625 Elizabeth Av., Wichita, Kan.
Williams, Martin W.	Wagoner	Grant, Okla. (Box 231.)
Zogg, Robert F.	Wagoner	20th and Yankee St., Williamsburg, W. Va.
Albert, William J.	Private, 1c.	228 N. Lockwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Anderson, Colby	Private, 1c.	Atkin, Minn.
Baumring, Henry	Private, 1c.	1855 Clinton Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Berding, Hans L.	Private, 1c.	914 S. Mansfield Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Burgart, Walter C.	Private, 1c.	Iona, Iowa.
Burnell, Edmund C.	Private, 1c.	28 Exeter St., E. Hampton, Mass.
Cartwright, Henry W.	Private, 1c.	Lenore, Illinois.
Cerveny, Frank	Private, 1c.	1317 W. 20th St., Chicago, Ill.
Chacey, Ernest A.	Private, 1c.	Meridian, Kansas.
Connors, Allen	Private, 1c.	Dunville Plasentia, Newfoundland
Dafnos, John	Private, 1c.	Care of Great Northern Railway, Wilmar, Minn.
Daholik, Theodore	Private, 1c.	Zaluchia Perevoslo Ostrohl Volhynia, Russia.
Dyczewski, Alexander	Private, 1c.	8482 Commercial Ave., S. Chicago, Illinois.
Frizzino, Polo	Private, 1c.	12312 Fairview Ave., Cleveland, O.
Gribbon, William, Jr.	Private, 1c.	7531 Bennett St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hale, William N.	Private, 1c.	310 E. 70th St., New York, N. Y.
Hamlin, Ben	Private, 1c.	208 Naline St., Aberdeen, S. D.
Hansen, Ernie H.	Private, 1c.	Ashby, Minn.
Hines, Jesse James	Private, 1c.	Moss Point, Miss.
Hoffman, Isaac	Private, 1c.	148 Remwood Place, Chicago, Ill.
Irby, Wiley	Private, 1c.	Jenkins, New Mexico.
Kirby, Michael	Private, 1c.	Gen. Del. Rock, Mich.
Koch, Charles A.	Private, 1c.	2021 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.
Laskowski, Walter J.	Private, 1c.	1701 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Lee, Steven A.	Private, 1c.	2846 N. Richmond St., Chicago, Ill.
McDonald, Charles E.	Private, 1c.	Keota, Okla. (R. R. No. 2.)
Migus, Tony	Private, 1c.	759 W. 118th St., W. Pullman, Ill.
Mueller, Wilhelm H.	Private, 1c.	312 Hastings St., Park Ridge, Ill.
Mullaney, John T.	Private, 1c.	Mattawankeag, Maine.
Murphy, Albert F.	Private, 1c.	22 McKinley Ave., Norwich, Conn.
Osgood, Arthur W.	Private, 1c.	1410 Tanner Ave., Tanner, Conn.
Pyles, Oatis	Private, 1c.	607 John St., Joplin, Mo.
Rise, William A.	Private, 1c.	New Albany, Ind. (R. F. D. No. 4.)
Bitzer, Joseph A.	Private, 1c.	217 Maury St., Richmond, Va.
Robbins, William A.	Private, 1c.	West Swansey, N. H.

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Schewe, Fred.....	Private, 1c.....	4020 N. Kilpatrick Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
Sharp, Harry A.....	Private, 1c.....	318 W. 3rd St., Centralia, Ill.
Silberstein, Joseph.....	Private, 1c.....	1022 W. Taylor St., Chicago, Ill.
Smith, Clark M.....	Private, 1c.....	209 N. Caldwell St., Ft. Scott, Kan.
Sullivan, Thomas E.....	Private, 1c.....	Bondsville, Mass. (P. O. Box 96.)
Swazee, Dominik.....	Private, 1c.....	5422 S. Green St., Chicago, Ill.
Tinskis, John.....	Private, 1c.....	2952 Hamlin Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Tofte, Joseph.....	Private, 1c.....	Whitehall, Wis. (P. O. Box 258)
Walker, Reginald.....	Private, 1c.....	Laurel Springs, N. J.
Warner, Earl.....	Private, 1c.....	Sayer, Okla. (R. F. D. No. 3.)
Warnke, Edward F.....	Private, 1c.....	173rd and Loomis Sts., Hazel crest, Illinois.
Weber, Louis J.....	Private, 1c.....	4733 S. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Widney, William F.....	Private, 1c.....	Fay, Okla.
Yudikis, Simon.....	Private, 1c.....	2321 W. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill.
Alt, Bernard.....	Private.....	860 Riverside Drive, New York City, N. Y.
Anderson, Jorgen.....	Private.....	Atlantic, Iowa (Route No. 4.)
Banion, Leonard.....	Private.....	Erie, Ill. (Route No. 2.)
Bareta, Robert J.....	Private.....	83 Dakota St., Dorchester, Mass.
Barrino, Louis.....	Private.....	Salerno, Italy.
Barry, Edward.....	Private.....	2108 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.
Barry, George.....	Private.....	446 James St., Richmond Center, Wisconsin.
Barth, Norman W.....	Private.....	165 Morrell St., Rochester, N. Y.
Bergin, Joseph J.....	Private.....	1021 Montana St., Chicago, Ill.
Bernatz, Joseph V.....	Private.....	1846 Clifton Park Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
Blockwelder, Orie.....	Private.....	Shamrock, Okla.
Blade, Lyle.....	Private.....	131 E. 59th St., Chicago, Ill.
Brown, Herman.....	Private.....	44 Seigle St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buzzard, Michael F.....	Private.....	Ohley, W. Va.
Caldwell, George.....	Private.....	Pleasantville, Pa. (Route No. 2.)
Carmack, Miles M.....	Private.....	Desoto, Wis.
Chase, Victor C.....	Private.....	57 Lincoln St., Bath, Maine.
Christensen, John H.....	Private.....	Main St., Bradford, Ill.
Conger, John.....	Private.....	Greenfield, Ind.
Crawford, Lawrence.....	Private.....	Westport, Conn.
Dahl, Harold R.....	Private.....	563 N. Lawler Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Dango, Joseph.....	Private.....	Shelby, Miss.
Dausch, William T.....	Private.....	731 E. Gimber St., Indianapolis, Indiana.
Descheneaux, Charles.....	Private.....	12 Bonker St., Brunswick, Maine
De Vors, James L.....	Private.....	Oakwood, Ill.
Di Battista, John.....	Private.....	Castalbick, Calvassquila, Italy.
Dogherty, Walter T.....	Private.....	91 Rich St., Danvers, Mass.
Dunne, Owen J.....	Private.....	1318 E. Wilcox St., Joliet, Ill.
Eldridge, Ezra T.....	Private.....	McCaysburg, Ind.
Erskine, Edward.....	Private.....	7 Gerold St., Bath, Maine.
Fabish, Paul, Jr.....	Private.....	3932 N. Cicero Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Fisher, Francis E.....	Private.....	280 Ferry St., Everett, Mass.
Forrest, Dudley T.....	Private.....	Westbrook, Me. (R. F. D. No. 1.)
Gettier, William J.....	Private.....	2125 Webb St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Gevers, Charles H.....	Private.....	22 Malden St., Everett, Mass.
Girard, Edward J.....	Private.....	Metitheum, Essex County, Mass.
Goldstein, Harry.....	Private.....	1610 W. 13th St., Chicago, Ill.
Green, Jasper D.....	Private.....	Ashdown, Ark.
Hobbs, Roy E.....	Private.....	Osacus, Minn.
Holder, Clarence C.....	Private.....	1508 Silver St., Blythville, Ark.
Jackson, Ben.....	Private.....	1602 22nd St., Galveston, Texas.
Kapala, Joseph.....	Private.....	1304 Summit St., Joliet, Ill.
Karpowicz, Ledwilk.....	Private.....	1314 Prescott St., Chicago, Ill.
Keane, James J.....	Private.....	4812 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.
La Fluer, Armond A.....	Private.....	40 Williams St., North Hampton, Massachusetts.
La Flamme, J. Arthur.....	Private.....	222 Blake St., Lewiston, Maine.
Lester, Charles W.....	Private.....	3315 Stockton St., Richmond, Va.
Lindemann, William F.....	Private.....	4739 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Lord, Sherman T.....	Private.....	South Windham, Maine.
Maddocks, Ernest.....	Private.....	Washington, Maine.
Marshak, Mose R.....	Private.....	Westville, Ill.
McDonald, Albert B.....	Private.....	18 Stone St., Portland, Maine.
McDonald, Bernard F.....	Private.....	Maltyville, Long Island, N. Y.
Miller, Festus B.....	Private.....	Murleson, Texas.
Minotte, James D.....	Private.....	38 Deering Ave., Portland, Maine.
Minsburg, Thomas.....	Private.....	703 114th St., New York, N. Y.
Moon, Nelson.....	Private.....	Lockhart, Texas.
Mooney, Thomas L.....	Private.....	Stoutland, Cameron Co., Mo.
Nadulski, Joseph.....	Private.....	2414 W. Grace St., S. Bend, Ind.
Nelson, Harry E.....	Private.....	1128 Ardmore Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Nicastro, Bartholomew.....	Private.....	102 Gerry St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Plueis, John	Private	276 Elm St., Lawrence, Mass.
Rerzchina, Giuseppe	Private	8523 Guines St., Chicago, Ill.
Radcliff, Ralph L.	Private	30 Garfield St., Fall River, Mass.
Rayfeld	Private	1510 W. 71st Place, Chicago, Ill.
Riopel, Oliver	Private	99 N. Canterbury St., Worcester, Mass.
Roof, Clyde L.	Private	Camp Grove, Ill.
Rutter, Frank	Private	1256 Dickson St., Chicago, Ill.
Rybantd, John F.	Private	1445 Fell Place, Chicago, Ill.
Soprowowich, John	Private	110 Oak St., Waterbury, Conn.
Santen, George	Private	765 E. 214th St., New York, N. Y.
Scherer, Paul E.	Private	5227 Magnolia Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Schleif, Charles, Jr.	Private	28 Mare St., Rochester, N. Y.
Schultz, Otto	Private	3619 W. 57th Place, Chicago, Ill.
Sedberry, Elmer D.	Private	Abilene, Texas (Box 75, Route 6.)
Shapiro, Joseph	Private	1312 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.
Schaubel, Albert P.	Private	Lockport, Ill.
Smith, Paul L.	Private	1415 W. 26th St., Indianapolis, Indiana.
Stark, David	Private	1111 Junion St., Ottawa, Ill.
Sund, Oscar	Private	Highway, N. J.
Tarp, Frank	Private	2003 Elders St., Indiana Harbor, Indiana.
Thompson, Curtis I.	Private	Havensville, Kan. (R. F. D. 2.)
Tikulikas, Stanley	Private	Enthrone Ave., Kankakee, Ill.
Topceski, Victor	Private	Hatley, Wis.
Tourtelot, Irving	Private	33 Main St., Webster Mass.
Vaccaro, Joseph	Private	Considin, Italy.
Venard, Bert R.	Private	56 Richland Ave., Downers Grove, Illinois.
Weicht, Tony	Private	210 W. Franklin St., Evansville, Indiana.
Wolf, Joseph	Private	5483 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Womell, Arthur	Private	1314 Oakland St., Chicago, Ill.

BATTERY "E"

Ingersoll, Frank I.	Captain	1414 45th Ave., Sunset District, San Francisco, Cal.
Kofsky, Louis	1st Lieut.	2 Newport Road, Cambridge, Mass.
Provosty, Ledoux	1st Lieut.	New Roads, Louisiana.
Davis, David	2nd Lieut.	244 E. 5th St., Riverside, Cal.
Hannibal, August	2nd Lieut.	605 River St., Hoboken, N. J.
Bethschneider, Nicholas E.	1st Sergt.	515 20th St., Galveston, Texas.
Cole, Roy C.	Sup. Sergt.	2012 Common St., Houston, Tex.
Sigman, Frank W.	Mess. Sergt.	Spencer, N. C.
Garrett, Ellis D.	Sergeant	Blue Springs, Miss.
Harmon, Frank	Sergeant	Corpus Christi, Tex., R. F. D., 2.
Thompson, William C.	Sergeant	Lewiston, N. C.
Stewart, Roy E.	Sergeant	Orr Apts., Charlotte, N. C.
Swicgood, Richard R.	Sergeant	Salisbury, N. C., R. F. D., No. 1.
Shofner, Ancil C.	Sergeant	Cushing, Texas, R. F. D., No. 1.
Wagner, Charles	Sergeant	415 S. 2nd St., Wilmington, N. C.
Kuhn, Elmo R.	Sergeant	R. F. D., No A, Box 325, Houston Texas
Kittrell, Milford	Sergeant	R. F. D., No. 2, Cushing, Tex.
Thompson, James A.	Sergeant	R. F. D., No. 4, Arlington, Tex.
Hodges, William H.	Sergeant	904 Hemphill St., Ft. Worth, Tex.
Williams, Oscar T.	Sergeant	General Delivery, Galveston, Tex.
Hammett, William P.	Corporal	Palo, Ala.
Crary, Roy E.	Corporal	Brevard, N. C.
Weeks, Harry	Corporal	906 W. 4th St., Charlotte, N. C.
Matlock, Ben. P.	Corporal	R. F. D., No. 4, Austin, Tex.
Compton, Malon E.	Corporal	Lorraine, Tex.
Harrison, George H.	Corporal	Plymouth, N. C.
Kollman, Lester	Corporal	New Ulm, Texas.
Martzen, Harman	Corporal	Elpaso, Ill.
Pier, Mike C.	Corporal	301 E. Field Ave., San Antonio, Texas.
Brew, Vincent	Corporal	553 W. 10th St., Erie, Pa.
Crow, Arthur W.	Corporal	Abernathy, Tex.
Ranson, William B.	Corporal	Huntersville, N. C.
Meyer, Carl C. P.	Corporal	West Union, Ohio.
Hodgin, Irvin C.	Corporal	500 Arlington St., Greensboro, North Carolina.
Marable, Paul D.	Corporal	Clarksville, Tex.
Arnot, George A.	Corporal	1012 W. Central Ave., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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Veraschtert, Joseph.....	Corporal.....	R. F. D., No. 1, St. Charles, Ill.
Morren, Bill.....	Corporal.....	Gorman, Texas.
Spencer, Clarence I.....	Corporal.....	408 S&L Building, Des Moines, Iowa.
Baca, Bonifacio.....	Corporal.....	Gallup, New Mexico.
Stroming, John T.....	Corporal.....	171 29th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Williams, Elmer H.....	Corporal.....	R. F. D., No. 2, Rigby, Idaho.
Harn, Carroll D.....	Corporal.....	327 N. Kickapoo St., Shawnee, Oklahoma.
Nichols, Walter F.....	Corporal.....	728 Grant Ave., West Collingwood, New Jersey.
Boggs, John G.....	Mechanic.....	R. F. D., No. 3, Pilot Point, Tex.
Mitchell, Ollie C.....	Mechanic.....	Blue, Oklahoma.
Porter, Roy.....	Mechanic.....	Box 153, Miles, Texas.
Williams, Thomas H.....	Mechanic.....	R. F. D., No. 1, Mansfield, Tex.
Bailey, Grant W.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D. No. 1, Irving, Ill.
Bergman, Mervin H.....	Wagoner.....	1018 S. 6th St., Ave., West Virginia, Ill.
Blackman, Noah B.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D., No. 3, Georgetown, Tex.
Buchanan, Webb H.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D. No. 6, Bryan, Texas.
Burney, Howard D.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D., No. 3, Mart, Texas.
Burton, Richard C.....	Wagoner.....	Richmond, McHenry Co., Ill.
Couch, John L.....	Wagoner.....	Collington, Utah.
Eakin, Newell E.....	Wagoner.....	Carrier, Oklahoma, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 153.
Hoene, Stanley H.....	Wagoner.....	Batesville, Indiana.
James, William B.....	Wagoner.....	Herman, Oklahoma.
Johnson, Bryant.....	Wagoner.....	Decker, Indiana.
Pezzetti, John J.....	Wagoner.....	Box 347, Wakefield, Michigan.
Quinn, Orion T.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D., No. 3, Deport, Texas.
Sanders, William S.....	Wagoner.....	Belvedere Apts., Norfolk, Va.
Shields, William J.....	Wagoner.....	Alexander, Minnesota.
Smith, William.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D., No. 1, Lott, Texas Box 72.
Sullivan, Robert E.....	Wagoner.....	Nokodis, Ill.
Thadden, Henry J.....	Wagoner.....	Ohio, Nebraska.
Youngberg, Harold J.....	Wagoner.....	615 S. 8th St., La Crosse, Wis.
Swanson, William L.....	Cook.....	1104 S. Alamo St., San Antonio, Texas.
Bushert, Ralph E.....	Cook.....	601 W. Columbia St., Campaign, Illinois.
Scott, Billie E.....	Cook.....	R. F. D., No. 3, Lake Como, Miss.
Hyder, William T.....	Cook.....	Lone Wolf, Oklahoma.
Simmons, Phillip.....	Bugler.....	R. F. D., No. 3, Okmukee, Okla.
Adler, Myron P.....	Bugler.....	1517 School St., S. Bethlehem, Pa.
Long, Crawford G.....	Bugler.....	R. F. D., No. 1, Smith Station, Ala.
Anno, Charles F.....	Private, 1c.....	Williamsport, Indiana.
Anderson, Andrew A.....	Private, 1c.....	386 Thornton, Hammond, Ind.
Bellamy, Charles R.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D., No. 1, Grand Prairie, Texas.
Bentley, Cody B.....	Private, 1c.....	Chillicothe, Texas.
Bezek, John.....	Private, 1c.....	305 Cleveland Ave., Joliet, Ill.
Brewer, Horace G.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D., No. 8, Sneedville, Tenn.
Burllison, John F.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D., No. 1, Verona, Miss.
Carmichael, James E.....	Private, 1c.....	Killeen, Texas.
Caverly, John J.....	Private, 1c.....	27 Warren St., Harrington, Mass.
Clark, Basil E.....	Private, 1c.....	Hiteman, Iowa.
Clay, Milton R.....	Private, 1c.....	Strong City, Kansas.
Devoe, Charles J.....	Private, 1c.....	217 E. 29th St., New York, N. Y.
Downey, Herbert A.....	Private, 1c.....	Cambridge, Nebraska.
Farris, Curtice C.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D., No. 3, Box 27A, Hellis, Oklahoma.
Faulkner, Clarence H.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D. No. 1, Henderson, N. C.
Forecum, Albert M.....	Private, 1c.....	Oblong, Ill.
Garcia, David.....	Private, 1c.....	Carrizzo, New Mexico.
Grimes, William L.....	Private, 1c.....	4401 Emerald St., Chicago, Ill.
Grossman, Robert F.....	Private, 1c.....	3428 R $\frac{1}{4}$ St., Galveston, Texas.
Huetman, William, Jr.....	Private, 1c.....	2027 Main St., Peru, Ill.
Johnson, Raymond A.....	Private, 1c.....	Corpus Christi, Texas.
Johnson, Arthur R.....	Private, 1c.....	4726 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.
Jones, Jesse J.....	Private, 1c.....	124 W. Maine St., Ottumwa, Iowa.
Kelly, Charles.....	Private, 1c.....	
Kilpatrick, Thomas M.....	Private, 1c.....	Gallup, New Mexico.
Kirksey, Charles W.....	Private, 1c.....	Box 395, Humble, Texas.
Knezek, Alphonse.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D., No. 4, Schulenberg, Tex.
Martin, Robert D.....	Private, 1c.....	620 N. Blendo St., Los Angeles, Cal.
McCall, Homer C.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D., No. Flat Rock, S. C.
McGregor, Don A.....	Private, 1c.....	Jasper, Ala.
McSloy, Sidney A.....	Private, 1c.....	Fresno, Montana.
Michel, Fritz C.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D., No. 1, Hufsmith, Tex.

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Miller, John	Private, 1c.	307 Kerrigan Ave., West Hoboken, New Jersey.
Mire, Warren A.	Private, 1c.	Sunshine, La.
Morris, George L.	Private, 1c.	Brady, Texas.
Neal, Nold	Private, 1c.	6112 St. Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
Neault, Dona	Private, 1c.	309 Franklin St., Hancock, Ill.
Okrulik, Joseph V.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D., No. 1, Box 70, Flatonia, Texas.
Peruolo, Michel	Private, 1c.	581 Carroll St., Brooklyn, Ill.
Pitts, Grady Y.	Private, 1c.	Knippa, Texas.
Plumley, William E.	Private, 1c.	Box No. 4, Webster, Texas.
Pohl, Henry J.	Private, 1c.	Hallettsville, Texas.
Powell, Harold A.	Private, 1c.	35 Oak St., Jersey City, N. J.
Boe, Robert W.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D., No. 1, Chatsworth, Ga.
Rogers, Cuba C.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D., No. 5, Dyersburg, Tenn.
Rodkey, Willis	Private, 1c.	3947 Brown St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Rushing, Elmer	Private, 1c.	Mountainair, New Mexico.
Von Hebel, John H.	Private, 1c.	Neola, Iowa.
Affolter, Benjamin H.	Private	Merriem, Kansas.
Allred, Joe W.	Private	R. F. D., No. 2, Elk City, Okla.
Allen, Robert E.	Private	Box 2518, Globe, Arizona.
Altollo, John	Private	24 Bridge St., Amsterdam, N. Y.
Anderson, Samuel W.	Private	Virginia, Minnesota.
Bennett, Robert	Private	Yoktown Heights, New York, N. Y.
Bezdik, Joseph F.	Private	R. F. D., No. 2, Abbott, Texas.
Bocek, William	Private	2244 N. Bash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Boonyewig, Walter	Private	Kovno Lithania, Russia.
Bruner, Roy A.	Private	Hamlin, Texas.
Butler, John	Private	243 Clinton St., New York, N. Y.
Bryant, Byron B.	Private	Lake Village, Indiana.
Cammire, Walter J.	Private	Baylis, Ill.
Carter, James W.	Private	705 Belmont Ave., Grand Forks, North Dakota.
Cohagan, Clyde V.	Private	Milford, Texas.
Cook, William H.	Private	Wickliffe, Kentucky.
Cooke, John F.	Private	1600 Arapahoe St., Denver, Col.
Cooley, John W.	Private	Towraqua, Ill.
Council, Thomas	Private	Butler, Missouri.
Crabb, William E.	Private	R. F. D. No. 3, Ardmore, Tenn.
Crutchfield, Jack	Private	Bryson, Texas.
Curry, Harold N.	Private	R. F. D., No. 2, Gays, Ill.
Dauphin, Vernon N.	Private	Route No. 1, Hagoda, Ala.
Dicciacce, Gaitan	Private	95 Lorimer St., Rochester, N. Y.
Dilis, Joel	Private	808 S. Franklin St., Garrett, Ind.
Doebert, Frank W.	Private	Mascrutah, Ill.
Duffy, Frank J.	Private	817 32nd St., Galveston, Texas.
Fannick, George	Private	59 Lawrence St., Edwardsville, Pa.
Ferullo, John	Private	R. F. D., No. 1, Oneal, Texas.
Finney, William E.	Private	7 Richmond Ave., Woburn, Mass.
Foster, Thomas E.	Private	Lockney, Texas.
Gingras, Armand	Private	146 Jewett St., Lowell, Mass.
Glenn, Joseph F.	Private	Blue, Okla., Box No. 175.
Gravelle, Joseph F.	Private	2633 Halstead St., Chicago, Ill.
Griffay, Oliver V.	Private	Llano, Texas.
Hagenah, George H.	Private	R. F. D., No. 5, Quincy, Ill.
Hall, Malvin	Private	Venus, Texas.
Harrington, Felias	Private	Crowley, La.
Held, Norman S.	Private	35 Oak St., Silver Creek, N. Y.
Henwood, Willard B.	Private	144 Orchard St., Yonkers, N. Y.
Hilliard, Frank	Private	Fairplay, South Carolina.
Huling, James O.	Private	Hamlin, Texas.
Jones, Carl E.	Private	Rio, Wisconsin.
Joyer, Wilbur M.	Private	332 N. Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.
Deserf, Paul	Private	415 St. Paul St., Springfield, Ill.
Janzig, Ernest H.	Private	Guttenberg, Iowa.
Kynlon, Paul O.	Private	1935 Taylor St., Springfield, Mo.
Lawhun, John C.	Private	306 Dewey Ave., Normal, Ill.
Layton, Roland	Private	Wilcox, Pa.
Lincoln, Richard	Private	Florida, 6 E. of N St., Mobile, Ala.
Lyons, Leroy D.	Private	7431 Harvard Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mansfield, Patrick R.	Private	38 Front St., Nashua, N. H.
Merritt, George H.	Private	Center Point, Texas.
Muncy, Offie	Private	Atoka, Okla.
Meyers, Louis R.	Private	R. F. D., No. 1, Morris, Okla.
Nabors, Benjamin F.	Private	Box 142, Deleon, Texas.
Nail, Robert L.	Private	Iowa Park, Texas.
Oczkowski, Frederick	Private	330 Williams St., Harrison, N. J.
Orr, Albert	Private	Syracuse, Kansas.
Orsburn, Peter	Private	Griffeth, Indiana.
Patterson, Elbert E.	Private	Sparkman, Ark.

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Peterson, Roland F.	Private	Kingsley, Iowa.
Rabe, Herman C.	Private	Bleakwood, Texas.
Rauch, Edward G.	Private	Bellville, Ill.
Schneider, Louis.	Private	597 June St., Bridgeport, Conn.
Schwartz, Edward R.	Private	Box No. 75, R. F. D., No. 4, Hastings, Minnesota.
Schulz, Herman G.	Private	Warta, Texas.
Serowitz, Alexander.	Private	51 Forsythe St., New York, N. Y.
Sims, Obie L.	Private	Mobeetie, Texas.
Singel, John.	Private	Box 38, Barrenboro, Pa.
Stacy, William F.	Private	Decatur, Ill.
Stauffacher, Karl E.	Private	412 Anita St., Houston, Texas.
Steele, Louis.	Private	R. F. D., No. 1, Carbondale, Ill.
Talina, Albert.	Private	116 W. 3rd St., Spring Valley, Ill.
Taylor, Walter F.	Private	R. F. D., No. 1, Shenandoah, Va.
Teeter, Jake W.	Private	Sayre, Pa.
Tobler, Lawrence L.	Private	R. F. D., No. 5, Mitchell, S. D.
Tucker, Bede O.	Private	Hutchinson, Minn.
Tornow, Edward W.	Private	R. F. D., No. 3, Walnut, Ill.
Turner, Louis A.	Private	R. F. D., No. 8, Danville, Ill.
Twitchell, William G.	Private	Correll, Minn.
Van Horn, Harry C.	Private	Dalhart, Texas.
Vicorsky, Arthur.	Private	106 Elmo St., Dorchester, Mass.
Walker, Jakie.	Private	Buffalo, Texas.
Ward, Eugene C.	Private	R. F. D., No. 4, Red Oak, Iowa.
Wilder, Avis G.	Private	Lillington, North Carolina.
Williams, Will K.	Private	R. F. D., No. 1, Saginaw, Texas.
Worley, Odie F.	Private	3515 James St., Omaha, Neb.
Wright, John F.	Private	Gageby, Texas.
Yasinski, Joseph F.	Private	R. F. D., No. 1, Glenmore, Oneida County, New York.
Yaste, Fred M.	Private	Williamsport, Ind.

BATTERY "F"

La Fitte, John H.	Captain	Ridge Springs, S. C.
Relieved from duty with battery upon receipt of orders for the regiment to prepare to return to the U. S.		
Spear, William D.	Captain	2720 Creston Ave., New York, N. Y.
Heffner, Chas. B.	1st Lieut.	Cuero, Texas.
McCarter, George W. C.	1st Lieut.	270 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
Weitzner, Fred.	2nd Lieut.	39 Water St., Torrington, Conn.
Hampton, Frank.	2nd Lieut.	Lykesand, S. C.
Rusell, Byron A.	1st Sergeant	Carrol, Iowa.
Fox, Raymond L.	Mess Sergt.	4504 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
Cahill, Frank A.	Supply Sergt.	Tipton, Cal.
Mullins, Martin H.	Sergeant	R. F. D., 4, Spartanburg, S. C.
Grant, Donald B.	Sergeant	1630 Locust St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Wilson, Luther C.	Sergeant	201 Lois St., Greenville, S. C.
Weeks, Max F.	Sergeant	Salem, Iowa.
Hughey, William J.	Sergeant	Dayton, Wyo.
Johnson, Charles B.	Sergeant	21 S. 66 Ave., West Duluth, Minn.
Adams, George M.	Sergeant	1514 Clinton Ave., Sioux City, Iowa.
Sowell, Thornwell F.	Sergeant	Chesterfield, S. C.
Isaacson, George B.	Sergeant	7235 Ellwood Ave., Chicago, II.
Judkins, William C.	Sergeant	Midway, Kansas.
Forbes, Willis F.	Sergeant	Whitestone, S. C.
Forbes, Willis F.	Sergeant	3618 Garretson Ave., Sioux City, Iowa.
Looney, James K.	Corporal	Kansas, Okla.
Michael, Clyde R.	Sergeant	La Verne, Cal.
Proudfoot, John	Corporal	1620 Capital Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.
Schraeder, Henry J.	Corporal	Cadagan, Alberta, Canada.
Henderson, Clarence.	Corporal	64 W. Colo. St., Pasadena, Cal.
Smeby, Warren.	Corporal	901 7th St., Sioux City, Iowa.
Driggers, Oscar.	Corporal	Many, La.
Reynolds, George H.	Corporal	505 Pettigree St., Greenville, S. C.
Booth, William D.	Corporal	11 Dooley St., Hawkinsville, Ga.
Norerg, Paul L.	Corporal	326 Minn. St., Sioux S. Dak.
Bukley, Chas. F.	Corporal	Cantio, Cal.
Annan, Herbert L.	Corporal	Shirley Hotel, Denver, Col., Care of Mrs. Edwin Keith.
Kimple, Virgil R.	Corporal	7204 S. 23d St., St. Joseph, Mo.
Brady, Harry E.	Corporal	137 Wright St., La Salle, Ill.

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Meyer, Nathaniel.....	Corporal.....	1520 S. Nicholas Ave., New York, N. Y.
Stadler, Louis.....	Corporal.....	Hollowayville, Ill.
Madux, Joseph H.....	Corporal.....	Santa Rosa, Cal.
Johnson, John A.....	Corporal.....	468 Conn. St., San Francisco, Cal.
Sage, George.....	Corporal.....	Willows, Cal.
Johnson, Herbert A.....	Corporal.....	Baxter Springs, Kan.
Little, John.....	Corporal.....	357 Texas St., San Francisco, Cal.
Sams, Andrew.....	Corporal.....	Chesne, S. C.
Garber, Lloyd.....	Corporal.....	516 N. Hastings Ave., Hastings, Nebraska.
White, Franklin A.....	Corporal.....	Summerville, Texas.
Anderson, Clarence L.....	Cook.....	R. F. D., 1, Loveland, Iowa.
Quaife, Harry E.....	Cook.....	Louisiana, Mo.
Tong, Jew S.....	Cook.....	653 Main St., Calusa, Cal.
Simmett, Chas. F.....	Cook.....	Llewellyn, Pa.
Johnson, William M., Jr.....	Mechanic.....	22 Weeks Ave., Santa Cruz, Cal.
Farley, Eugene P.....	Mechanic.....	1724 J St., Lincoln, Neb.
Fawbush, James R.....	Mechanic.....	R. F. D., 1, Little York, Ind.
Smith, Abner.....	Mechanic.....	714 Hawthorne St., S. Pasadena, California.
Akeson, Karl A.....	Wagoner.....	985 Minn. Ave., Portland, Ore.
Cartwright, Grover C.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D., 2, Detroit, Minn.
Corley, William D.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D., 4, Many, La.
Dux, John J.....	Wagoner.....	4022 La Verne Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Faber, Floyd O.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D., 1, Box 19, San Luis Obispo, Cal.
Greenburg, Harold.....	Wagoner.....	607 Waller St., San Francisco, California.
Hendry, George F.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D., 3, Santa Barbara, Cal.
Holmes, Chas. E.....	Wagoner.....	1106 S. Washington St., Wellington, Kansas.
Jefferies, Menzo C.....	Wagoner.....	Mullhall, Okla.
Kelley, Burdette A.....	Wagoner.....	129 East Ave., 58 Los Angeles, California.
Mason, Perr H.....	Wagoner.....	R. F. D., 2, Billings, Okla.
Moore, Alfred L.....	Wagoner.....	Wellford, S. C.
Preacher, Lonnee.....	Wagoner.....	Lelon, Texas.
Shelly, Leon M.....	Wagoner.....	Minburn, Iowa.
Skidmore, Arthur P.....	Wagoner.....	454 Crawford St., Fort Worth, Texas.
Smith, Willie M.....	Wagone.....	Box 475, Morehead, Minn.
Snider, Dewey W.....	Wagoner.....	Clearwater, Nebraska.
Sparks, Ralph B.....	Wagoner.....	320 W. North St., Decatur, Ill.
Tognazzini, Romeo L. E.....	Wagoner.....	Guadalupe, Cal.
Jones, Roland L.....	Bugle.....	118 Oak St., Gafney, S. C.
Summerville, Herbert.....	Bugler.....	Moab, Utah.
Burton, Earl L.....	Bugler.....	S. Strand Water St., West Brook, Maine.
Aageson, Carlo.....	Private, 1c.....	3350 S. 19th St., S. Omaha, Neb.
Adams, Harry S.....	Private 1c.....	Palana, Texas.
Bar, Lewis R.....	Private, 1c.....	Chadwick, Mo.
Benson, Paul B.....	Private, 1c.....	Lake Park, Iowa.
Blarsdell, Ernest L.....	Private, 1c.....	Michaelson, Michigan.
Bright, Orville.....	Private, 1c.....	1339 Hughes St., Cincinnati, O.
Brown, Rexford.....	Private, 1c.....	Aid, Ohio.
Bryant, Gus L.....	Private, 1c.....	Wayne, Okla.
Chapel, Albert.....	Private, 1c.....	Houston, Minn.
Christianson, Paul W.....	Private, 1c.....	Bruce, Wis.
Conkin, Leonard L.....	Private, 1c.....	Green City, Mo.
Cogwell, David W.....	Private, 1c.....	French Lick, Ind.
Cudd, Henry E.....	Private, 1c.....	S. Church St., Spartanburg, S. C.
Eliopoulos, John.....	Private, 1c.....	1337 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Illinois.
Ellsworth, Ora C.....	Private, 1c.....	Chinook, Mont.
Erickson, Willie B.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D., 7, Decorah, Iowa.
Farquhar, Eddie O.....	Private, 1c.....	N. Cucamonga, Cal.
Gregory, Munsey.....	Private, 1c.....	Prague, Okla.
Griffith, George E.....	Private, 1c.....	806 6th St., Fort Madison, Iowa.
Harris, Garner.....	Private, 1c.....	Erin, Tenn.
Heinsohn, W. G.....	Private, 1c.....	5020 N. Winchester Ave., Chicago, Illinois.
Heitton, Earl.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D., 3, Forum, Okla.
Hollingsworth, Denver R.....	Private, 1c.....	S. Main St., Lynn, Ind.
Hunter, Samuel P.....	Private, 1c.....	Bradley, Cal.
Hutton, Edwin J.....	Private, 1c.....	Lake City, Iowa.
Jones, John S.....	Private, 1c.....	Chenoa, Ill.
Kacena, Joe, Jr.....	Private, 1c.....	R. F. D., No. 2, Walker, Iowa.
Lamb, Willard.....	Private, 1c.....	Merrit Apt., Kewanee, Ill.
Larson, Corenlus.....	Private, 1c.....	Box 75, Stevenson, Cal.
Lawless, Jamse B.....	Private, 1c.....	243 San Jose Ave., San Francisco, California.

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Lister, Ferris B.	Private, 1c.	Greer, S. C.
Lowe, Lafayette	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. 50, Ottumwa, Iowa.
Miller, John S.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. 2, Patton, Pa.
Nash, Chester D.	Private, 1c.	Eskridge, Kansas.
Nelson, Harry V.	Private, 1c.	Aberdeen, Washington.
Olesen, George W.	Private, 1c.	282 Page St., Portland, Ore.
Olsom, Sigward	Private, 1c.	Cameron, Wis.
Paradis, Chas. H.	Private, 1c.	Benlomond, Cal.
Plemmons, William E.	Private, 1c.	Visalia, Cal.
Powell, Ralph J.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. 6, Whitesboro, Tex.
Riggs, Howard L.	Private, 1c.	1815 Marshal St., Boone St., Iowa.
Sangur, Florian J.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. 1, Noble, Iowa.
Schroeder, Leonard L.	Private, 1c.	2126 Ind. Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Sejervik, Conrad	Private, 1c.	5925 Lexington St., Duluth, Minn.
Smith, Dolphus E.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. 1, Campobello, S. C.
Stevenson, Adlai R.	Private, 1c.	Notisulga, Ala.
Strain, Sylvester Y.	Private, 1c.	R. F. D. 5, Box 186, Tulsa, Okla.
Vaniotes, Ahille K.	Private, 1c.	Hillsborough, Rt. 6, Edwardsville, Illinois.
Wheeler, Earl	Private, 1c.	202 Mansfield St., Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin.
Adair, Floyd O.	Private.	Box 142, Westville, Okla.
Albergl, Frank	Private	868 Union St., San Francisco, California
Baker, Ramon E.	Private.	231 West D St., Kingman, Kan.
Bevens, George L.	Private.	Magnus, Ark.
Birnelli, Andrew	Private.	519 Fitch St., Longanport, Ind.
Blue, Arthur	Private.	701 Market St., Red Oak, Iowa.
Bogue, Wilmot L.	Private.	Poquonock Bridge, Conn.
Bratcher, John W.	Private.	R. F. D. 2, Narrows, Conn.
Carlton, George W.	Private.	Roosevelt, Okla.
Chappell, Arthur B.	Private.	Tecumseh, Okla.
Clark, Edward E.	Private.	Suplee, Oregon.
Courington, Carl F.	Private.	Howe, Okla.
Cordell, John F.	Private.	1334 West 22nd St., Indianapolis, Indiana.
Cordine, Jos.	Private.	Front Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Davis, Ulysses S.	Private.	435 Rush St., Pueblo, Colo.
Dennis, Timothy T.	Private.	409 Main St., Viroqua, Wis.
Denzler, Harry	Private.	Carlton, Minn.
Dingle, Moses	Private.	524 N. Chestnut St., Kewanee, Illinois.
Eastham, Sheridan	Private.	Beers, Okla.
Foor, James D.	Private.	R. F. D. 8, Rochester, Ind.
Fullenwider, Samuel L.	Private.	Iola, Kansas.
Fulton, Clifton E.	Private.	Russeville, Ala.
Garrett, Robert L.	Private.	Miami, Okla.
Gjestvang, Einer	Private.	International Falls, Minn.
Graves, Sidney	Private.	Martinsburg, Iowa.
Heinsen, August H.	Private.	Sebastopol, Cal.
Henderson, Ralph W.	Private.	R. F. D. 1, Woodriver, Neb.
Hines, Clarence	Private.	2010 McElroy St., Anniston, Ala.
Hungerford, George E.	Private.	325 S. Sylvan St., Emporia, Kan.
Hurt, Grady H.	Private.	R. F. D. 2, Norman, Okla.
Hutto, John H.	Private.	Fitzgerald, Ga.
Johnson, Fred O.	Private.	426 Thistle Ave., Ironmountain, Michigan.
Jones, Arthur E.	Private.	Montague, Cal.
Kale, Morris J.	Private.	281 S. Indiana Ave., Kankakee, Illinois.
Karlson, Peter A.	Private.	Slayer, Minn.
Kebecoeaux, Theophile	Private.	Gravley, La.
Keller, Martin	Private.	R. F. D. 1, Box 80, Covington, Indiana.
Kellick, William E.	Private.	Grovertown, New Hampshire.
Kennedy, William M.	Private.	11 and 13 Corso St., Nebraska City, Neb.
Kruse, Roy B.	Private.	Manning, Iowa.
Leahy, James J.	Private.	801 Washington St., Lincoln, Nebraska.
Lee, George D.	Private.	R. F. D. 1, Morrison, Okla.
Leppi, August A.	Private.	R. F. D. 1, Box 7, Cook, Minn.
McCabe, Edward L.	Private.	6 St., Tracy, Wis.
Maers, Frank R.	Private.	R. F. D. 2, Crete, Neb.
Markuson, Peter	Private.	Proctor, Minn.
Mauldin, Paul L.	Private.	327 High St., Memphis, Tenn.
Mazzie, James	Private.	38 Tracy N. E. Pittsfield, Mass.
Meyer, Ludwick M.	Private.	1206 W. 87th St., Los Angeles, California.
Michael, Wilfred M.	Private.	La Verne, California.

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Miller, George E.	Private.	Shefield, Ill.
Miller, Ralph H.	Private.	R. F. D., 1, Trenton, Utah.
Neel, Oscar W.	Private.	Box 163, Fowler, Cal.
Nettles, Dewitt.	Private.	Candan, Ala.
Newton, Emerson.	Private.	Velma, Neb.
Nicholi, Montie.	Private.	128 S. Stanislaus St., Stockton, California.
Nicholas, John L.	Private.	Y. M. C. A., Los Angeles, Cal.
Nielson, Nielsy Y.	Private.	62 S. Lodge St., Omaha, Neb.
Nilson, Earnest G. A.	Private.	2192 Vicksburg Ave., Oakland, California.
O'Conner, Batholu.	Private.	R. F. D., 5, Attawa, Ill.
Ohannesian, Humige.	Private.	R. F. D., 1, Box 142, Fresno, Cal.
Oliver, James H.	Private.	Cherokee, S. C.
Ostrander, Roymond D.	Private.	Arkansas City, Kansas.
Pattyn, Remi.	Private.	4208 and X St., Omaha, Neb.
Phillips, Chester E.	Private.	Bishop, Texas.
Polier, Jese.	Private.	208 Grant St., Oskosh, Wis.
Purvis, Gilbert.	Private.	Albany, Okla.
Reynolds, Herbert C.	Private.	Ashburn, Ga.
Reynolds, Jesse.	Private.	Tony, Ala.
Richards, Eugene P.	Private.	1831 Jackson, Dubuque, Iowa.
Richards, Eugene F.	Private.	La Vene, Arizona.
Riche, Herman C.	Private.	Buda, Texas.
Rusk, Duward D.	Private.	Nacadoches, Texas.
Russell, Felix I.	Private.	Forth Worth, Texas.
Schroeder, Walter A.	Private.	R. F. D., 2, Carmi, Texas.
Settles, Edgar L.	Private.	Box 96, Nanibal, Mo.
Sevigney, Clifford A.	Private.	Chester, Conn.
Schaffer, Leroy.	Private.	Fall River Mills, Cal.
Sheehan, James.	Private.	Caledonia, Minn.
Shelton, Arthur.	Private.	Wayne, Okla.
Simmons, Leo J.	Private.	Morgan, La.
Simmons, Ulis I.	Private.	R. F. D., 1, Fort Worth, Texas.
Skoler, Harry.	Private.	968 Bleeker St., Utica, N. Y.
Smallen, Charles.	Private.	Bvers, Col.
Smith, Carlton E.	Private.	4217 Spencer St., Seattle, Wash.
Solomon, Jasper D.	Private.	Pittsburg, Texas.
Spangle, Chas. M.	Private.	Red Bluff, Cal.
Spearman, James C.	Private.	R. F. D., 2, Pelzer, S. C.
Stinnett, John T.	Private.	R. F. D., 5, Box 10, Fort Worth, Texas.
Talk, Lang M.	Private.	Woodward, Texas.
Thomas, John F.	Private.	R. F. D., No. 3, Cedar Hill, Texas.
Thomas, Wilbur A.	Private.	Louisville, Miss.
Tomasini, Giuseppen.	Private.	98 Lavont St., San Francisco, California.
Vartanini, Sisak.	Private.	500 L St., Fresno, Cal.
Vinsette, Oren E.	Private.	119 Oak St., Gafney, S. C.
Wescom, Burton W.	Private.	Edmunds, North Dakota.
White, Hobert.	Private.	R. F. D., 11, Mitchell, Ind.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Adams, Nathan J.	Franklin, La.
Ainsworth, Harry G.	Kentland, Indiana.
Anderson, Brooks H.	354 Ward Ave., Norfolk, Va.
Anderson, Harold B.	Cambridge, Illinois.
Anderson, Samuel H.	405 S. East St., Monmouth, Ill.
Andrews, Robert A.	Ponta, Texas.
Ansell, Raymond H.	Oxford, New Hampshire.
Attaway, Oliver N.	Junction City, Ark.
Baker, John F.	62 George St., Roxbury, Mass.
Baker, Marvin P.	Fort Worth, Texas.
Barnard, Clark M.	2604 Mulberry Ave., Muscatine, Iowa.
Baudoin, Oliver.	Phoebus, Va.
Becker, Herbert C.	343 Beltrade Ave., Mankato, Minn.
Beveridge, David.	Thurber, Texas.
Bloss, Herman F.	Canadensis, Pa.
Bolton, Roland O.	Hastings, Mich.
Brading, Albert J. D.	Gibson City, Illinois.
Braideis, Leo D.	133 W. 113th St. New York, N. Y.
Branic, Peter.	Madera, Pa.
Breslin, George W.	Woburn, Mass.
Brewer, Collier M.	St. Stephens, Ala.
Bridges, Marvin R.	2211 Park Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Burgett, Wm. D.	Minilla, Ark.

STORY OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH 161

Busekrus, Adolph A.	Okawville, Illinois.
Callahan, Frederick	41 Harrison Ave., Woburn, Mass.
Campbell, David P.	Norwalk, Conn.
Carter, Hugh A.	DeQueen, Ark.
Carson, Wm. D.	3230 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Casper, James E.	Meeriam, Kansas.
Chumbley, Robert	717 Spies Ave., Menominee, Mich.
Cherney, Wenzell J.	424 Franklin St., East Boston, Mass.
Ciarde, Peter	Whiteright, Texas.
Clark, Chas. E.	Canandaigua, N. Y.
Clark, Clarence L.	Glidden, Wis.
Clark, Wm. J.	New Milford, Conn.
Clement, John W.	Lonoke, Ark.
Cobb, Harry	Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y.
Collins, Daniel J.	1161 Orme Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Colpitts, Harold	Woodland, Maine.
Corbett, Joseph M.	126 Bridge St., Beverly, Mass.
Corwin, Paul	148 Hemendway, Boston, Mass.
Danis, Arthur H.	301 Spruce St., Manchester, N. H.
Day, Alvah I.	South Hamilton, Mass.
Day, Elmer L.	Bellflower, Illinois.
Delong, Henry L.	Nemaha, Neb.
Delony, Lawson L.	2407 Louisiana St., Little Rock, Ark.
Demeiree, Harry A.	2019 Hammond Ave., Superior, Wis.
DeRosa, Alfred	604 E. Fayette St., Edmeston, N. Y.
Deshautreaux, Emile	Kenner, La.
Dewey, Roy R.	Cleero, Ind.
Dickey, Frank	Nymore, Minn.
Dobbs, Glenn H.	1231 Scrow St., Webb City, Mo.
Doherty, Frederick	48 Orchard St., City Island, N. Y.
Dorris, Eugene L.	Longview, Texas.
Draghi, Albert A.	1118 1st Ave., New York, N. Y.
Finnie, Jesse	Equality, Illinois.
Foraker, Clarence W.	St. David, Illinois.
Frazier, Otis	Upland, Ind.
Gaddy, Luther K.	1267 Calder St., Beaumont, Texas.
Gambel, Fred A.	New Orleans, La.
Garrett, Ray M.	2037 Seminary Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gehlert, Hans B.	Greene, Iowa.
Gheen, Robert W.	207 Calvert St., Jersey Shore, Pa.
Gilbert, Cloy	Perry, Iowa.
Hafner, Carl F.	Minden, Iowa.
Hanley, Cornelius B.	Reiffs Bluff, Ark.
Hanley, Wm. E.	31 Decatur St., Charlestown, Mass.
Harmeson, Rollie R.	805 1-2 E. Green St., Urbana, Ill.
Harrington, Alton	Broadway, N. C.
Heninger, John	457 18th Ave., Newark, N. J.
Heschum, Geo. T.	154 Bussy St., E. Dedham, Mass.
Heyden, Adolph O.	149 Montgomery Ave., Irvington, N. J.
Hirsch, Phillip S.	620 Lexington Ave., San Antonio, Tex.
Hollingshead, Ami J.	114 Main St., Joplin, Mo.
Holt, John M.	Pineknot, Ky.
Howe, Wm. M.	30 Clinton Ave., Canton, N. Y.
Hoyt, Fred C.	Amesbury, Mass.
Hunter, Chas.	1081 Jersey St., Boston, Mass.
Huval, Eddie E.	203 St. Charles Ave., Lafayette, La.
Israelson, Erich R.	Rockford, Ill.
Jobson, Chas.	East Stony Point, N. Y.
Jones, Arthur H.	Lawrence, Mass.
Jones, Harold N.	60 Central Ave., Peabody, Mass.
Joseph, Hugh P.	169 W. Buchtel Ave., Akron, Ohio.
Joyce, John P.	Newtonville, Mass.
Kelley, Thomas J.	324 Cherry St., Elizabeth, N. J.
Kelser, Leo A.	Shamokin, Pa.
King, Clyde B.	Millport, Ala.
Kinney, Robt. N.	3217 Windsor Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
Kittelson, Jens K.	South Superior, Wis.
Knoll, Henry W.	Morton, Ill.
Koss, Henry F.	Strawn, Ill.
Kress, Julius V.	564 N. Hampden St., Buffalo, N. Y.
Kuse, Walter H.	3712 N. 25th St., St. Louis, Mo.
LaGuardia, Leonardo	30 Thompson St., New York, N. Y.
Laird, Warren S.	4136 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Laitman, Wm.	120 N. Mott Ave., Waukegan, Ill.
Landgren, Garrett M.	Meadowlands, Minn.
Landrieux, Alfred	Westville, Ill.
Lavaway, Edmund J.	Presque Isle, Maine
Leberman, Louis L.	79 Abbott Ave., Waterbury, Conn.
Lebzelter, Paul H.	330 E. New St., Lancaster, Pa.
Lee, Lindsey M.	Wimauma, Fla.
Leugers, John J.	170 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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LeGrand, Alfred E.	162 W. Newton St., Boston, Mass.
Levey, Sol	284 E. Ferry Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Levy, Benjamin	296 E. Market St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Lingbeck, Lyman	Jeffers, Minn.
Long, John D.	Morgans-Mill, Texas.
Dremann, Gilbert H.	Princeton, Illinois.
Dunn, John F.	Cambridge, Mass.
Feiger, Wm. L.	Albany, Ind.
Lowney, Joseph P.	21 Beacon Ave., Providence, R. I.
Marenco, Elmer H.	1426 E. Howard Ave., Biloxi, Miss.
Mathieson, John	724 Williams St., Trenton, N. J.
Mattson, Wm. E.	Montreal, Wis.
McCartney, Justin R.	303 4th St., St. Clair, Mich.
McCarthy, Joseph E.	30 E. Wildey St., Tarrytown, N. Y.
McClure, Finis	Winslow, Ind.
McClure, Wm. J.	750 Campbell Ave., West Haven, Conn.
McCollum, Foris T.	Gatesville, Texas.
McClelland, James A.	Pelham, Georgia.
McBride, Roy D.	Beaumont, Texas.
McDonald, Richard F.	1208 W. 8th St., Austin, Texas.
Mero, Arthur	East Grand Forks, Minn.
Meyer, Edward	2963 Fairbanks Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Mihalek, Martin E.	1710 S. 2nd St., St. Louis, Mo.
Mitchell, Homer B.	Durham, Cal. (Butte Co.).
Moore, Francis L.	Martinsville, Ind.
Morgan, James H.	604 E. Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y.
Muras, Frank J.	Hallettsville, Texas.
Myrhvold, Robert J.	Chinook, Mont.
Nagy, Louis	Monongahela, Pa.
Nobles, James R.	1130 W. 25th St., Oklahoma City, Okla.
Novak, Charles	Carbonhill, Illinois.
Opperman, Walter W.	Piper City, Ill.
Oprendek, Joseph S.	101 Palisade Ave., Garfield, N. J.
Ortman, Frank B.	San Francisco, Cal.
Peabody, Fred S.	604 Essex St., Lynn, Mass.
Pierson, Wm. L.	Ranger, Texas.
Perry, Walter O.	277 Pequot Ave., New London, Conn.
Peterson, Chauncey A.	225 W. 25th St., Duluth, Minn.
Polleit, Arthur E.	3222 Armittage Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Pozzi, Nazare	Toluca, Ill.
Postma, Samuel	1137 Broadway Av., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Presson, Oscar	627 Teller Ave., Grand Junction, Colo.
Price, Myron H.	Liberty, Kansas.
Reilly, James T.	669 Courtland Ave., New York, N. Y.
Reynolds, Edward W.	Westfield, N. Y.
Rigdon, Bernard	Westville, Ill.
Rives, John R.	422 W. Front St., Statesville, N. C.
Robbins, Donald S.	424 E. Main St., Battle Creek, Mich.
Rogers, Robert R.	Nowata, Okla.
Meidinger, Albert	342 E. 53rd St., New York, N. Y.
Milligan, Rich	Lumberton, N. C.
Roth, Albert H.	Fairmont, Ill.
Rue, Geo. F.	423 W. 6th St., Sioux Falls, S. D.
Rumble, Andrew	137 Scott St., Westville, Ill.
Sanderson, Hugar B.	Ridgefarm, Ill.
Sanderson, Jesse H.	1022 S. Main St., Elkart, Ind.
Schleicher, Edward	128 Claremont Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
Schroeter, Mark L.	DeQueen, Ark
Sholes, Ernest T.	1118 Montpelier St., Springfield, Mass.
Sides, Wm. F.	Thrall, Texas.
Simmons, Grover C.	Haskell, Texas.
Smith, Arthur E.	254 16th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Smith, Prescott W.	Danielson, Conn.
Sneed, Everett N.	Carrier Mills, Ill.
Spaulding, Burnie H.	Livingston, W. Va.
Spears, Thomas	Bethpage, Tenn.
Speicher, Leo F.	325 Phillips Ave., Carrick, Pa.
Sollars, Joseph E.	Gayuga, Ind.
Stafford, James H., Jr.	126 West St., Reading, Mass.
Staller, Clifford D.	Schuylkill Haven, Pa
Stawas, Stanley G.	34 Indian Leap St., Indian Orchard, Mass.
Stefus, Steven	Stamford, Conn.
Stelmets, Urban L.	Tiffin, Ohio.
Sullivan, Geo. G.	49 Central Ave., Ossining, N. Y.
Surette, Frank G.	Waltham, Mass.
Sweeney, Patrick J.	South Boston, Mass.
Thompson, Wilson L.	Lonoke, Ark.
Tibbott, Edward W.	15 Drummond Ave., Chevy Chase, D. C.
Vincent, Alfred T.	Plainfield, Conn.
Vincent, Irwin S.	Topeka, Kans.
Vitt, Gustave A.	Fort Monroe, Va.

STORY OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH 163

Vitt, Walter A.	145 N. Ellwood Av., Baltimore, Md.
Wachsberger, Sigmund.	Fort McKnley, Maine.
Wagner, Kay P.	Moulton, Texas.
Wallace, Orville E.	Walnut, Ill.
Walpole, Lloyd P.	South Whitley, Ind.
Walrath, Jay E.	LaFargeville, N. Y.
Walters, Frank L.	Fairmont, Ill.
Wilde, Henry A.	4117 Annunciation St., New Orleans, La.
Wilkey, Leonard.	Chillicothe, Ill.
Winterer, Chas. A.	3429 Oregon Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Winters, Frederick B.	2605 Central Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Wolfsberger, Fred J.	64 12th St., Norwich, Conn.
Wood, DeWitt.	206 Highland Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Wright, Allen.	Dwight, Ill.
Wright, French.	Oxford, Ala.
Zahradka, Francis X.	Granton, Wis.
Zeller, Rudolph.	185 Lawrence St., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
Zervas, Chas. M.	Peabody, Mass.
Unthank, Elzie R.	San Francisco, Cal.
Oliver, Clarence M.	care of Great Northern Ry., Rugby, N. D.
Worrell, Glenn E.	Roberts, Ill.
Weber, August.	2827 Ave. P., Galveston, Texas.
Unthank, Elzie R.	Princeton, Ind.
Brider, Carl W.	Captain15 W. 22nd St., Savannah, Ga.
Farrar, Christy M.	1st Lieut.318 Granite Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Florence, Edwin.	1st Lieut.161 Livingston Av., New Brunswick, N.J.
Greenwood, Donald B.	1st Lieut. Hotel Majestic, New York, N. Y.
Taylor, H. Vincent.	1st Lieut.Kemlworth, Ill.
Barnett, James M.	2nd Lieut.427 Boyd Ave., Baton Rouge, La.
Harvey, John A.	2nd Lieut.580 Ocean Ave., New London, Conn.
Keyes, Clinton W.	2nd Lieut.Monterey, Mass.
McDonald, Lester.	2nd Lieut.420 4th St., Virginia, Minn.
Pierce, Harold L.	2nd Lieut.157 West Pasadena St., Pomona, Cal.
Spielman, Jesse E.	2nd Lieut.Gillette, Wyoming.
Weiser, Richard M.	2nd Lieut.226 Pine St., Holyoke, Mass.

MEDICAL DETACHMENT

McDonald, B. L.	Major	Washburn, Tenn.
Piper, E. D.	Lieut.	Jerome, Idaho.
Hall, Albert S.	Sergt. 1c.	Plainwell, Mich.
Griner, Alden S.	Sergeant	New Salem, Ind.
Kennedy, Ray.	Sergeant.	187 E. 7th St., Columbus, O.
Hinrichs, Frank C.	Private, 1c.	Rural Route No. 1, Springfield, Ill.
Howland, Marion W.	Private, 1c.	Pike County, Pittsfield, Ill.
Huff, Earthy E.	Private, 1c.	R. R. No. 1, Rockbridge, Ill
Jamison, George.	Private, 1c.	R. R. No. 1, Waddy, Ky.
Kincannon, John P.	Private, 1c.	R. R. No. 1, Vienna, Ill.
Kindred, Charles V.	Private, 1c.	R. R. No. 1, Winchester, Ky.
Hicks, Orval E.	Private 1c.	Drake, Ill.
Hood, Oscar W.	Private 1c.	Woodbine, Ky., R. R. No. 1.
Johnson, Clifford.	Private 1c.	Fieldon, Ill., R. R. No. 3.
Jones, Sam.	Corporal.	517 S. 19th St., Paducah, Ky.
Kitchen, Charles E.	Private.	126th Collinsville Ave., East St. Louis, Ill.
Arendes, Paul.	Private.	766 11 St., S. E. Washington, D. C.
Heitz, Edward W.	Private.	1902 Bank St., Louisville, Ky.
Jaynes, Pierce L.	Private.	Shipman, Ill.
Jaynes, Paul L.	Private.	Shipman, Ill.
Jones, Jasper N.	Private.	Gillespie, Ill., Box 96.
Knox, John M.	Private.	2906 College Ave., East St. Louis, Illinois.
Jarboe, Benedict J.	Private.	Calvary, Ky., Marion Co.
Kitchen, Charles E.	Private.	126 Collinsville Ave., East St. Illinois.
William, Mallen.	Private.	Carlock, Ill., R. R. No. 1.
Jewell, Guy.	Private.	Eden, K., Spencer Co.
Keown, Thomas D.	Private.	Kane, Ill., R. R. No. 1.
Hogge, Grover C.	Private.	Cranston, Ky.
Johnson, John M.	Private.	545 Elliott Ave., Springfield, Ill.
King, Cyrus.	Private.	2108 Griffet Ave., Louisville, Ky.
Mason, Kenneth W.	Private.	42 Mounjoy St., Portland, Maine.
Lewis, Edward.	Private.	1050 4th St., Freedom, Pa.
Parris, Ray D.	Private.	Cedar Grove, Maine.
Mueller, Jacob J.	Private.	29 Brill St., Newark, N. J.
Williams, Howard G.	Private.	Chickasha, Okla., R. R. No. 1.

THE BAND

Vitt, Gustave A.	145 N. Ellwood Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Vitt, Walter.	145 N. Ellwood Ave., Baltimore, Md.
Sholes, Ernest T.	Springfield, Mass.
Boudoin, Oliver	Phoebus, Va.
Opperman, Walter.	Piper City, Ill.
Anderson, Harold B.	Cambridge, Ill.
McBride, Roy D.	Care of Clairmont, Texas.
Steinmetz, Urban.	Tiffin, Ohio.
Unthauk, Elsie B.	San Francisco, Cal.
Baker, Marwin P.	Grapevine, Texas.
Deweys, Roy R.	Cicero, Indiana.
Mitchell, Homer B.	Durham, Cal.
Ortman, Frank B.	863 Waller St., San Francisco, Cal.
Sollars, Joseph S.	Cayuga, Ind.
Sweeney, Patrick Joseph.	281 Broadway, S. Boston, Mass.
Andrews, Robert A.	Routa, Texas.
Dremann, Gilbert H.	Princeton, Ill.
Beveridge, David, Jr.	Thurber, Texas.
Ainsworth, Harry G.	Kentland, Ind.
Nagy, Louis.	Monongahela, Pa.
Banderson, Harold.	Band Corporal.
McBride, Roy D.	Band Corporal.
Steinmetz, Urban.	Band Corporal.
Nuthank, Elzie.	Band Corporal.
Baker, Marion P.	Musician 1c.
Deweys, Roy R.	Musician 1c.
Ortman, Frank B.	Musician 2c.
Sollars, Joseph.	Musician 2c.
Mitchell, Homer B.	Musician 2c.
Sweeney, Patrick J.	Musician 2c.
Andrews, Robert.	Musician 3c.
Dremann, Gilbert.	Musician 3c.
Ainsworth, Harry.	Musician 3c.
Nagu, Louis.	Musician 3c.
Beveridge, David.	Musician 3c.
Vitt, G. A.	Band Leader.
Vitt, Walter.	Assistant Band Leader.
Sholes, Ernest T.	Sergt. Bugler.
Boudoin, Oliver.	Band Sergt.
Opperman, Walter.	Band Sergt.

All hail the 47th, may they all live long and prosper. Nuf sed.

ORDNANCE

Schoolfield, J. L.	2nd Lieut.
Bauman, Walter F.	Private 1c.....1316 Booth St., Milwaukee, Wis.
When St. Peter calls the roll he'll be missing.	
Bernardain, Eugene.	Ord. Sergt.....1245 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Hey, Goldie, remember in Rochester * * * *"	
Blackwell, Clifford E.	Ord. Sergt.....Woodsville, N. J.
Desires furlough for 41 Model Ave. Period indefinite.	
Day, James F.	Private 1c.....24 Lemon St., Salem, Mass.
"I teach history, but make none."	
Freeman, Benj. H.	Private 1c.....North Lewisburg, Ohio.
As honest as his head is bald.	
Gajewski, Ernest A.	Private.....Norwalk, Wis.
He says nothing and does nothing.	
Gunther, Clayton J.	Private 1c.....Warsaw, Wis.
The man who lost his book.	
(This book contained the names of men he was going to kill—mostly officers.)	
Goldberg, Herman J.	Ord. Sergt.....350 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.
"Ma Goldberg"—The man of many troubles.	
Greenhorn, Fred J.	Ord. Corp.....364 Bowen St., Oshkosh, Wis.
"Oshkosh by Gosh!"	
Hanrahan, Geo. F.	Sergt.....54 Mohawk St., Albany, N. Y.
An auto mechanic with no camouflage.	
Hollis, Knowlton L.	Ord. Corp.....Sulligent, Ala.
A postmaster of Southern slang.	

STORY OF THE FORTY-SEVENTH 165

Kelly, Anthony.....Sergt.....413 Chester St., Peoria, Ill.
"Peoria is my home."
Martin, Frank J.....Ord. Corp.....Toledo, Ohio.
As slow as his speech.
Mertes, Robert G.....Private 1c.....14 426 Clifton Rd., Cleveland, O.
My good nature prevents murders.
McCain, Wm. T.....Private.....Kemultz, Okla.
Woolly from a wild and woolly country.
MacCoy, Jake B.....Private.....Valley, Wis.
Lost everything but his name.
Olson, Gustave A.....Private.....78 28th St., Wellsburg, W. Va.
His hitch in the navy went for naught.
Ramsey, Pearl B.....Private.....309 E. 9th St., Wellston, Ohio.
The final word in all arguments.
Rigby, John.....Private.....550 Winthrop St., Toledo, Ohio.
Wounded in Camp Stuart putting out fire by hand.
Storey, John D.....Private.....Avon, Wis.
Catches every thing that comes along.
Sturtzer, Henry J.....Private.....620 Carpenter St., Columbus, O.
"To kick is my greatest joy."
Seaman, Arnold G.....Sergt.....746 Hawley St., Toledo, Ohio.
Some men are born sergeants,
some achieve a sergeancy,
Some have a sergeancy thrust upon them.
Schmieder, Harry F.....Ord. Sergt.....Toledo, Ohio.
He introduced the "Jelly Roll" in Ambares.
Vaughan, Fletcher W.....Private.....Wellington, R. F. D., No. 4, Texas.
"A box car window is good for more than to look through."

SUPPLY COMPANY

McBride, B. W.....Captain.....1704 Chicago Rd., Chicago Heights
Reagan, Cody S.....Lieut.....Macon, Mo.
Mitchell, Ronald S.....Lieut.....Hartford, Conn.
Ahern, Edward J.....Private.....2049 Clifton Ave., Chicago, Ill.
The apple of Bob's eye.
Amundson, Louis H.....Private 1c.....735 E. 16th St., Minneapolis,
Minn.
"Minneapolis is the City Beautiful."
Benoit, Joseph A.....Private.....Mapleville, R. I.
As lazy as he looks.
Bevvey, Howard G.....Private.....171 North Ave., Bridgeport, Ct.
Bevvey, the Speech King.
Bretton, Joseph.....Private 1c.....177 Church St., Lowell, Mass.
An orderly man who was always an orderly.
Buckner, Russell M.....Private 1c.....934 N. 4th St., Quincy, Ill.
"Handsome is as handsome does."
Crowley, Michael.....Private 1c.....139 Washington St., Dorchester,
Mass.
"The world is flat."
Cabral, Manuel J.....Private.....601 Main St., New London, Ct.
From steam-fitter to cook is a far cry.
Duval, Wilfred O.....Mechanic.....Grosvenorvale, Conn.
Fossa, Peter.....Private.....305 Norfolk Ave., Dorchester,
Mass.
The Butcher Boy from Boston.
Greene, Clay D.....Sergt.....Dayton, Tenn.
He had beaucoup mademoiselles,
And he broke beaucoup hearts.
Grimes, Richard A.....Private 1c.....31 Summer St. New London, Ct.
An ardent admirer of "Bob" and "The Duke."
Greene, Max.....Private 1c.....39 Deering Road, Mattapan, Mass.
A mit flopper second to none.
Hartsell, B. B.....Sergt.....Unionville, N. C.
Hartsell, Bruce.....Corp.....Unionville, N. C.
Children should be seen and not heard.
Henschen, Walter G.....Private.....E. 7th St., Georgetown, Ill.
56 pages—the length of his longest letter.
Knox, James L.....Private.....296 N. 6th St., Gadsden, Ala.
The only senator in the Supply Company.
Kulp, Norman D.....Sergt. Major.....617 W. 141st St., Apt. 53, New
York City.
"French is the language of war and love—mostly love."
Kuhn, Charles.....Private 1c.....217 N. Liberty St., Muncie, Ind.
He ruined his feet on brass rails.
Larson, Andrew.....Private.....1508 Lasalle St., Ottawa, Ill.
Tried to take his truck into a cafe (see poem).

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McCarthy, Timothy.....	Private 1c.....	89 Railroad Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
		"\$3 not \$4—that's my wage—I'm union."
McCay, Frank.....	Private.....	123 Finckney St., Boston, Mass.
		A good friend and a good fighter.
Narrotte, John.....		Toluca, Ill.
		(Old reliable.)
		"The pride of the Supply Compan.....
		7 Taft Ave., Stamford, Conn.
Marshall, Wm. J.	Cook.....	Ten dimes one dollar.
		First St., Baltic, Conn.
Mackay, Thomas.....	Private	
Price, John L.	Corp.....	Brazil, Ind.
		Silver threads among the gold.
Reek, Henry A.	Wagoner.....	125 School St., Norwich, Conn.
		The three-wheel auto chauffeur.
Rinehart, George H.	Cook.....	152 Willets Ave., New London, Conn.
		Cuss words never cooked oat meal.
Rivers, Williams.....	Private.....	Fitchville, Conn.
		The Duke's rival.
Shade, Thomas.....	Private.....	1441 Washington Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Goldswitch	Private	1442 Berry St., Chicago, Ill.
Heavenly twins far from heaven.		
Stevens, Charles.....	Private.....	Secor, Ill.
		For details, see <i>Soup Hound</i> .
Stockton, Lester P.	Sergt. Maj.....	629 Valencia St. Los Angeles, Cal.
		A barking dog never bites.
Sweeney, John J.	Private.....	68 Carver St., Boston, Mass.
		Decorated with the Croix de Guerre at the Battle of Cognac.
Valvada, Thomas.....	Cook.....	5211 S. Wood St., Chicago, Ill.
		"By his fritters ye shall know him."
Wanders, Richard A.	Private.....	12 Sayward St., Boston, Mass.
		Wanders Wonders.
Workan, Frank.....	Private.....	Clifton, Ill.
		"Whiskers."
Wilcox, Frank.....	Private.....	315 S. Prairie St., Bloomington, Ill.
		Always troubling trouble.
Carter, William T.	Sergt.-Major.....	36 Weber St., Portland, Maine.
		His main line of talk is Maine.
Miller, Allen W.	Sergt.....	314 E. 38th St., New York City.
		A "soljer" with a sweetheart in every State.
Blatina, Mike.....	Sergt.....	2320 Allen Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y.
		"Pile the wood on the one side up."
Taylor, Benj. A.	Sergt.....	76 Harbor Ave., Norwalk, Conn.
		Moly Hosea, quit yer putchen.
Castetter, Harry.....	Mech.....	Grothersville, Ind.
		"Pop"—just "Pop."
Sacco, John	Mech.....	608 South St., Danville, Ill.
		"You Jack!"
Herard, Simeon.....	Cook.....	River St., Baltic, Conn.
		The M. P. dodger.
Dembler, John H.	Private.....	Sylvan Grove, Kan.
		"Keep the home fires burning."
Cresock, Michael J.	Private.....	Anita, Pa.
		Mike, the strong man.
Johnson, Walter T.	Private.....	926 Western Ave., St. Paul, Minn.
		The picture of ambition.
McEnrue, John J.	Private.....	9 Hamlet St., Dorchester, Mass.
Moon, Gerald L.	Private.....	528 W. Wiley St., Bluffton, Ind.
		He likes good wine and good measure.
Giovanni, Polo.....	Private.....	Tolusca, Ill.
Szafranski, Andy J.	Corporal.....	Lemon, Ill.
Mahaffey, Harry R.	Private.....	1014 Dewey Ave., Newberry, Pa.
		Broke again.
Markey, Walter L.	Corporal.....	21 Boyd Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
		The Prince of Beaucoup Travailier.
Clar, Harry W.	Private.....	Troy, Tenn.
		Gone but not forgotten.
Hamilton, Thomas P.	Private.....	1252 Broadbridge Ave., Stratford, "Bridgeport—the finest city in the world." Conn.
Kessler, Henry	Private.....	Coal City, Ill.
		Another Key West product.
Manikas, Thomas A.	Private.....	16 Forest St., Winthrop, Mass.
		"And she called me Soldier Boy."
Sloman, Arthur W.	Cook.....	1306 St. Vincent St., La Salle, Ill.
		A biscuit baker of matchless fame.
Lutz, James.....	Wagoner.....	501 S. First St., Princeton, Ill.
		<i>Old John D.</i>
Miller, Noah	Sergeant.....	428 Morgan St., Bluffton, Ind.
		<i>He has no friends—he's mess sergeant.</i>

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Adolphson, Alex	Private, 1c	Lacon, Ill.
I drive a motorcycle and play checkers.		
Berntson, Sigfried	Private	2219 S. 59th St., Cicero, Ill.
"Remember down in Key West."		
Farley, Lyman L.	Private	Heyworth, Ill.
"I'm so glad my mother don't know where I am."		
Dollbaum, Henry J.	Corporal	59 Elm St., Stonington, Conn.
When in doubt, dismiss the detail.		
Baker, Franklin J.	Mech.	5919 Tacoma St., W. Duluth, Minn.
"Get the ax and cut the cards."		
Keene, Charles A.	Private, 1c	Shipper Hill, Putnam, Conn.
Kiss me on the gold teeth.		
Schweiger, William	Private	Hollowayville, Ill.
"Let us labor for the Master from dawn till set of sun."		
Saridas, Constantine	Private	33 Albion St., Boston, Mass.
A good worker.		
Dafnoulelis, Nicholas V.	Private	64 Prentiss St., Boston, Mass.
"Black Jack."		
Wade, Joseph	Private	St. Peter's Orphanage, Memphis, Tenn.
"I am an old soldier."		
Leamont, Thomas J.	Private	236 Geneva Ave., Dorchester, Mass.
"Why, these d—n frogs threw mud all over me!"		
McDermott, Michael	Private	272 Eustis St., Roxbury, Mass.
A triple alliance—the Irish Navy, an Irish potato and Mac.		
Shipman, Solomon	Private	98 Wayland St., Boston, Mass.
Ship-man in name, but no sailor.		
Salmon, Joseph A.	Private, 1c	137 Horace St., Boston, Mass.
The vest-pocket edition of Captain McBride.		
Sullivan, John M.	Private	103 Denver St., Bridgeport, Conn.
Mentally, John L.		
Leary, Matthew B.	Private	160 Geneva Ave., Dorchester, Mass.
"Snap out of it."		
Johnson, Sigfried K.	Private	537 Michigan Ave., Muskegon, Mich.
"Captain, you're not mad at me, are you?"		
Parent, Arthur A.	Private	129 Union Ave., Willimantic, Conn.
A first-class K. P. dishwasher.		
Dowling, Augustine M.	Private	57 Willow St., Lawrence, Mass.
"Shorty."		
Hawdon, John W.	Private	921 Livingston St., Streator, Ill.
K. P.—First class.		
Rothwell, Harry	Private	341 E. Eagle St., E. Boston, Mass.
Wounded cutting frozen meat—Battle of Angouleme.		
Varselle, Leroy T.	Private	St. Anne, Ill.
He won renown as an interpreter.		
Vaughan, John	Private	1447 Poplar St., Terre Haute, Ind.
"Tell them I died game."		
Leach, Marvin E.	Private	364 High St., Detroit, Mich.
"I have fought a good fight."		

Some of our officers were assigned to special duty in France, and do not appear in the roster. I am appending a list of these, and shall be glad to assist any one who desires to communicate with these officers. Granberg's address was Rockford, Illinois. A fine tribute is paid to him in the story of Battery C in this book.

THE DIRECTOR.

Needham, Frank	1st Lieut.	Headquarters Company.
Ayres, B. D.	1st Lieut.	Battery B.
Seifert, E. R.	1st Lieut.	Battery C.
Mitchell, H. S.	1st Lieut.	Medical Detachment.
Crocker, N. S.	1st Lieut.	Headquarters Company.
Loomis, P. W.	1st Lieut.	Headquarters Company.
Harlow, F. C.	1st Lieut.	Headquarters Company.
Crews, L. R.	1st Lieut.	Headquarters Company.
Carl, F. C.	1st Lieut.	Headquarters Company.
Heller, I.	2nd Lieut.	Headquarters Company.

